













**MEET THE AUTHOR, GENTLE READER!**

Presented here as an afterthought, but without apologies, in response to a popular demand to satisfy good folks who may wonder what a sailor could look like who could write such a book.

# 70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

*or,*

The Reid Boat in the World War

By GEORGE M. BATTEY, Jr.

with Photographs mostly by the Author

*Sketches by*

SERGIUS J. BECKER



ATLANTA  
THE WEBB & VARY COMPANY  
1919

11589  
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## Dedicated to My Shipmates

*The Firemen  
The Engineroom Force  
The Seamen  
The Quartermasters  
The Electricians  
The Gunners  
The Boatswain's Mates  
And All Other Old Salts  
Who shoveled the coal  
Who sped the propellers  
Who kept the deck  
Who warned of dangers  
Who manned the wheel  
And in general who caught the hell  
And endured the petty visitations  
To all of these  
This book is dedicated*



AUG 23 1919

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# War Itinerary of the Reid

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July 21, 1917: Left Charleston for war zone.

July 23, 1917: Arrived St. George's, Bermuda.

July 26, 1917: Left St. George's, Bermuda.

July 31, 1917: Arrived Ponta Delgada, Azores.

Oct. 7, 1917: Left Ponta Delgada, Azores.

Oct. 13, 1917: Arrived Queenstown, Ireland.

Oct. 13, 1917: Left Queenstown, Ireland.

Oct. 14, 1917: Arrived Cardiff, Wales.

Oct. 15, 1917: Left Cardiff, Wales.

Oct. 16, 1917: Arrived Queenstown, Ireland.

Oct. 21, 1917: Left Queenstown, Ireland.

Oct. 22, 1917: Arrived new base, Brest, France.

Dec. 11, 1918: Left Brest, France, for home.

Dec. 14, 1918: Arrived Ponta Delgada, Azores.

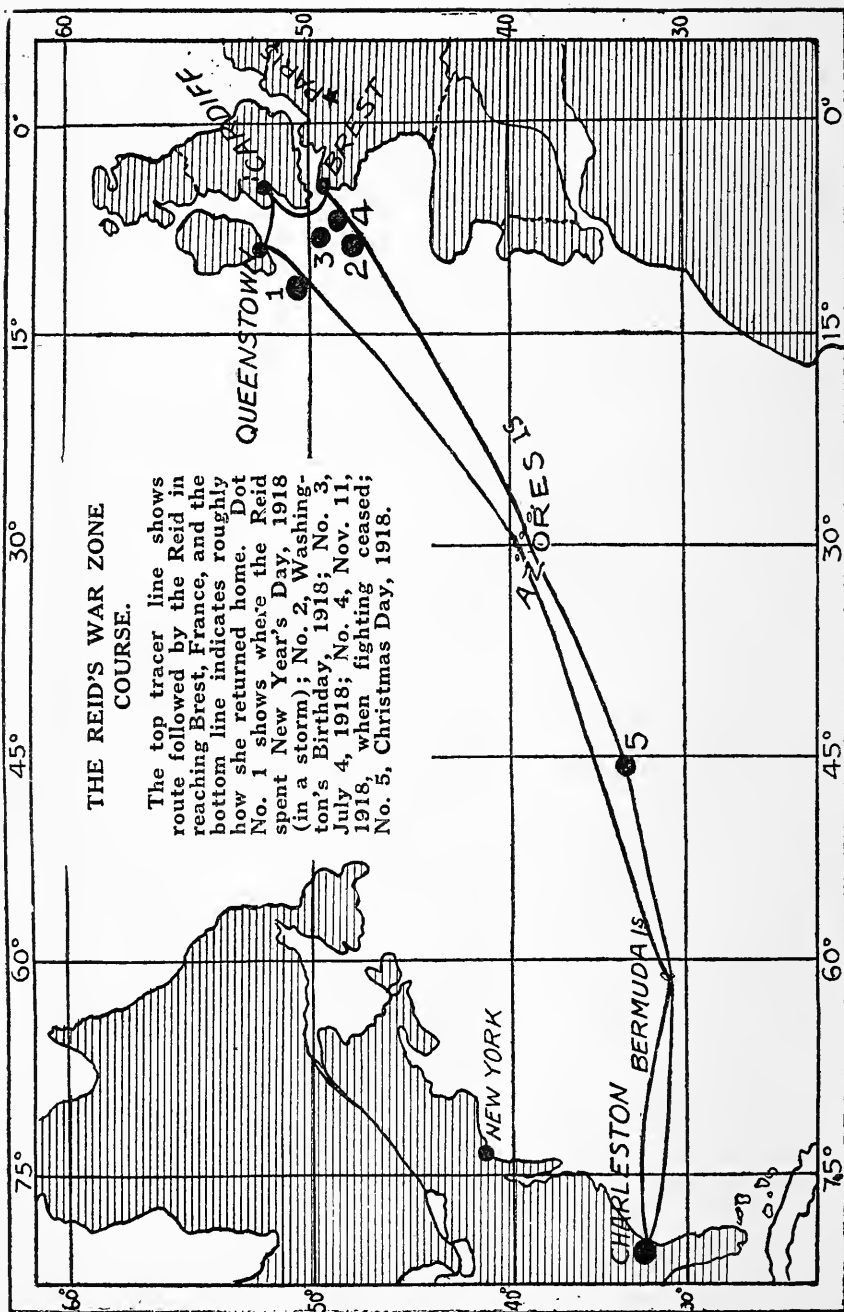
Dec. 19, 1918: Left Ponta Delgada, Azores.

Dec. 28, 1918: Arrived Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

Dec. 29, 1918: Left Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

Dec. 31, 1918: Arrived Charleston, S. C.

**Completing more than 70,000 miles at sea.**





## Historical Sketch



THE Destroyer Reid was built by the Bath Iron Works Co., of Bath, Maine, as a sister ship of Destroyer Flusser, whose experiences in the World War just fought were largely the same as her own. She was commissioned Dec. 3, 1909, and at that time was regarded as the last word in the construction of vessels of that type. On her trial trip she is said to have attained a speed of approximately 31 knots, and at the end of 70,000 miles of steaming in the war she could still make 26 or 27. Her length is 293 feet, 10½ inches; her beam 26 feet, 4 ½ inches; her draft 9 feet, 6 inches; her displacement 700 tons; her coaling capacity 303 tons; and her fresh water capacity 37 tons. At 15 knots her radius is 2,000 miles, and at 20 knots 1,700. Her engines are of the Parson type, 5-turbine installation; her boilers are of the Normand type and number four. She has three torpedo tubes and her torpedoes are the Whitehead type. She carried five three-inch guns early in the war, but the installation of depth charges made it necessary as a precautionary measure to remove No. 4 gun from aft. In its place early in the fall of 1918, a Y-gun was installed for the further use of depth charges, and the 3-inch gun turned into storage. Her war complement was 99 men and 7 officers, but toward the end of the war she carried 121 men.

The Reid's number is 21. She lies at this writing at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where she has been placed in reserve along with her sister vessel the Flusser and their companion coal-burning destroyers of the old First Division,—the Preston, the Smith and the Lamson. Many were the predictions at the outset that the Reid and these destroyers would

never survive a winter in the Bay of Biscay; that Uncle Sam would swap them for the Azores Islands and throw the Philippines in "to boot"; but they survived in a manner that reflected credit upon their crews and upon their builders. In fact, it was a source of considerable satisfaction to inhabitants of the group to ponder the wisdom of old-fashioned destroyer building as they contemplated the experiences of several of our latest type oil-burners which were turned out last year in sixty days or so and which put into Philadelphia after a few stiff blows with rivets loose, stanchions behaving queerly and steel plates buckled up. The spirit of their crews is expressed in the following sentence:

"If you new-fangled oil-burners can't stand the pace in the strenuous times that are ahead, just let us off the junk pile and we will show you how it's done!"

It is customary to name battleships after states, cruisers and light craft after cities, and destroyers after men who have distinguished themselves by conspicuous service at sea; and it was appropriate that the Reid should have been named for a sailor who explored the main in the days of sails and calms and cutlasses, when wireless and seniority were practically unknown and each commander was as supreme in his own ocean bailiwick as he chose to make himself. Thus Capt. Samuel C. Reid became the Reid's "patron saint", and from Leslie's Illustrated Weekly of June 5, 1858 (copy of which is framed and hanging in the wardroom of the Reid today) the following historical sketch is summarized and presented as a matter of interest to the crew and the general public. It is also worthy of note that one of Captain Reid's grandsons busied himself during the war just closed in the work of the

Navy League and made a tour of states in interest of naval recruiting. Captain Reid won his spurs by harrying the British at the Island of Fayal, Azores Islands. This island, by the way, the Reid visited August 4, 1917, at the port of Horta, and it was at Horta that the American Airship NC-4 landed on May 17, 1919, on the remarkable trans-oceanic aerial flight to Europe in which Commander John H. Towers, of Rome, Ga., flying the NC-3 as flag airship of the group, was lost at sea, but finally made port at Ponta Delgada. Here is Leslie's account:

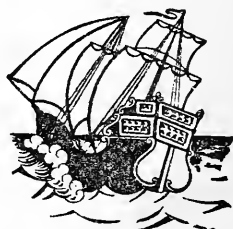
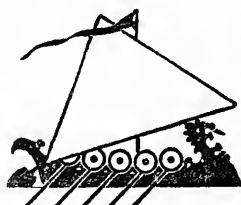
At 8 o'clock on the night of September 26, 1814, the Privateer Brig General Armstrong (Captain Samuel C. Reid, U. S. N.) was lying in the neutral port of Fayal, Island of Fayal, Azores Islands. Captain Reid was entertaining the American Consul aboard when three British warships—the Ships-of-the-Line Plantagenet (74 guns), the Frigate Rota (44 guns) and the Carnation (18 guns), all under Admiral Loyd, of the English Navy—put in. Captain Reid sent the American Consul ashore and prepared for an attack. Four small boats left the enemy ships and on their failure to halt when challenged, Captain Reid fired on them, killing several men. The British fired at the same time, killing the General Armstrong's first lieutenant and wounding one other.

The boats were dispersed and an hour later fourteen more were put out, several of them carrying as many as 50 British sailors. On their failure to halt when challenged again, Captain Reid gave them another round of grape and canister from "Long Tom", the ship's 48-pounder, and as the trusty weapon was re-loaded and fired, several of the boats crumpled up and sank, and their occupants were thrown dead or dying into the water. There were so many boats, however, that Captain Reid saw a hand-to-hand encounter was coming, so he sent some mess cooks and deck hands down into the hold to break out the cutlasses. In the meantime, the crew of the General Armstrong were peppering their antagonists with small gun fire, but the enemy soon swarmed over the vessel's side and gave battle at close range. Captain Reid was left-handed and in his left he brandished a cutlass, while the cabin boy handed him pistols to fire with his right. A lieutenant joined battle with

Captain Reid back aft, and the combat for some time waxed hot. The cutlasses of the combatants struck fire and the fight might have resulted in a draw had not the lieutenant stumbled on a hatch, which gave the captain an opportunity to send him reeling over the side. Captain Reid had not used his pistols at all.

The few survivors retreated, and Admiral Loyd signalled the Civil Governor to force the General Armstrong from under the protection of the cliffs, but at the same time the American Consul wrote a note to the Governor imploring him to stand firm. At dawn the next day the British attacked by steaming in. Captain Reid shot away the mainmast of one of the vessels, but seeing the odds were against him, beached his ship and blew her up. The British burned her and sent word to the Governor to surrender Captain Reid and his men, who had taken refuge in a convent, or the ships would shell the city. The Portuguese paid no attention and Admiral Loyd lifted anchor and went to New Orleans, where he was due to help capture that city.

It developed that Admiral Loyd was delayed ten days by the battle in the Azores and was unable to help in the combined land and naval attack on the Louisiana city. This delay saved the day, because General Andrew Jackson was able to overcome the British before their naval reinforcements arrived. The battle of Fayal was the last of the War of 1812 on the seas and did much to revive hopes at home and to discourage the British. It is recorded by the historians as one of the most daring achievements of the war. The Americans lost two in killed and five wounded. Admiral Loyd lost 560 men in killed.



## Chapter I.

### THE WAR STEP BY STEP.



**B**OOK AHOY! At last we are out, and it is considered desirable to present the true, uncamouflaged, unpress-agented, civilian story of the Good Ship Reid mainly in chronological style, the "barnacles" having been culled from various logs and diaries kept aboard the ship, formal and informal. In this way we shall encounter a minimum of confusion with regard to the time things happened, the place, and the circumstances. We shall begin at the beginning and end at the end, as becomes all good narratives, trusting that in the main we are accurate. However, now and then we shall vary the general style by padding out certain high spots in the experience, such, for instance, as the attack on the German Submarine U-48 and the sinking of the Transport Covington and the thrilling sensation of a three-day storm or so.

Following the general narrative are certain features which stand independently, yet contribute, it is hoped, to a proper understanding of life at sea on destroyer service in the Great World War. Preceding the general narrative is a step-by-step outline of war movements and incidents concerning our Allies, dating from June 28, 1914, and ending April 6, 1917, when Congress declared war on Germany for the United States. It is believed gentle readers everywhere will appreciate this feature, since it links up the earlier days of the cataclysm with the later days and enables one to get a perspective that would be impossible otherwise. Therefore you are requested, should the first part prove a trifle burdensome, to wade through it nevertheless with a stout heart in the interest of fidelity to history; for lo! you will

soon enough find your precious self head over heels in the adventures and the accomplishments of the wild and wooly crew of the Reid!

### 1914.

June 28—Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and wife assassinated at Sarajevo, Bosnia.

July 28—Austria declares war on Serbia; Germany mobilizes fleet.

August 1—Germany declares war on Russia.

August 3—Germany declares war on France and Belgium and invades Belgium.

August 4—Britain declares state of war exists with Germany. Liege attacked.

August 6—Austria declares war on Russia.

August 9—Serbia declares war on Germany.

August 11—Germans invade France at Longwy; Montenegro declares war on Germany, France on Austria.

August 12—England declares war on Austria.

August 20—Germans occupy Brussels.

August 23—Japan at war with Germany.

August 28—Five German warships sunk off Helgoland.

September 3—French capital moved to Bordeaux.

September 7—German advance on Paris turned back at the Marne.

September 12—Allies attack on the Aisne, opening the world's greatest battle.

October 9—Germans capture Antwerp.

October 30—Russia declares war on Turkey.

November 1—Germans sink Admiral Cradock's fleet off Chile.

November 5—Great Britain declares war on Turkey.

November 9—Germans surrender Tsingtau.

December 8—Four German cruisers sunk by British off Falkland Islands.

December 16—German ships bombard West Hartlepool.

December 24—First German air raid on England.

### 1915.

January 24—Naval battle off Dogger Bank.

February 2—Britain declares all food contraband.

February 11—United States warns belligerents not to attack American ships.

February 17—Germans begin submarine blockade, despite United States protest.

## THE WAR STEP BY STEP

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February 23—United States steamer *Carib* sunk by North Sea mine.

February 25—Allied fleet attacks Dardanelles.

March 18—Three Ally battleships sunk in Dardanelles.

March 23—Allies land at Dardanelles.

May 3—Russians routed at Battle of the *Dunajec*.

May 6—*Lusitania* sunk by U-Boat; 1,000 die; 100 Americans.

May 13—Wilson demands reparation for *Lusitania* lives.

May 22—Italy declares war on Austria.

June 9—Bryan quits Wilson cabinet.

June 14—Von Mackensen opens great drive against Russia.

July 2—*Pommern* sunk in Baltic.

August 5—Germans capture Warsaw.

August 10—Russians drive Turkish Caucasus army into Armenia.

August 18—Russian fleet victorious in Riga Gulf.

September 1—Germany agrees to sink no more liners without warning.

September 8—Grand Duke Nicholas removed from Russian command.

September 10—United States asks recall of Austrian ambassador, *Dumba*.

September 25—Allies' drive begun in France; 20,000 captured.

October 6—French and British land in Greece.

October 9—Germans occupy Belgrade, invading Serbia.

October 10—Bulgaria attacks Serbia.

November 6—Bulgarians take Nish, Serb capital.

December 1—Turks defeat British near Bagdad.

December 4—Ford peace party sails.

December 9—All Allies driven from Serbia.

December 19—Allies evacuate Gallipoli.

December 25—Ford leaves peace party.

### 1916.

January 9—Last Allied soldier leaves Dardanelles.

January 17—Montenegro makes separate peace.

February 23—Germans open attack on Verdun.

April 19—Russians land in France.

April 24—Irish revolt in Dublin.

April 28—British surrender to the Turks at Kut-el-Amara.

May 1—Leaders of Irish rebels executed.

May 15—Austrians open offensive against Italy.

May 30—Fourteen British and 18 German warships sunk in great naval battle in North Sea.

## 70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

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- June 6—Lord Kitchener drowned when cruiser Hampshire is torpedoed off Orkney Islands.
- June 9—Russians re-enter Galicia.
- June 14—Allied Conference in Paris votes commercial boycott of Germany after war.
- June 17—Russians retake Czernowitz.
- July 9—German submarine liner reaches Baltimore.
- August 27—Roumania entered the war.
- August 29—Hindenburg chief of staff.
- September 3—Zeppelin destroyed at Cuffley.
- October 10—Allied ultimatum to Greece.
- November 29—Grand Fleet under Sir D. Beatty.
- December 1—Anti-allied riot in Athens.
- December 5—Resignation of Mr. Asquith.
- December 6—Germans entered Bukarest.
- December 7—Mr. Lloyd George prime minister.
- December 12—German "peace proposals."
- December 15—French victory at Verdun.
- December 20—President Wilson's peace note.

### 1917.

- January 1—Turkey denounced Berlin treaty.
- February 1—"Unrestricted" U-boat war begun.
- February 3—America broke with Germany.
- March 11—British entered Bagdad.
- March 12—Revolution in Russia.
- March 15—Abdication of the Czar.
- March 18—British entered Peronne.
- April 5—U. S. S. Missouriian, unarmed, sunk in Mediterranean. Horse ship Canadian, carrying 56 Americans, sunk.
- April 6—U. S. Congress declared war with Germany.
- April 17—Destroyer Smith (17) reported by wireless to Boston that a submarine tried to torpedo her.
- April 28—Lieut. Thomas and four gunners lost when U. S. S. Vacuum, an oil tanker, was sunk.
- April 30—Washington reports that the impression is gaining ground that President Wilson will embark a small force for France shortly after more conferences with the Allied commissions.
- May 2—U. S. S. Rockingham sunk by submarine, London reported.
- May 4—Squadron of American destroyers reached Queens-town for duty.
- May 14—Paris reported 17 unarmed French merchant ships sunk during February, March and April, 1917.



## THE WAR STEP BY STEP

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- May 21—Prince of Udine, first cousin of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, arrived in United States as head of Italian Commission. Steamship Mongolia returned to port with bodies of two Red Cross nurses killed by fragments of gun cap exploded in practice 100 miles at sea.
- June 7—Reid at Brooklyn Navy Yard. At 8:40 A. M. F——, fireman, was brought in under guard, having attempted to smuggle a bottle of whiskey aboard ship. **British victory at Messines Ridge.**
- June 10 (Sunday)—Left for Tompkinsville, S. I., where we saw Transport Finland standing by, loaded with contingent of first American troops to go to France. Also saw Cruisers Charleston and St. Louis.
- June 11—Left for York River, Va., passing Monitor Amphitrite; convoying Battleship Illinois; at 9 P. M. lost Illinois in heavy fog.
- June 12—Searched for Illinois most of day in fog. Passing craft ringing bells and sounding fog horns. Anchored. **King Constantine abdicated Greek throne.**
- June 13—Arrived York River, Illinois arriving about same time. Carried Rear Admiral Coffman to Norfolk as passenger.
- June 16—Took Rear Admiral Coffman back to Yorktown.
- June 18—Galley artists, crew members and officers held stringed instrument entertainment in ward-room.
- June 19—Set targets at practice for Destroyer Alywin (47) at Tangier Sound. Shooting poor.
- June 20—Atlantic Fleet steamed through nets for maneuvers. Radio message said Mexico would join Allies in name of humanity.
- June 21—Lieut. Good told how Kaiser came aboard

Battleship Louisiana at Kiel in 1911 and gave his picture to ship.

June 26—**First American troops landed in France, at St. Nazaire.**

June 27—Left Yorktown for Brooklyn Navy Yard.

June 28—Arrived at Brooklyn Navy Yard. Coaled ship. Prinzess Irene, receiving ship (later renamed the Pocahontas), Friedrich der Gross (Huron) and Kaiser Wilhelm II (Agamemnon) tied up nearby.

June 29—President Lincoln left dry dock.

June 30—Arrived at Tompkinsville, S. I., with Destroyer Preston (19). Standing by. Heard Sandy Hook big guns. Finland again reported present, loaded with troops. Left at 10 P. M., Preston accompanying, convoying French Steamer La Touraine, with Prince of Udine and Italian Commission to United States aboard. Ships darkened.

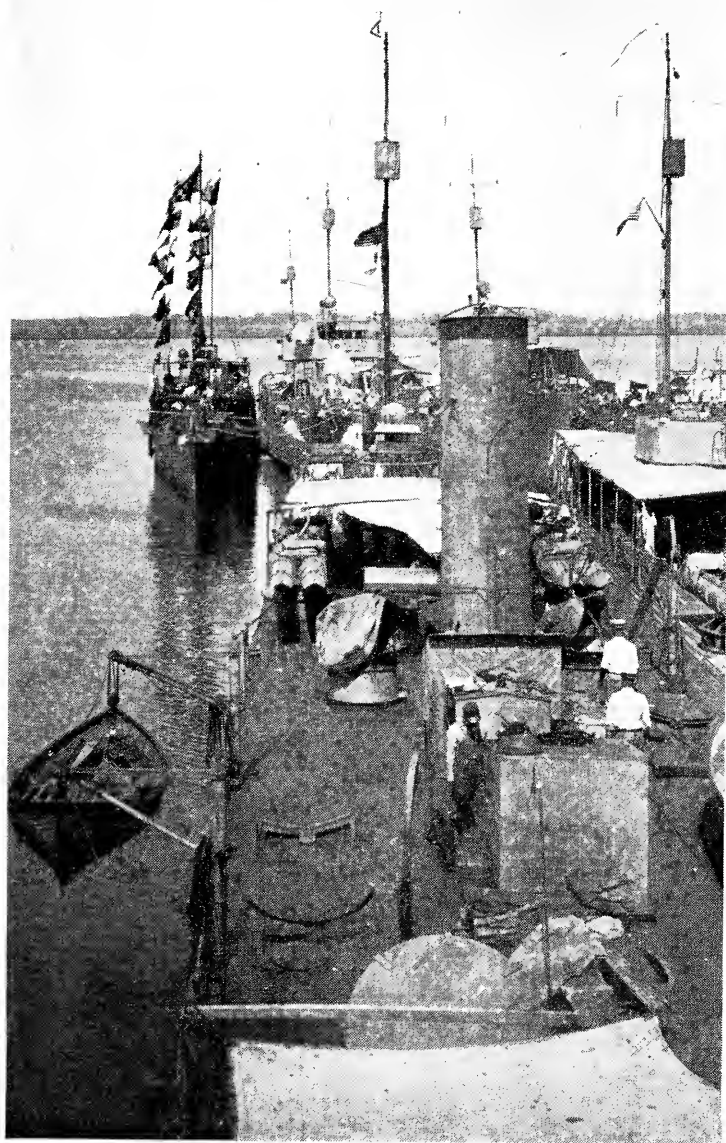
July 1 (Sunday)—Reid and Preston left La Touraine 300 miles out. Weather rough and number of crew sea-sick. Raced Preston back. **Last big Russian offensive started.**

July 2—Arrived Brooklyn Navy Yard; alongside Destroyer Terry (25); Destroyers Flusser (20) and Worden (16) and Yacht Ceramis and German Liners Pennsylvania and President Lincoln also in yard. Cruiser Des Moines and German Liner Grosser Kurfurst (renamed the Aeolus) in dry dock. Near coast saw whale, and executive officer shot at three sharks.

July 4—Oil Supply Ship Maumee stood in.

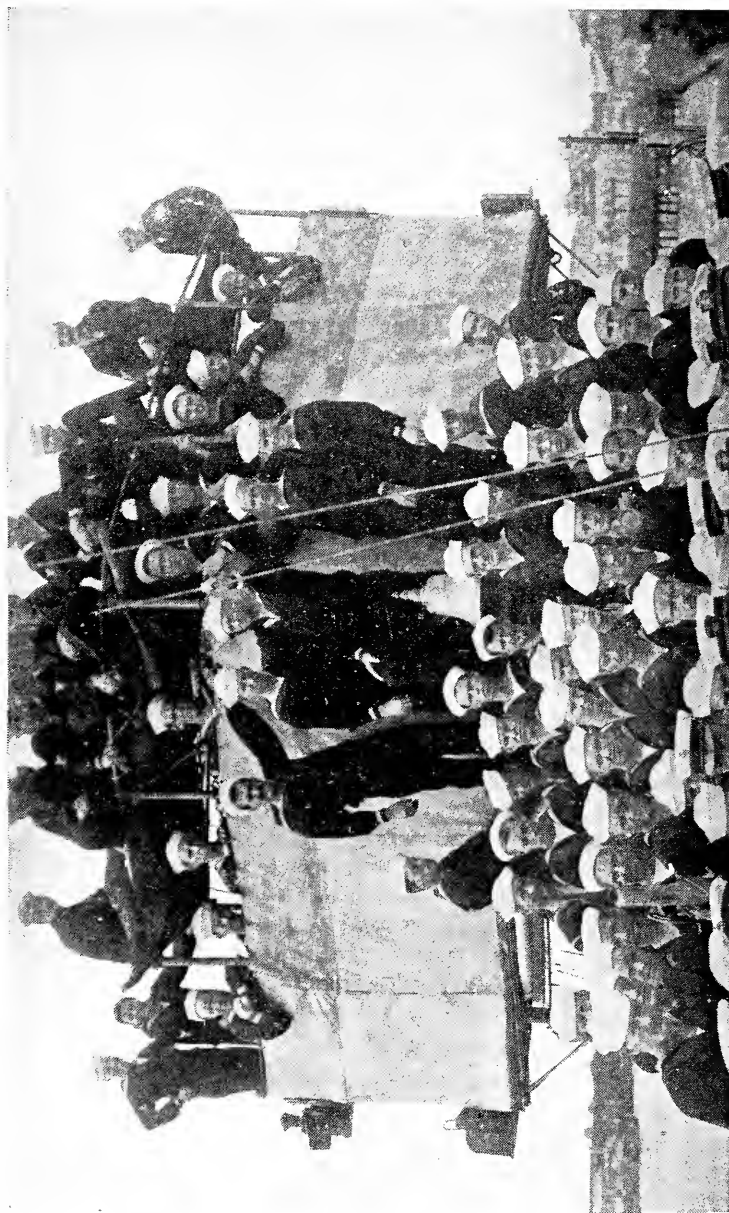
July 5—At 6 A. M. left for Charleston, preceded out by Flusser, Preston and Worden.

July 6—At 5 P. M. arrived at Charleston and made liberty. Across dock from German ship Lieben-



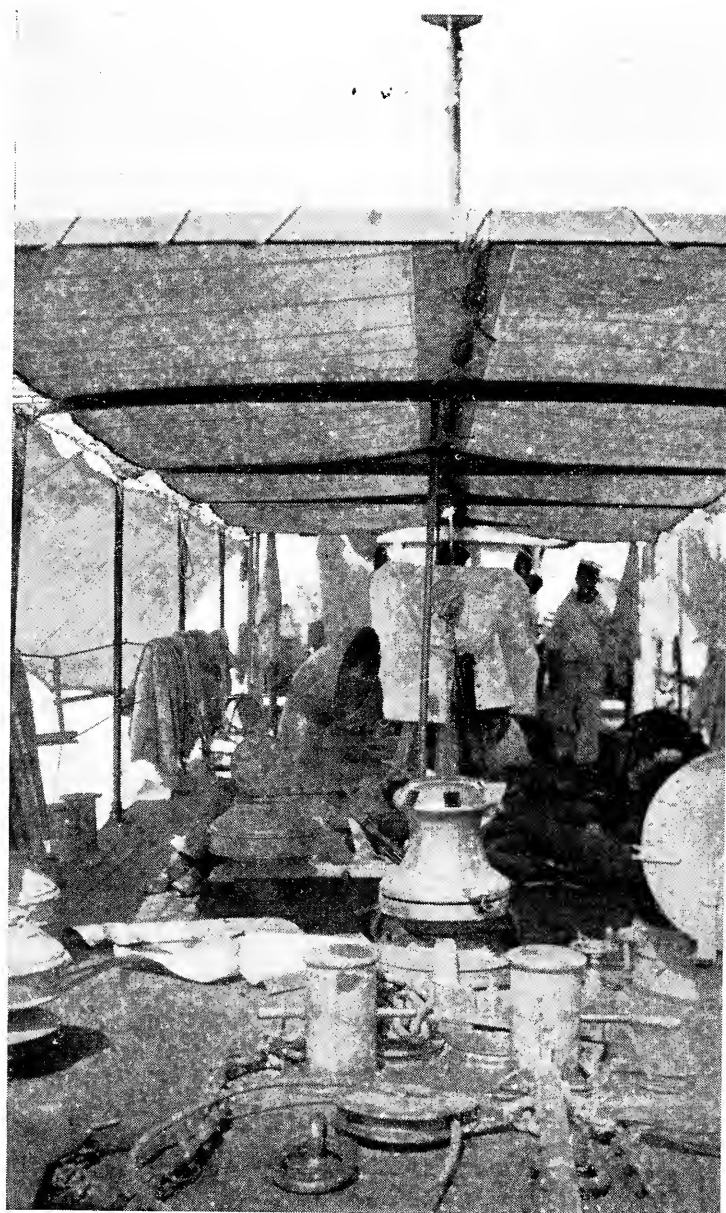
### JUST BEFORE LEAVING CHARLESTON

The Reid with three smoke-stacks removed for overhauling, in July, 1917. Astern are the Worden, Lamson and Flusser, and to port of the Reid the Preston.



### THE CREW THAT TOOK HER OVER

Here are about 75 jolly spirits as they appeared before the camera of Senor Mattos, the Ponta Delgada, Azores, artist who came aboard Sept. 22, 1917. Many of these men were transferred to other stations and other ships, but 38 hung on and took her back.



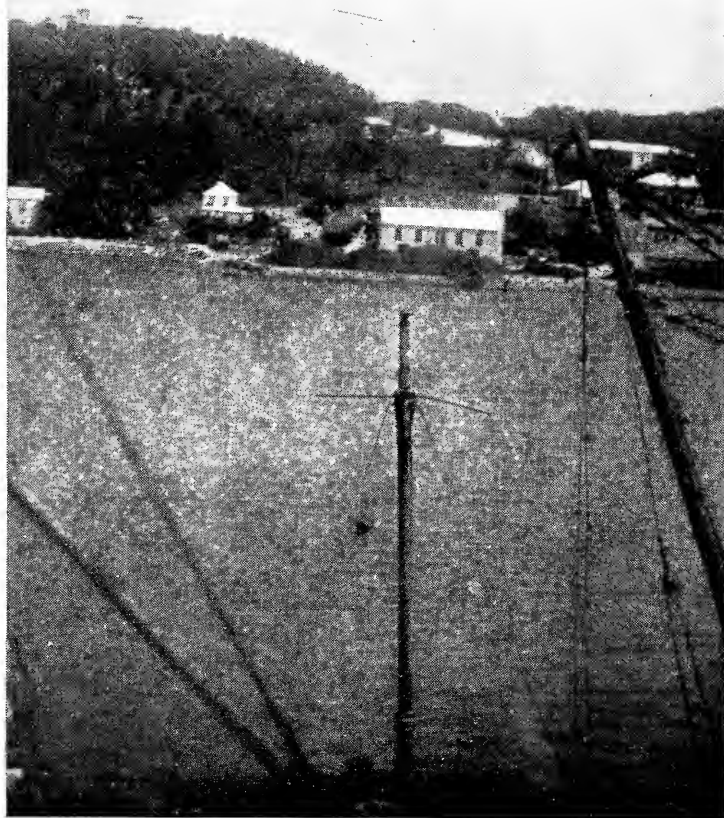
**A CHARLESTON SCENE: "AIR BEDDING!"**

We always got "Shorty's" order on the eve of rain, but here we have a canvas covering, by chance. July, 1917, just before leaving for abroad.



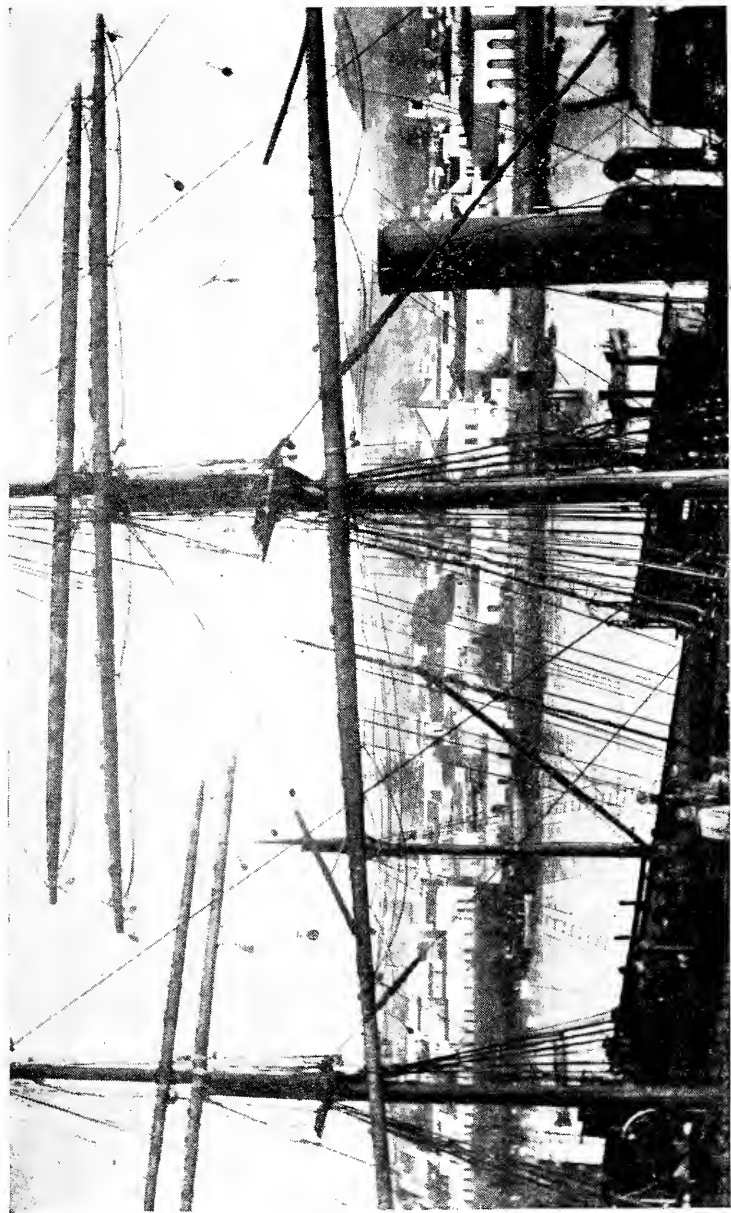
#### AMERICAN WAR VESSELS AND AN OLD WORLD BEAUTY SPOT

This is the harbor of Ponta Delgada, Azores, with the First Division of destroyers lying at moorings and American submarine chasers manned by French sailors and other craft putting in. Tourists say there is no more picturesque city than Ponta Delgada.



### ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA, FROM THE SHIP

On our arrival in July, 1917, we found Bermuda practically deserted by tourists, and few steamers running. Submarines were just beginning to operate near the islands.



ONE PLACE WHERE WINE CAN BE HAD FOR A SONG

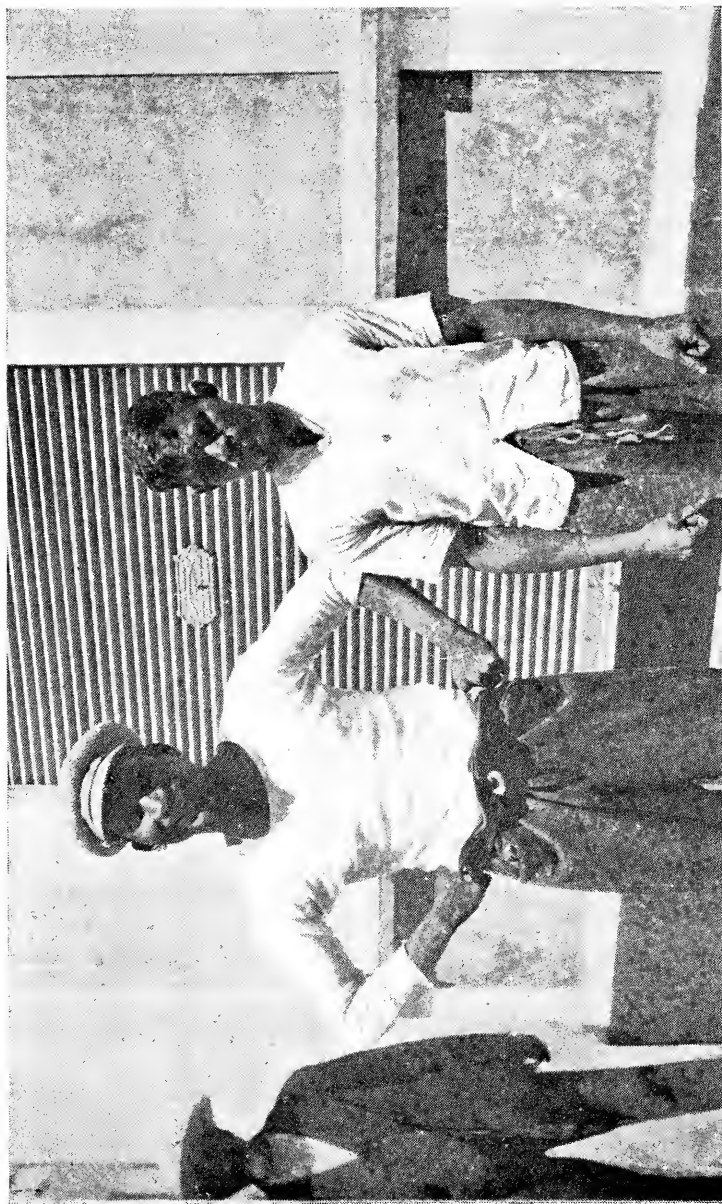
Ponta Delgada, St. Michael's, Azores—as quaint, clean and picturesque a city in as wonderful a setting of hills and valleys as can be found in two hemispheres. Seen in our picture through the rigging of the British Bark Birkdale, August, 1917.





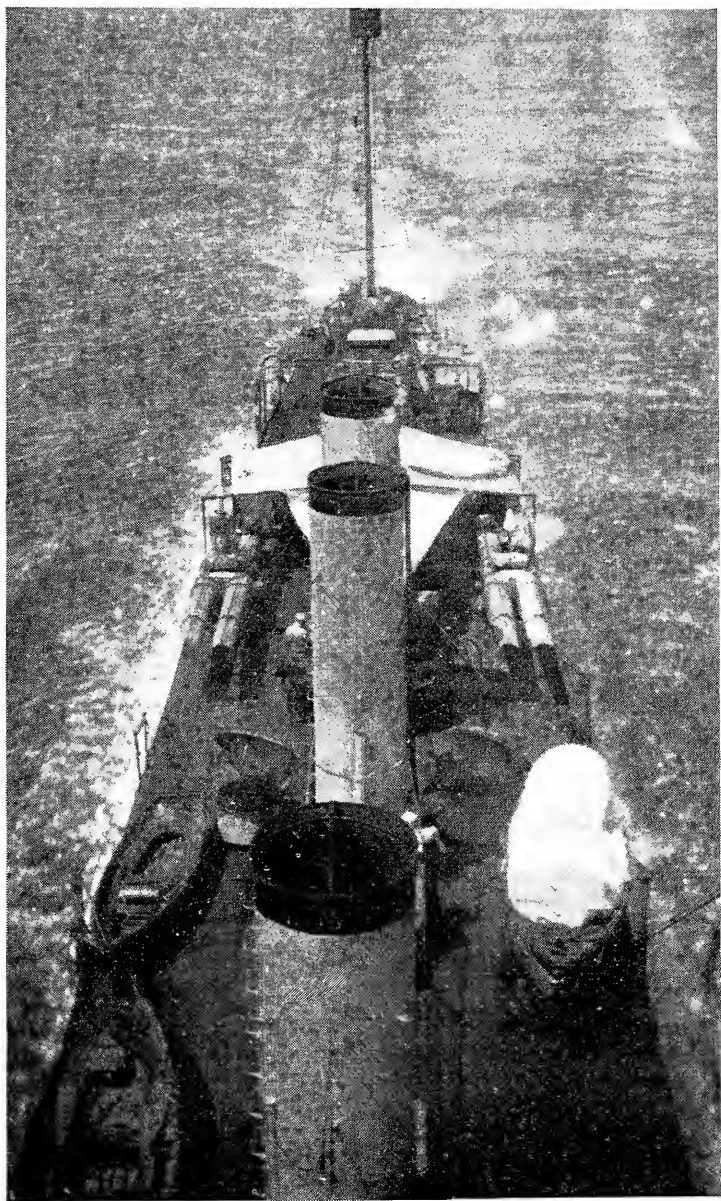
### EDUCATED FISH *DO* BITE HOOKS!

John F. Sweeney, a native of County Cork, started fishing July 31, 1917, in Ponta Delgada Harbor, and on Sept. 20 met with the above rich reward.



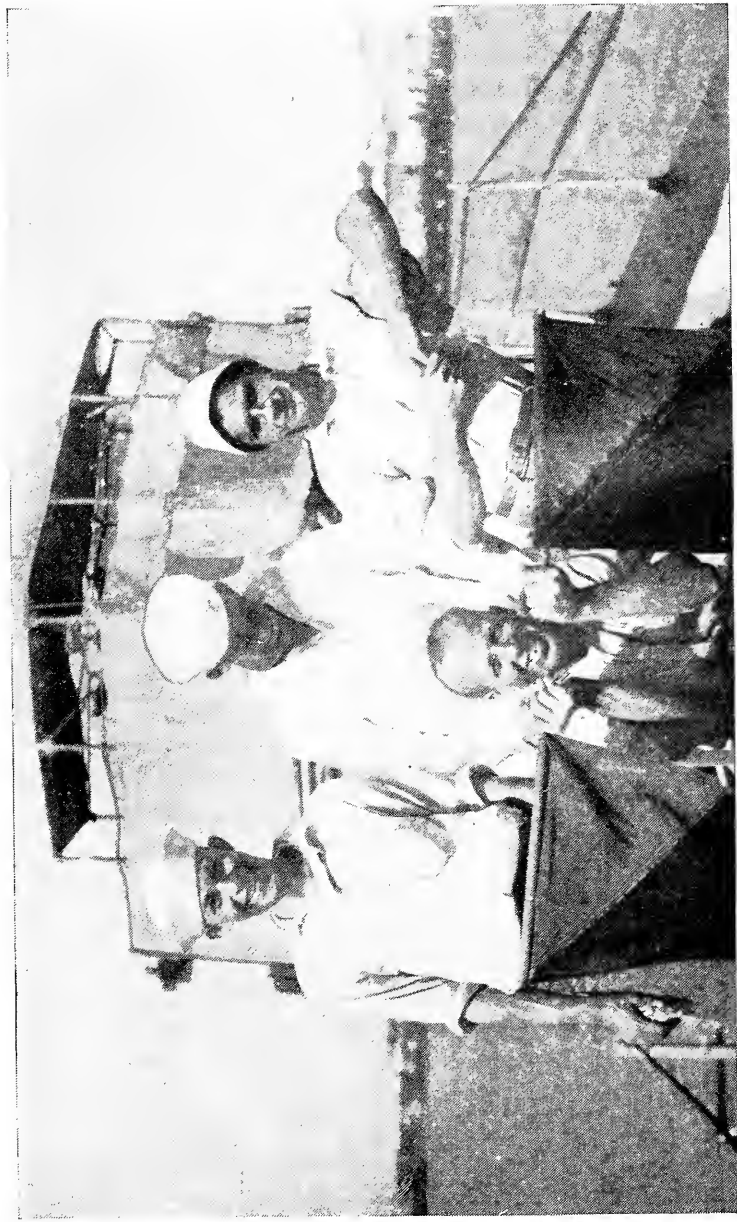
#### LASCARS (EAST INDIANS), SURVIVORS OF A BRITISH STEAMER

The Iran was sunk by torpedo southeast of St. Mary's Island on Aug. 6, 1917. Although the ship had numerous lookouts on duty, nobody saw the torpedo. The Iran's crew were covered with pistols by the Germans, then told to row to land, about 200 miles.



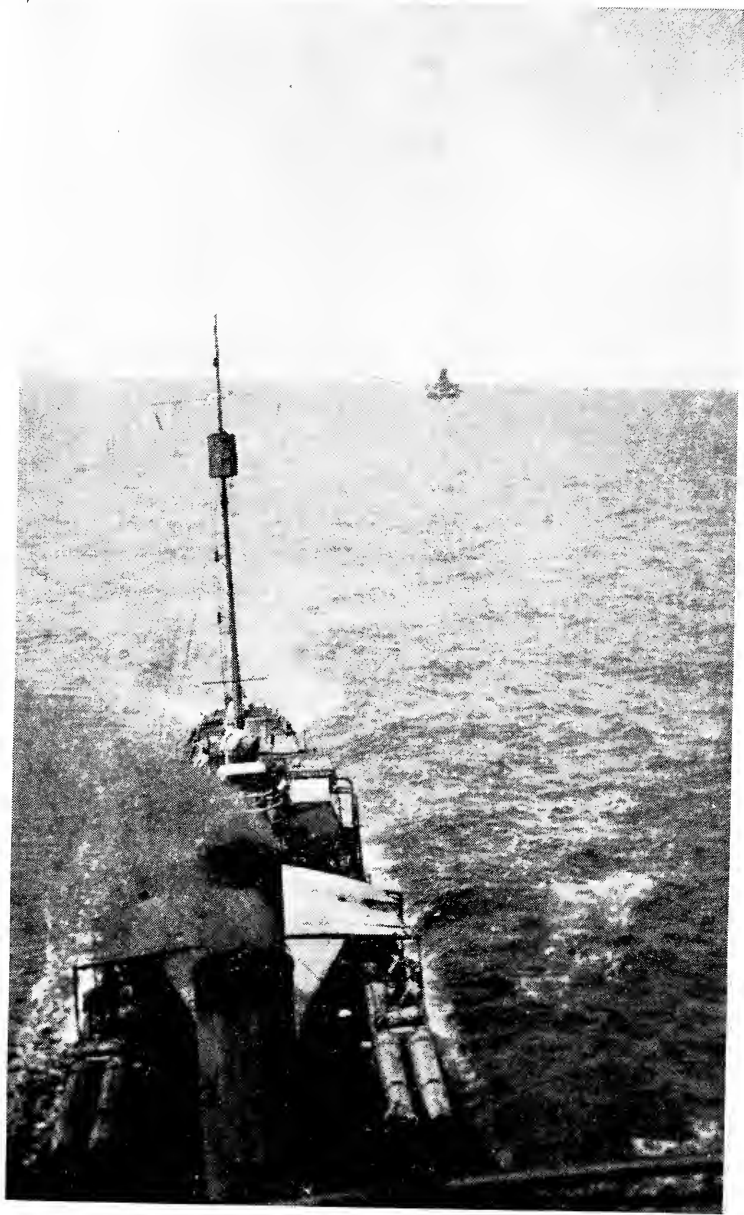
### DRESSED UP AND UNDERWAY

Notice the pretty white canvas canopy protecting the engineroom hatch. A similar arrangement screened the quarter deck, before the storms ripped it off.



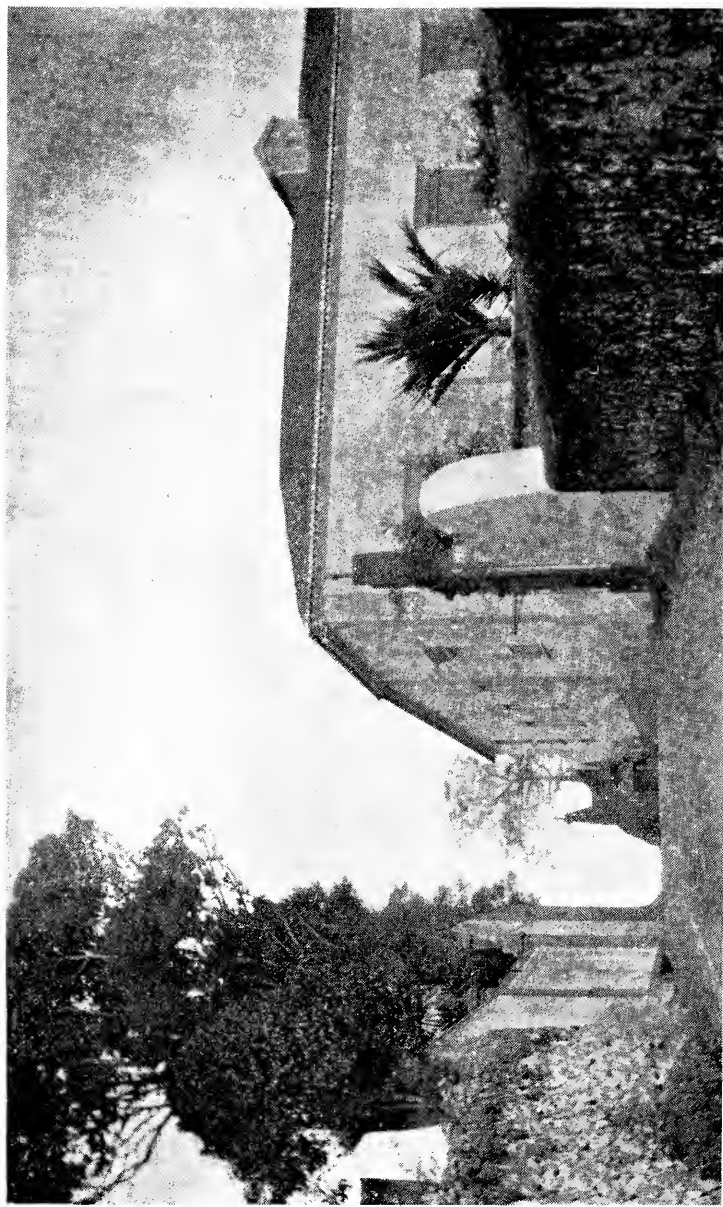
### ONE OF OUR QUARTERMASTER GANGS

Left to right: Richard W. Hubbard, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who won a commission; Larry Smith, of Chicago, who went back to join the army; Willis G. Jeck, of St. Charles, Mo., who became a chief; and at bottom, M. A. ("Shanghai") Rucker, of Iowa,



### CONVOYING STEAMER DANTE ALIGHIERI

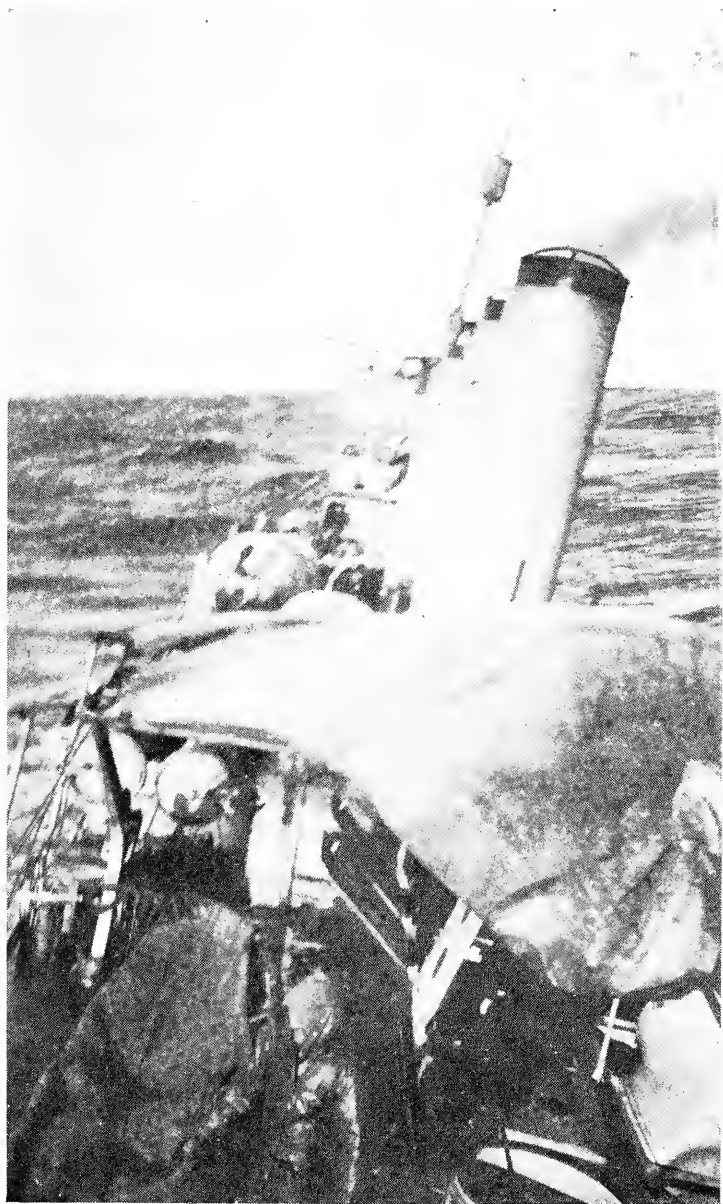
On Aug. 25, 1917, the Reid escorted the Dante from Ponta Delgada toward Gibraltar. In 1918 three vessels with the Alighieri were sunk, but she eluded the sub.



### SPANISH ARCHITECTURE AND FOLIAGE TO MATCH

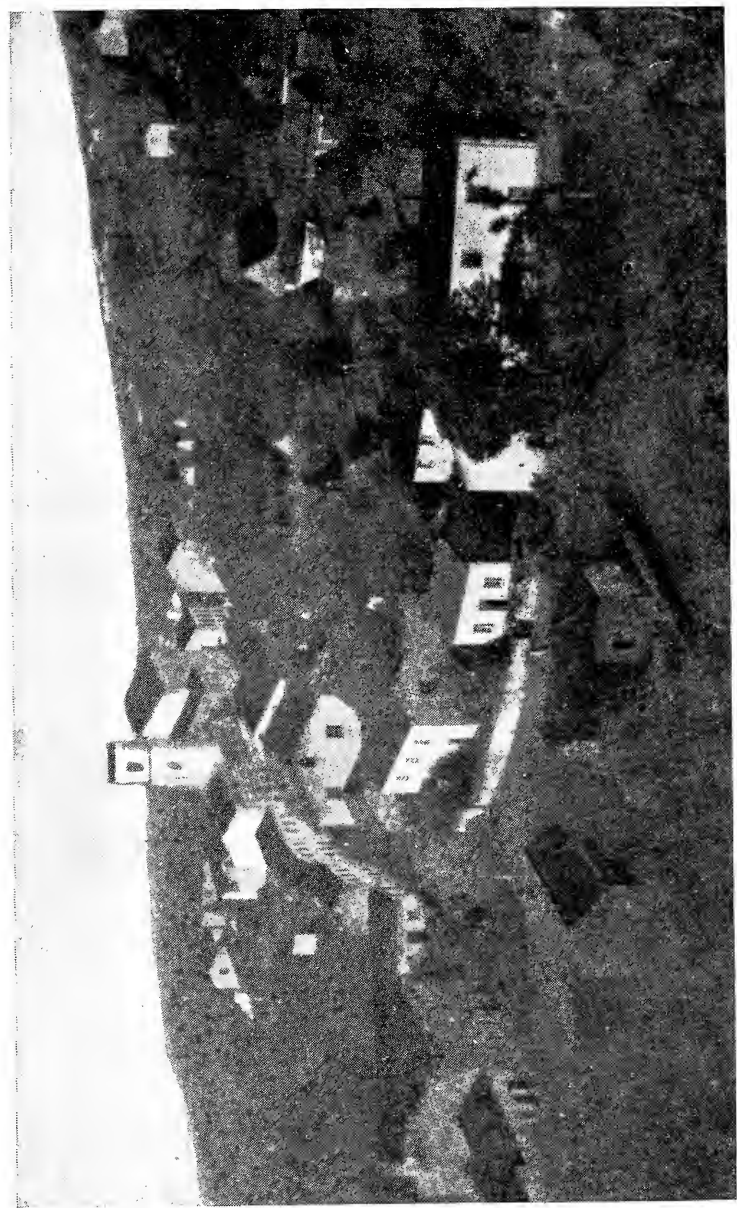
A typical home of the well-to-do class of Azoreans, the location being Ponta Delgada. Notice the wall to right, the like of which is used extensively to inclose gardens and farms. Trees on left are in garden of Senhor Jose do Canto, richest man on the island.





**IT WAS A WILD SEA, MATES!**

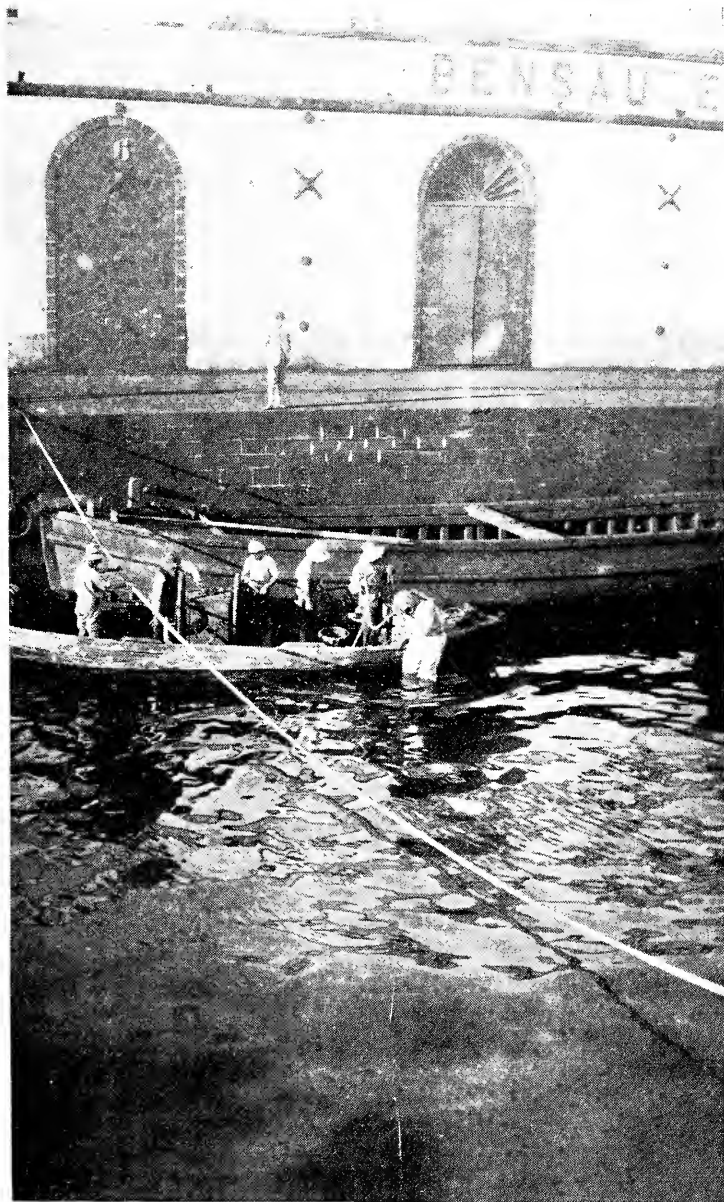
The Reid on leaving Azores, bound for Queenstown, at beginning of storm. Deacon Halliburton, of Tennessee, Jack-of-the-Dust, is all bundled up in the foreground.



### A TYPICAL AZOREAN VILLAGE NESTLED IN THE HILLS

Here is a small settlement near Ponta Delgada, Azores, which the visitor reaches in an hour or so of vigorous pedaling on a bicycle. There are many of these villages and to reach them it is necessary to go high up from sea level. Photo by J. Caesar Hill, of the Reid.





### DOWN GOES THE DOUGHTY DIVER

Here is the highest paid laborer in the Azores starting after American coal worth about \$37 a ton. From a photograph taken through a porthole.



### FELLOW SHIPMATES, MEET THE COAL-DUST TWINS!

Oscar Kluge, chief water tender, admits that he lives at Golconda, Ill., and John Herche, chief quartermaster, is proud that his home is Hoboken, N. J. Both are as salty as grocery store mackerel and can eat pork at sea or frog legs all over France.

fels (later the Houston), raised after sinking in harbor by her German commander. Kiel, Nicaragua and Frieda Leonhardt (renamed the Astoria) and Gunboat Paducah lying in yard.

July 15 (Sunday)—Worden stood in.

July 16—At 10 P. M. yard workman fell off deck of Flusser and was drowned.

July 17—Reid entered dry dock. Wm. Dobschutz, a fireman, broke his leg playing baseball and thus missed going across with Reid.

July 19—Henry Rawle, Ensign, USNRF., reported aboard for duty. **Reichstag passed "peace" resolution.**

July 20—Out of dry dock.

July 21—Underway at midnight at 20 knots for Bermuda with Preston. Capt. Slayton and ship's cook made their wills.

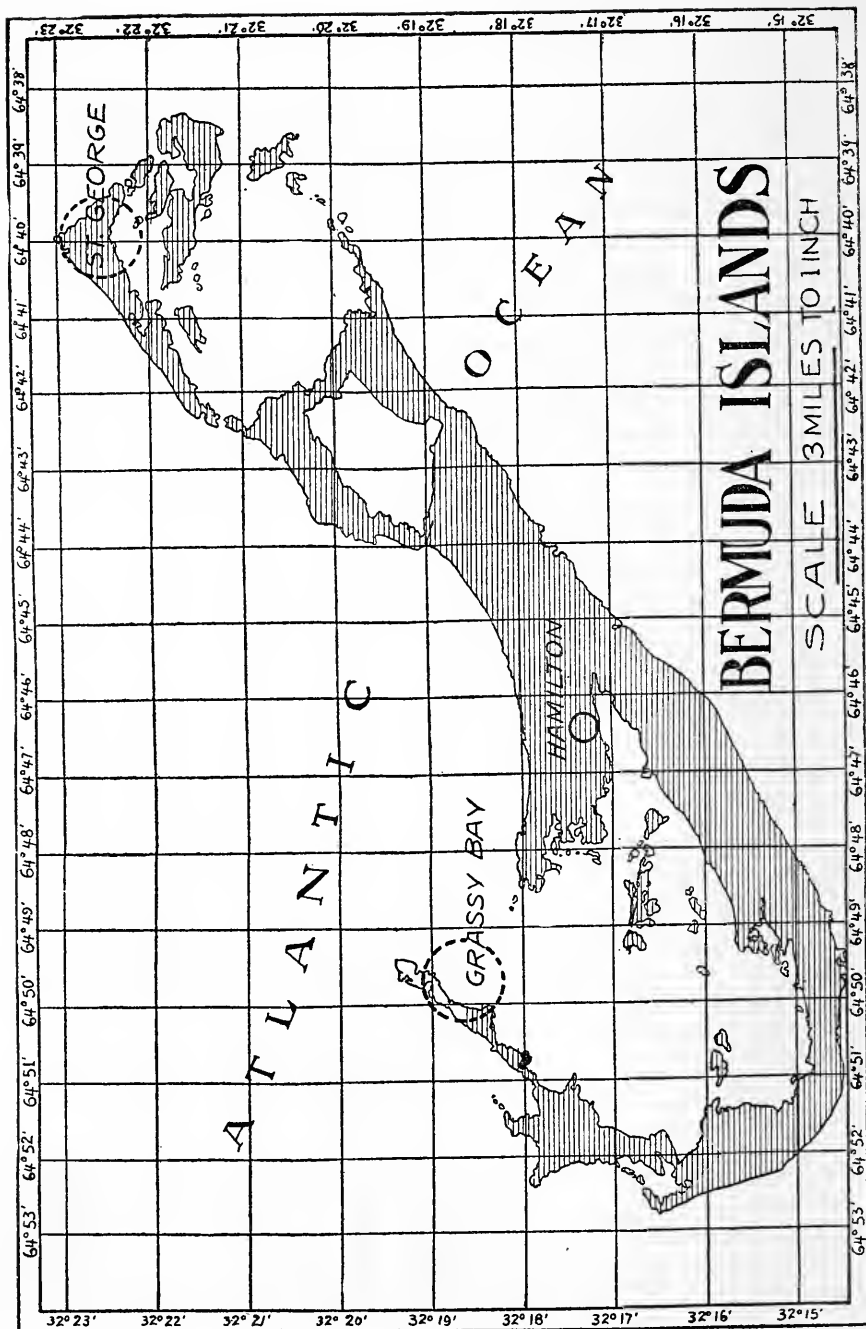
July 22 (Sunday)—Eddie Culkin, oiler, caught several flying fish on deck and fried them. Trip rough and most of crew sea-sick.

July 23—At 6:10 P. M. arrived at St. George's, Bermuda; met by Tug Powerful, whose commander shouted through megaphone, "I'm going to board you!" Mumps epidemic aboard.

July 24—Bermudans coaled us from old tubs Norrköping and Medina, built in 1876, and used in British expedition on River Nile. Members of crew visited caves on bicycles; one gin-mill. **Russians defeated in Galicia.**

July 25—Finished coaling, having taken deck load for 2,000 mile trip to Azores. Held swimming party in bay.

July 26—Left St. George's for Ponta Delgada, Azores, Preston accompanying. Lookout reported cloud bank as submarine and received bawling out by officer of deck. Weather fine; sea smooth. At 10 P. M. several lookouts were caught asleep



by executive officer, who let them off with warning.

July 28—Schooner and steamer failed to salute, so Preston investigated. Now making 18 knots.

Circulator broke down, and steering aft by hand.

July 29 (Sunday)—Fine and smooth; nights pleasant and part of crew sleeping under torpedo tubes and around smoke stacks and in small boats.

July 30—Ran into schools of porpoises which raced with us. At dusk sighted suspicious-looking object two miles away on port beam; looked like conning tower of submarine. Turned out to be a floating target left by some ship. Banged away with machine gun, which jammed at first.

July 31—At 6:05 A. M. sighted peaks of Pico Island, Azores, 52 miles away. At 2 P. M. sighted St. Michael's Island 65 miles away. Officers shooting at fish and turtles with pistols. Epidemic of mumps continued and poetry broke out in the galley. Anchored at 4:45 P. M. at Ponta Delgada, St. Michael's Island, Azores, with 40 tons of coal aboard. Boarded by Portuguese port officer and health officer. Bum-boat men came alongside with pineapples at three for a quarter and wine under the boat seats. Not allowed to bring wine aboard. Destroyers Smith (17) and Lamson (18) in harbor. Liberty granted from 7 P. M. to midnight and all hands went ashore. **Great Allied attack started around Ypres.**



## CHAPTER II.

### NINE WEEKS IN THE AZORES.

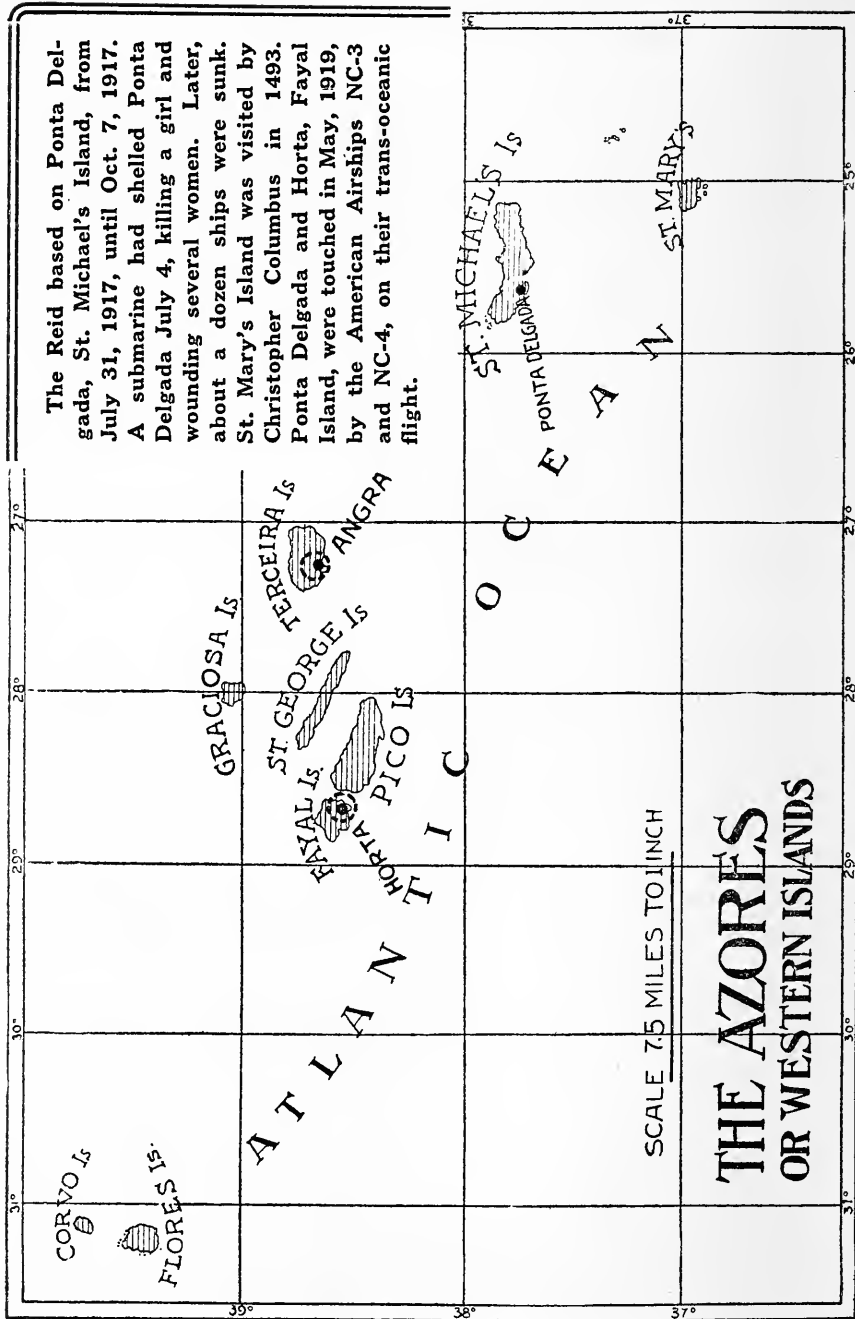
**P**ERSONS who are tired of life and prohibition should visit the Azores Islands and take a new lease. The distance is only 1,800 to 2,000 miles from any point along the Atlantic coast, which is not far considering the benefits, and you don't have to walk. There are nine islands to roam about; one of these (St. Mary's) was immortalized when Senhor Christopher Columbus stopped there in 1493 on his way back home after discovering America; but it is not necessary to see them all. One is plenty for anybody to form the opinion that here is the garden spot of the world, not even excepting Florida and Bermuda.

Down in Bermuda it is unique and interesting on account of the many caves where Annette Kellerman dived for the movies, Mark Twain rode a bicycle and Shakespeare gathered material for "The Tempest," but in Bermuda you find only one color scheme—white and black—whereas in the Azores everything is alive with color. Take Ponta Delgada, capital of St. Michael's Island, for instance; you find a great many homes and buildings done in white, but in addition you notice every other tint in the rainbow. It is kalsomining made into an art of rare degree; then the streets are just as clean and pretty, and back in the hills you go for your reserve color,—nearly every foot of ground is growing in green and brown grain or some kind of vegetable, each little farm of a few acres enclosed in four rough stone walls covered with vines, moss and lichens, and these farms present the appearance from a distance of crazy quilt, which invariably drives approaching artists mad. For background there are the peaks of mountains which must be as pretty as

any in Switzerland, or the Bassee Pyrenees. Since every able-bodied man farms in the outlying districts, there is no high-cost-of-living problem. Most of the vegetables we enjoy in the United States can be had at retail for two or three cents a pound, and our ships bought some, like potatoes, at one cent a pound, wholesale price. For money the Azoreans use the reis of their Portuguese forefathers. It takes 1500 reis of strong money to make an American dollar, so to obtain change is very much like getting so much yen in China or Japan. For 500 reis a laborer will work a 10-hour day; that is, he would before the war, but he is getting new ideas now and insists on not less than half a dollar. He goes barefooted and is the happiest man on earth; in future he is not going to be so happy, but he will make a great deal more money, which scientists say is the same thing. The Azorean pennies are the joy of small boys everywhere because of their enormous size, and to sailors are known as "bunker plates." Perhaps you will appreciate the value of a "bunker plate" better when it is explained that in certain uncommercialized areas of the Azores one such will buy an ordinary glass of the best red or white wine in the world. These are also **light** wines, it should be said; and wines are very generally in demand; unless you go high in the hills, the water is bad. As for beer, there is supposed to be only one manufactory, and because of conditions in Bohemia the brewer has been forced to use hops from Milwaukee. A frozen article passes for ice cream, the cocoanut cakes are as good as anywhere, but chewing gum and soda water, hotels and modern conveniences are unknown.

As for the people, they are strictly honest and industrious and in politeness are next to the French. In literature they do not shine, but in music they have

The Reid based on Ponta Delgada, St. Michael's Island, from July 31, 1917, until Oct. 7, 1917. A submarine had shelled Ponta Delgada July 4, killing a girl and wounding several women. Later, about a dozen ships were sunk. St. Mary's Island was visited by Christopher Columbus in 1493. Ponta Delgada and Horta, Fayal Island, were touched in May, 1919, by the American Airships NC-3 and NC-4, on their trans-oceanic flight.





the aesthetic temperament. A serenade by a company of Azorean youths playing on stringed instruments is worth going miles to hear. Rumor had it that John Philip Sousa, the band leader, was born on the Island of Pico; having no time to consult the encyclopedia, we are willing to admit it, and to say that no wonder the Azores turns out such men. Music is in the very air, especially when the park band plays in the bandstand before the hospital. Semi-tropical shrubbery is unexcelled, and flowers grow in great profusion. Up in the hills of St. Michael's is Furnas, noted for its hot and cold baths and its unexcelled mineral waters; and everywhere does the grape and the pineapple grow abundantly, and in less quantity and in smaller size the banana. Everything makes for happiness in the Azores, or Western Islands.

At Ponta Delgada, a city of 25,000 people, we had a base during the war—a base for destroyers and also for marines. It was here that John Towers, of Rome (Ga.), landed in May, 1919, after having been practically given up with his naval plane NC-3 as lost, and here it was that Commander A. C. Read flew in the NC-4 from Horta, Fayal Island, on his trans-oceanic flight for the Daily Mail's handsome prize. With this much said by way of introducing the Azores to persons who have not yet visited them, we proceed with the narrative.

On July 31, 1917, the Preston and Reid steamed into Ponta Delgada after five days on the water without being able to drink any of it. The Smith and the Lamson had been there two or three days, long enough to learn the ropes, so their gobs essayed to show our gobs around the town. A few other sailors from different ships were there, and altogether they made things lively in the old place that night. Since the Collier Orion had driven off a

submarine July 4 which had bombarded the city and killed a girl and wounded three women, the Azoreans felt kindly toward the Americans, and toasted them pretty generally. In the wind-up a fight started, in which sailors, police and natives took part. Unfortunately, the skipper of the Lamson or somebody else over there shot a three-inch gun, thinking to summon the sailors back to ship, but this led the folks in the theatres into a panic, feeling as they did that the submarines had returned. Several policemen and natives were sent to the hospital, hit in a fusillade of bullets or with flying missiles or fists, and with diplomacy worthy of the old world the daily newspaper, *A Republica*, had a great deal to say on Aug. 2, under the heading "A Conflict."

In spite of the excitement caused by this incident, the Azoreans continued to be our true friends, and they did not despair of attaching the islands eventually to the United States under some form of protectorate, as little people wishing self-determination.

Just as soon as we had a liberty, we busied ourselves with hunting for submarines. Necessarily this was to be our training period; we were to learn how to look for submarines, what their peculiarities were, the differences between lights and the moon, the difference between seagulls and clouds and periscopes, barrels and conning towers, and such like. Shortly after we had arrived, survivors from small ships sunk mostly by gunfire or with bombs began to appear and tell their stories. The story was nearly always the same; the submarine had fired a shot or so, forced the bark or steamer to heave to, planted bombs down in her hold and blown her up; or the U-boat commander had saved himself this trouble by puncturing her sides with his shells. Then the survivors rowed 100 miles or more to land in

small boats. After Capt. Bacon told his story of the British Steamer Iran (6700 tons), sunk by a torpedo, and in consideration of the fact that we had several sleepy-headed lookouts, Capt. Slayton posted the following notice on the bulletin board, on Aug. 10, 1917:

NOTICE—There have been a number of people going to sleep while acting as lookouts. Men on lookout must remember that perhaps the safety of the ship depends on their keeping wide-awake. The submarine that has been operating where we shall patrol is not going to show itself very much, and in order to discover it our lookouts must be strictly on the job.

Two examples may be given of this same submarine: There have been about 10 vessels sunk by one submarine within a few hundred miles of the Azores, and in several cases victims did not see the submarine at all until too late, probably on account of inefficient lookouts. The steamer Iran was sunk by a torpedo. The crew did not see the submarine until after they had taken to the boats and the ship was sunk. In another case, that of the American bark *Christiane*, the first intimation was a shell bursting in front of them.

Now, it is up to us to see that submarine first, then God help him, but if we don't see him, God help us!

The chronology follows:

August 1—Commanding Officer reported fight of July 31 to Senior Officer Present afloat, on Gunboat Sacramento.

August 3—Sacramento stood out, probably bound for England. Reid and Preston skirted islands hunting submarines.

August 4—Steamed into Angra do Heroismo, Terceira Island, and Horta, Island of Fayal, with Preston.

August 5 (Sunday)—At Ponta Delgada. Two boatloads of survivors of Bark Doris and their dog rowed into harbor. Governor of Island and

Secretary called on commanding officer in high hats and with canes.

August 6—Natives coaling ship, assisted by crew. Commanding officer was informed French steamer was sunk with gunfire and her motor boat stolen.

August 7—Portuguese Steamer San Miguel stood out. Destroyers Smith and Lamson stood out, patrolling islands, watching for pro-German signal lights in the hills. Preston received radio message saying French Steamer Marthe was being shelled by submarine. Reid and Preston stood by waiting for more information. **U. S. S. Motano sunk by submarine and 24 lives lost.**

August 8—At 12:05 A. M. Preston and Reid got underway to assist Marthe. At 10 A. M. joined by Lamson and discovered Marthe life boat, smashed; also a cabin chair and some wreckage. Passed another life boat, bottom side up. Received S. O. S. from Prinz Oscar II, Norwegian vessel. Heard Marthe's crew fought submarine an hour and lost four gunners; 35 survivors landed at Funchal, Madeira.

August 9—Steamer Tidewater (U. S.) put in with captain and survivors of Prinz Oscar II. British Steamer Hortensius put into Ponta Delgada with Captain Bacon and 88 survivors of the British Steamer Iran. Captain Bacon came aboard and told his story.

August 10—French Steamer Magellan stood out to sea.

August 11—San Jorge, Beira and Cinquo du Outubro (Portuguese man-of-war) stood in and Halifax stood out. Nashville (gunboat) stood in; Panther (U. S.) stood in, convoyed by Destroyer Flusser. Captain C. M. Crooks, of the American Bark Christiane, and two boatloads of survivors landed.

Captain Crooks came aboard and told his story to Captain Slayton, and exhibited a receipt for his vessel signed by the submarine commander, Ober-Leutnant E. L. Eyring. **Announced U. S. S. Campana, Standard Oil tanker, sunk and captain and four of naval guard probably captured.**

August 13 (Sunday)—Reid and Preston patrolling in loop toward Madeira. Set mines for firing and ordered everybody on deck to don life preservers. Steaming dark at night.

August 14—Went to general quarters on sighting Italian steamer. Exchanged recognition signals and convoyed her until 8:30 P. M. Lookout reported rising moon as light. **Announced five U. S. citizens lost when U. S. S. City of Athens hit mine off coast of Africa, August 13.**

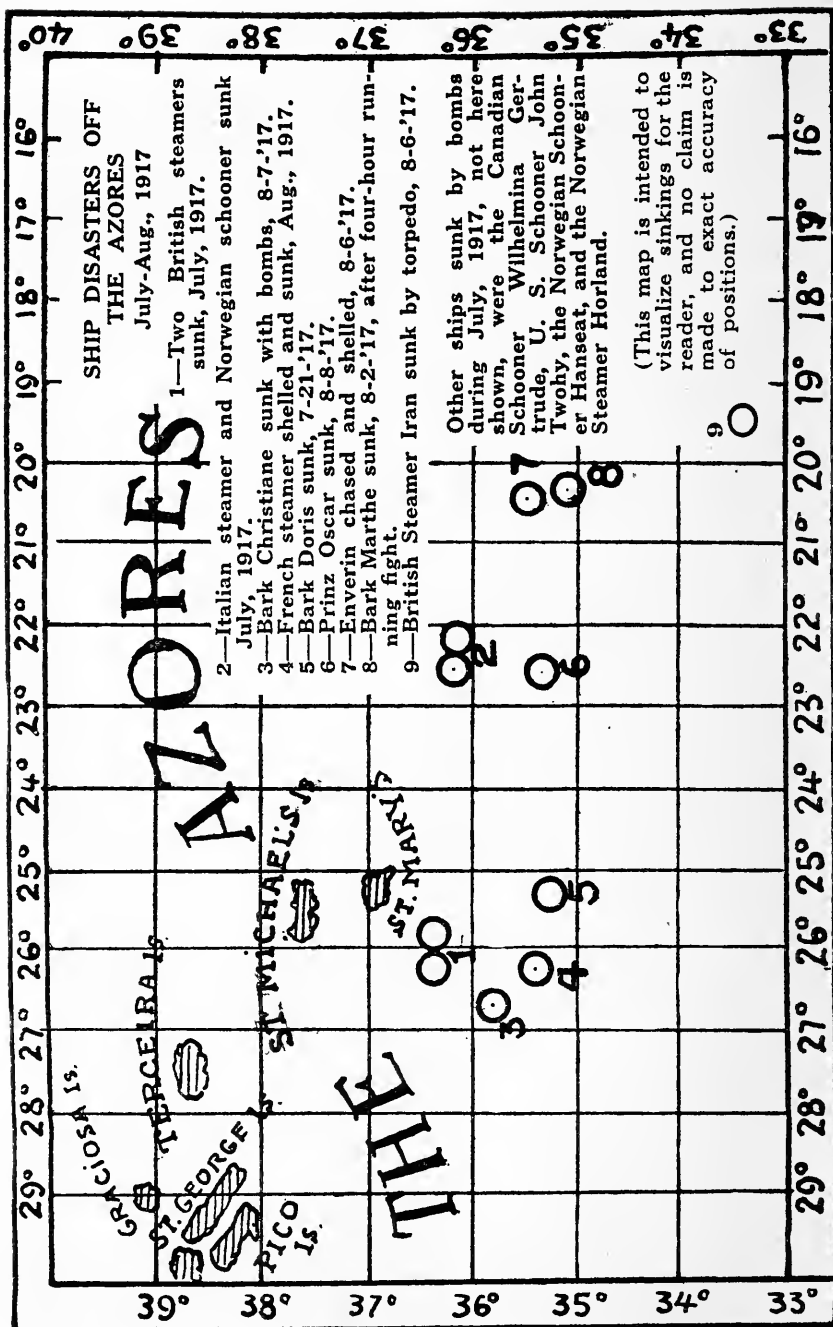
August 16—Preston and Reid escorted Gunboat Castine into Ponta Delgada. Swung ship. Tide-water and Flusser stood out.

August 18—Portuguese Schooner Livramento, with cargo of pigs from Fayal, reported sighting submarine 20 miles off St. Michael's Island. Day watch put on all United States ships at Ponta Delgada.

August 19 (Sunday)—The following yachts stood in from the States: Alcedo, Guinevere, Carola IV, Corona, Wanderer, Remlik and Emeline. Flusser stood in.

August 20—Sailor shot a sailor ashore and all yacht crew liberty was cut off.

August 21—Portuguese patrol boat fired green rockets and shot outside break-water when American tramp steamer attempted to run dark into harbor. All crews went to general quarters, and tramp ran on rocks. Spanish Steamer Arriluze of Bilbao anchored outside breakwater and sent



ashore for burial body of sailor killed in fall from mast. Arriluze soon steamed out again. Azoreans suspicious of her.

August 23—French Tramp Roma stood in. Alcedo, Guinevere, Carola IV, Corona, Wanderer, Remlik and Emeline got under way for France.

August 24—Italian Steamer Dante Alighieri stood in from New York, loaded with Italian reservists. Twenty-seven ships in harbor.

August 25—Convoyed Dante Alighieri 300 miles toward Gibraltar, and reservists cheered, whistled and sang as we left them. Flusser with us.

August 26 (Sunday)—Ship's cook reported "periscope." Machine gun jammed again. It was only a floating spar. Steaming toward coast of Spain. Rough weather and dishes won't stay on chow tables.

August 29—Escorted Italian Steamer Pediladia into Ponta Delgada. U. S. S. Seneca stood in from States. **President Wilson wrote another note to the Pope.**

August 30—Italian Steamer King of Italy and Danish Schooner Fritz stood out. Lamson and Smith stood out.

August 31—Seneca stood out.

September 1—Wild report ashore said Smith was sunk by submarine and crew was on way to States on Flusser. Only 12' vessels in harbor. U. S. Ss. Seguranca, Flusser and Preston stood out.

September 2 (Sunday)—Scout Cruiser Chester and Gunboat Yankton stood in from St. John's, N. F., and Boston.

September 3—Lamson and Preston stood in.

September 4—Yankton stood out toward Gibraltar; British Schooner Asquith and H. M. S. Hillcrest out. **Germans occupied Riga.**

September 5—Portuguese Steamer Funchal stood in with 200 Portuguese troops for garrison. Chester stood out toward Gibraltar. Lamson and Smith stood in.

September 6—The following U. S. vessels stood in from the States, bound for France: Bath, Wakiva, Cahill, Courtney, James, Rehoboth, McNeal, Ossipee, Douglas, Anderton, Lewes, Hinton, Bauman, and Submarine Chasers 383, 384 and 385 (manned by French crews). Reid out patrolling islands.

September 8—Escorted Revenue Cutter Manning until relieved by Flusser.

September 9 (Sunday)—Reid returned to base. Early liberty given crew.

September 10—British Bark Birkdale stood out. Revenue Cutter Yamacraw stood in.

September 11—French Steamer Apollon, of Alger, stood in.

September 12—Russian bark put in with news that Russia had signed a separate peace and Norway, Sweden and Denmark declared war on the United States. Yamacraw and Cinquo du Outubro stood out. **Washington statement said instead of six submarines sunk in attack on Westwego, one was "probably" sunk. Fifty lives lost when Minnehaha, Atlantic Transport Line, was sunk off Irish Coast.**

September 13—French Schooner Montrose stood in. Rumor said Preston and Smith would soon return to United States for repairs.

September 15—Commanding Officer inspected ship. **Russian republic proclaimed.**

September 16 (Sunday)—In morning baseball game Reid beat Flusser 12-11. Gunboat Wheeling and Destroyers Truxtun (14) and Worden stood in.



- Parana, Royal Mail Steam Packet, put in from Newport, Eng., after running fight of one hour with submarine, 200 miles south of Lizard Head.
- September 19—French Steamer Apollon out, convoyed by Lamson, Smith and Flusser. British Coal Collier Australcrag and Taormina (Italian) stood in.
- September 20—J. Sweeney this date caught a large fish which he landed on deck. Submarine reported near island by Portuguese fisherman and gun crew slept on deck at guns.
- September 21—Taormina stood out.
- September 22—Steamer Atna, of Norge, stood in. J. Mattos, island protographer, took picture of crew on forecastle.
- September 23 (Sunday)—Panther beat Reid 8-7 in ball game.
- September 24—U. S. S. Marietta stood in. Atna stood out.
- September 25—Lamson and Smith stood in.
- September 26—Winter clothing outfits issued to crews. Anniversary (103rd) of Battle of Fayal, Azores, in which Captain Samuel C. Reid distinguished himself.
- September 28—Reid and Preston patrolling St. Mary's Island. French Steamer Roma stood out.
- September 29—At 9 A. M. picked up British Steamer Canopic, White Star Liner, and convoyed her west five hours, when turned her over to Whipple (15) and Truxtun. Passed wreckage and ship's mast peak painted white.
- October 1—Back to Ponta Delgada with Preston. Whipple delivered mail received at Horta, Fayal Island.
- October 2—Canopic stood out at 11 P. M. Whipple stood out.
- October 3—Whipple stood in.

- October 4—Portuguese Gunboat Cinquo du Outubro and Steamer San Miguel stood in. **Tug Rehoboth swamped and sunk in storm between France and England.**
- October 5—Ships dressed ship in honor of seventh year of Portugal's independence as a Republic. Americans played baseball game. Panther left for Queenstown, convoyed by Preston, Smith and Lamson. Wheeling SOP at Ponta Delgada.
- October 6—Reid and Flusser laid in 6-day supply of provisions.
- October 7 (Sunday)—Sailors attended church. At 4:30 P. M. Reid and Flusser left for Queenstown, convoying Collier Nero at 8 knots.
- October 8—Uneventful.
- October 9—At 4:30 P. M. storm broke.
- October 10—Storm continued. Moon rose at 1:40 A. M.
- October 11—Storm at its height. Canaries hatched three young birds in firemen's compartment. Nero kicking out six knots.
- October 12—Poured oil overboard and sea's fury abated somewhat.
- October 13—Storm slowed down and we increased speed. At 9:45 A. M. headed at good clip toward mine fields entering Queenstown Harbor; patrol boats ran out and turned us into different course. Light rains. Mother canary flying over fan-tail gobbled up by seagull. Underway at 1:09 P. M. for Cardiff, Wales, through Bristol Channel.
- October 14 (Sunday)—At 3:05 P. M. entered Cardiff with Flusser (which lost foremast in storm). Sunday afternoon liberty.
- October 15—At 7:58 P. M. underway for Queenstown with Flusser. Storm started. Steered clear of floating mine.



**"HOLD EVERYTHING, SAILOR!"**

Here is a bit of spray sweeping across our stern in the Azores-Queenstown storm of Oct. 9-12, 1917. The need for individual tails is apparent.



### FOREMAST SNAPPED IN STORM, BUT STILL FULL OF LIFE

The Destroyer Flusser on Oct. 14, 1917, at Cardiff, Wales, after having been hit by Azores-Queenstown storm in company with Reid and Collier Nero. The Flusser got a coat of dazzle paint at Queenstown, but had to wait for arrival at Brest before she received a new mast.



**THE END OF A PERFECT STORM: OCT. 15, 1917**

Boats smashed, davits and stanchions bent badly, life lines down, and nearly everything swept off deck, but the crew in a jolly humor just the same.



### TAKING THEM OVER THE FORECASTLE

On Dec. 8, 1917, the Reid and the Smith, Preston, Roe, Flusser and Warrington convoyed the Cruiser San Diego and the Transport Mt. Vernon 800 miles west from Brest. The weather part of the time was rough, our speed 21 knots and we all got a good bath.



OH STORM, WHERE IS THY STING?

"Captain of the Wing Locker" surveys damage of Azores—Queenstown blow. A twisted boat davit. Notice absence of Flusser's foremast in the background.



**BEGONE, DULL CARE, FOR WE ARE SAILOR MEN!**

A jolly crowd of mess cooks, manning the ice hooks, snapped at Leixoes (port for Porto), Portugal, Dec. 19, 1917, after we had been driven to land by a storm. Left to right, Kuglarz, Herlihy, Chisholm, Schlesselman, Becker and Mignery—a devil-may-care bunch.





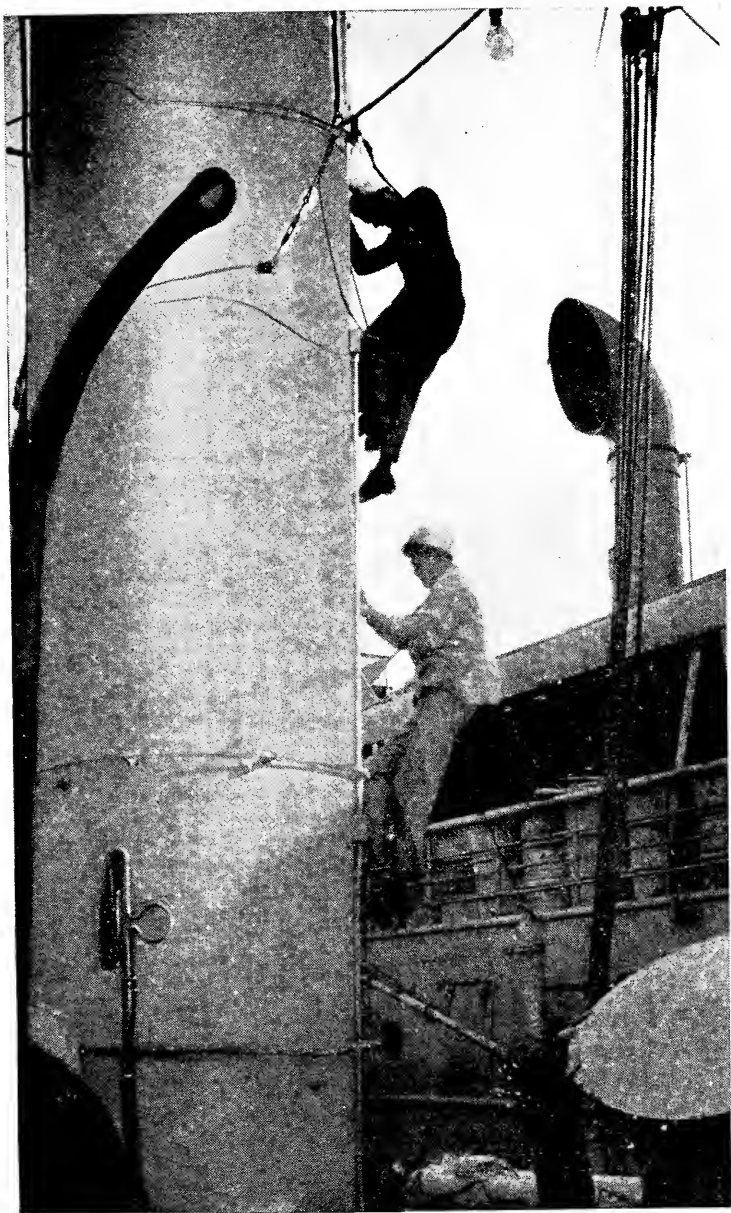
PLEASE PAGE MR. JOHN BURROUGHS!

"Mike" Tracey, chief water tender, and canaries bought in the Azores which hatched three little birds in the firemen's compartment during a fierce storm.



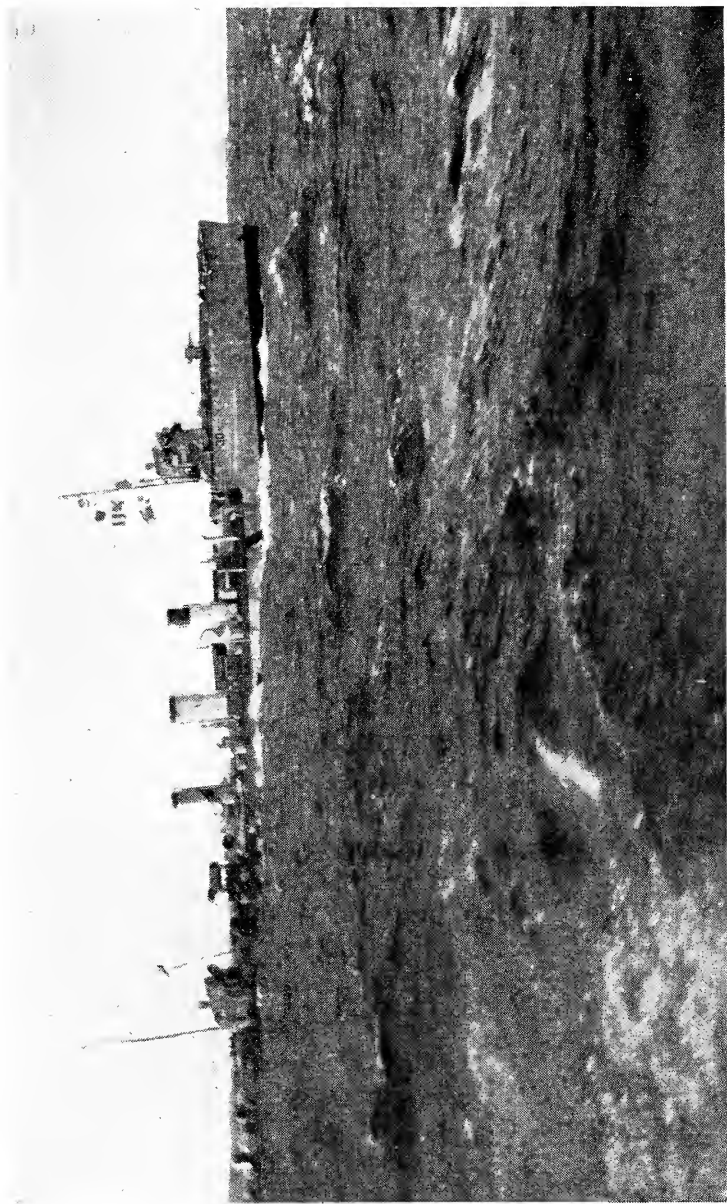
### A PEEK-IN AT THE SALTY OLD CHIEFS

Now we are below decks, back aft in the quarters for chief petty ("pettifogging") officers, and you see the chiefs fighting the chow, with a nimble mess cook in the background. This is the place where the chiefs set their snares for unsuspecting gobs.



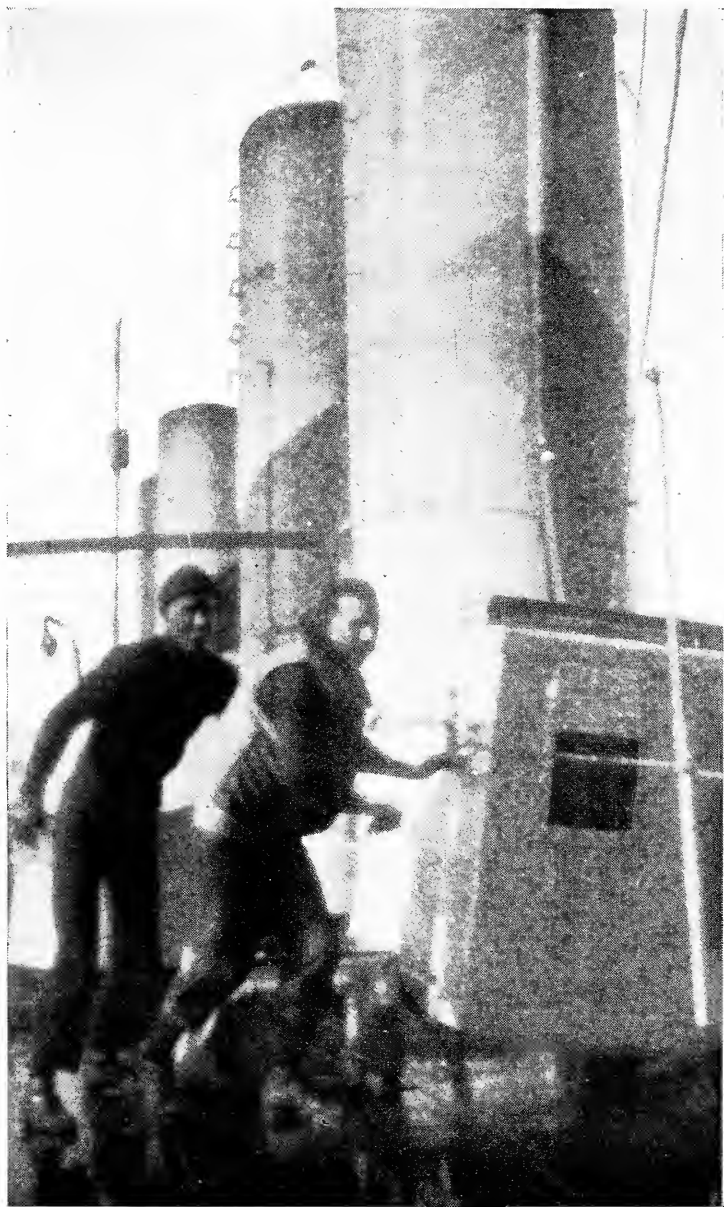
### PUTTING ON OUR DAZZLE PAINT

In the Azores we were painted war color (dark blue or slate), but on reaching Queenstown we got zebra stripes to fool the Hun; Oct. 17, 1917.



#### A TRIM DESTROYER IN A FUSSY SEA: THE WARRINGTON

In the winter of 1918 the Reid and the Warrington often steamed together, and here the oil-burner is shown crossing the coal-burner's stern. The Warrington made some of the longest trips of the war at sea, and several times gave out of oil, barely making port.



### THE VALUE OF LIFE LINES

Two sailors making their way forward from aft in the storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917. Our small boats were smashed. Note condition of the ice box.



**"VIN ROUGE" HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS POSE!**

Henry Grady ("Nick") Carter (or, "The Man with the Mop") at Les Roches, Plougastel (Brest), France, in the act of falling into a strawberry bed, with picturesque landscape all about him. "Nick" was a champion swimmer and diver, and kept our propellers in trim.



### WHEN A TUG RUNS AMUCK

On Oct. 23, 1917, 24 hours after taking up our base at Brest, our bow was rammed by the Tug James, putting us into dry dock. The James and her skipper escaped.





### WHERE A MILLION OR MORE "DOUGHBOYS" FIRST TOUCHED FRANCE

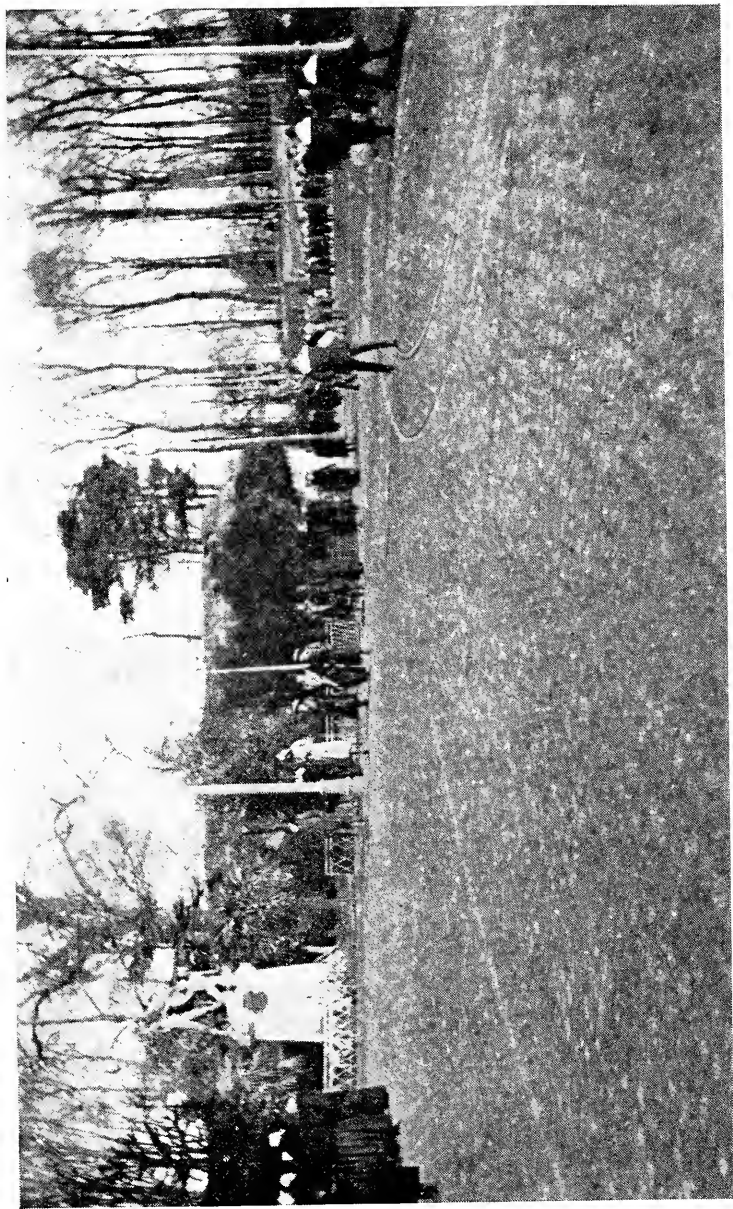
Here is the landing for soldiers and sailors at Brest. At the top of the stairways is Rue de Siam, the main business street; in the foreground is the barge of Rear Admiral Schwerer, of the French Navy; the bridge connects Brest and Old Brest.





**"YOU HAVE PLAYED HELL NOW!"**

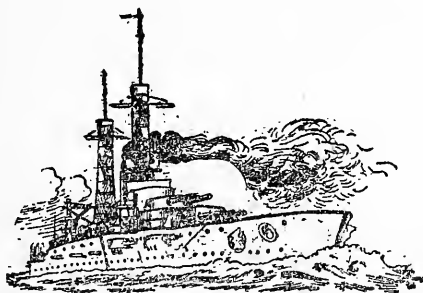
The excitement caused by the James' ramming was like swatting a hornet's nest. A sickening crash, our stern rose high, and we piled out from below.



### ENTRANCE TO PETITE PARIS, BREST, FRANCE


Here is the end of Rue de Siam, a point known to hundreds of thousands of American sailors and soldiers. At this spot any time during the war could be seen the representatives of a dozen nationalities. From a photo by M. F. Essex, U. S. S. Flusser.

- October 16—At 2:30 A. M. storm carried away motor boat. Sighted empty life boat. Moored at Queenstown at 1 P. M. Liberty. Old Irish woman at pier sold gobs "apples, pears and beautiful nuts."
- October 17—Transport Antilles sunk off France; 70 of 237 aboard reported lost. Wadsworth (60), Wainwright (62) and British Cruiser Adventure stood in.
- October 18—Destroyer Cassin (43) towed to dock, having been torpedoed astern.
- October 19—Panther, Lamson, Preston and Smith left for new base, Brest, France.
- October 20—Melville and Dixie and Destroyer Wilkes (67) in harbor. Wainwright, Shaw (68) and Walke (34) stood out.
- October 21 (Sunday)—Alongside Burrows (29). Warrington (30) and Allen (66) in harbor. At 4 P. M. Reid and Flusser underway for new base at Brest, France.
- October 22—At 11 A. M. tied up at Brest beside Panther. Smooth trip. Liberty at 5 P. M.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE BASE AT BREST.

N Friday, Oct. 19, 1917, the Panther, mother ship of the First Division of coal-burning destroyers, left Queenstown, convoyed by the Lamson, the Smith and the Preston, and on Sunday, Oct. 21, they arrived at Brest as the first organized unit for destroyer convoy service to base on this important European port. On Oct. 21 the Flusser and the Reid left Queenstown, arriving at Brest Monday, Oct. 22, thus making the unit complete at the new base.

The duty of the division during its 14 months at Brest was to escort convoys out several hundred miles toward the United States, then usually to meet an eastbound convoy at rendezvous and escort it into Brest, or occasionally to Quiberon Bay or Bordeaux. On several occasions we went nearly 1000 miles to the west, since it had become the custom of submarine commanders to drop far out (400 or 500 miles) and bag a prize, as in the case of the President Lincoln, whose destroyer escort is supposed to have been speeding back to base when she was sunk. The range of the division included the lower sweep of the English Channel at its confluence near Brest, the southern coast of England and Ireland and as far south (on occasion) as Spain and Portugal. One or two of our destroyers reached Gibraltar on a special mission. The general convoy and escort plan was thought out intelligently and was executed by the commanding officers with precision and admirable devotion to duty, and for refusing to meddle in this important work Secretary Daniels deserves the highest praise and appreciation of every person in the United States, if not in the whole world, and we hereby nominate him for President. (Do we hear a second?) Yes,

"Uncle Joe," we mean President of Haiti; drive home, James!

As for Mr. Baker, he will probably have no hard feelings at this late date to learn that when he landed at Brest on Sunday, March 10, 1918, a day before executing his famous "down cellar" movement in Paris, he probably plowed through a mine field on the Cruiser Seattle. He should feel good over it. A wireless message sent the group was intercepted by the Reid. It had evidently been delayed in transmission. This was immediately shown to the officer of the deck, a man who could often pull strange things out of the very air, and he said: "Too late to decode that message now; I think I know what it contains; it tells us to steer around a mine field we just passed through." All's well that ends well, and so with many little mishaps in the big war game.

In the late spring and early summer of 1918, when the French were sorely tried and the British were fighting with "backs to the wall" in defense of the Channel ports of Dunkirk and Calais, the American troops began to arrive at Brest at the rate of 250,000 to 300,000 per month, and it was during this period that the coal burners and destroyers which had been sent from Queenstown saw their hardest service. It was convoy out for two days, convoy in for two days, make a short liberty, coal ship (frequently all night long), and repeat the performance. These were our most melancholy days, and likewise our happiest days, because we felt that our licks were now counting for the most. In this duty the yachts and submarine chasers and mine-sweepers and tugs rendered notable service, mostly close along the French Coast. In two weeks a mine-sweeping tug bagged fourteen German mines; and the part played

by these redoubtable craft will be adequately told one of these days.

It seemed to be German policy (in return for expected commercial concessions after the war) to sink no troopships coming into France from America, if the record is any indication. Numerous empty transports were torpedoed or attacked but apparently none blown up going east, the destroyer protection being practically the same in both directions. The case of the *Tuscania*, a British ship carrying about 2,000 doughboys, was one of the exceptions of the war, but it was torpedoed in Irish waters, with a loss of about 171. Numerous merchant ships with munitions and food were sent down coming into France; Admiral Wilson took no chance, but dealt the protection out according to the resources in hand. The Repair Ships *Panther*, *Bridgeport* and *Prometheus* held up their end in commendable fashion, it is unnecessary to say.

On the whole, the officers of the anti-submarine craft were of a high type, courageous, efficient, approachable and generally humane. They possessed the initiative that is necessary to the success of military measures. There were some exceptions to this rule, but the exceptions will soon pass. The men of the crews met their tasks with fortitude and uncomplainingly, and civilian sailors generally praised them as fair and square and worthy of the name of shipmate.

Our physical needs were well attended to by Uncle Sam, in respect to food and clothing and recreation, and the part played by the home folks in providing little comforts, often at heavy personal sacrifice, will never be forgotten. Altogether it was a great experience. We learned to like and respect the French, too, who suffered most severely through the war; it was a pleasure to divide our gifts with the

## THE BASE AT BREST

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little Breton tots and to feel that the French appreciated what we did for them. Many things we shall forget, but never the experiences that we encountered while serving in the old First Division based on Brest.

October 23—Rammed by Tug James.

October 24—Towed to French Navy Yard for repairs. Yachts Noma and Alcedo stood out. U. S. S. Kanawha stood in.

October 25—French Destroyer Fanion moored alongside.

October 26—Moored alongside French Destroyer Yser.

October 27—Destroyer Fanning (37), assisted by Destroyer Nicholson (52), captured crew of U-58 about 40 miles out of Queenstown.

October 28 (Sunday)—Transport Finland torpedoed 200 miles west of Brest.

October 29—Yser stood out. Reid went into dry dock with Tug Cahill. Fall of Udine.

November 1—Germans retreated on Chemin des Dames.

November 2—Shoved off first leave party of 20 men to Paris.

November 3—Commanding Officer called on Rear Admiral Wilson.

November 5—Yacht Alcedo, first United States war vessel, sunk 60 miles west of Brest. A. T. Edwards, seaman of Norfolk, Va., formerly of Reid, reported killed in bunk by torpedo and body not recovered. Note: George Greene, of Columbus, Ga., and George A. Borgman, seamen formerly on Reid, previously reported killed in explosion on Cruiser Des Moines. Big Allied Conference at Hotel Crillon, Paris.

November 8—Bolshevist coup d'etat in Russia.

November 9—Shoved off second leave party of 20

men to Paris. **Italians made stand on Piave River.**

November 12—Mt. Vernon (Kronprinzessin Cecilie), Agamemnon, America (Amerika) and Von Steuben arrived with first American troops to land at Brest. Von Steuben rammed Agamemnon.

November 13—Second Paris leave party returned.

November 14—**Germans within 15 miles of Venice.**

November 15—Reid and Tug Bauman out of dry dock. Lieut. Henry Rawle, USNRF., detached and ordered to Preston as executive officer.

November 17—French Sloop Chiffonne alongside. **British entered Jaffa.**

November 20—French steamer sunk near Brest, and numerous submarines reported lying in wait for American transports. Reid towed out of Navy Yard, passing old French Monitor Furieux. **British victory at Cambrai.**

November 22—Bath and Houston (Liebenfels) stood in.

November 23—At 7 A. M. left for below St. Nazaire to convoy U. S. S. Santa Rosa and two merchant ships to Brest.

November 24—Two floating mines exploded near Brest Harbor by mine sweepers. Arrived Brest 4 P. M. French destroyer reported blown up. String band gave concert in wardroom.

November 26 (Thanksgiving Day)—At 7:10 A. M. stevedores came aboard and started coaling ship. At noon stevedores ceased coaling for lunch. At 3 crew started coaling ship, as stevedores did not return. Destroyers Jarvis (38), Rowan, Patterson (36), O'Brien (51), McDougal (54), Paulding (22), stood in. Yacht Sultana defeated Yacht Aphrodite 13-6 in first football game at Brest.



November 27—Destroyers Monaghan (32) and Roe (24) stood in. Von Steuben tugged to outer harbor. Agamemnon and Mt. Vernon stood out, accompanied by Reid, Lamson, O'Brien, McDougal, Patterson, Paulding, Jarvis, Monaghan and Rowan. Reid and Rowan soon returned to base.

November 29—Lamson and Smith out, convoying America.

November 30—French Cruiser Conde tugged to French Navy Yard. Monaghan and Roe stood in. At 6:30 A. M. left with Preston, Yacht Corsair and French destroyers convoying 20 merchant vessels southward to coast points. **Germans threw British back at Cambrai.**

December 1—At 7 P. M. submarine reported in convoy and destroyers dropped 7 depth charges.

December 2 (Sunday)—Anchored at Brest at 5:30 A. M. Corsair and Noma stood in.

December 3—Picked up Morgan liner and 8 other vessels with Warrington, Smith, Lamson and Preston. Arrived Quiberon 4:30 P. M.

December 4—At 8:55 A. M. commanding officers held conference on Cruiser San Diego. At 10 same destroyers hit up 19 knots for Brest.

December 6—**Armistice on Russian Front.**

December 7—Rear Admiral Sims spent 5 minutes on board. At 3:07 P. M. Reid, Roe, Smith, Preston, Warrington and Flusser convoying San Diego and Mt. Vernon 800 miles westward. Making 18 knots. Received several SOS messages; passed two life boats, one bottom side up. Increased speed to 21 knots.

December 9 (Sunday)—Preston fired a shot near Reid. Nothing seen. At 8:25 A. M. left San Diego and Mt. Vernon and hit up 15 knots for

base, column formation. **British captured Jerusalem.**

December 10—French balloon exploded high in air at Brest. One Frenchman reported killed.

December 11—Stood into Brest with destroyers at 5 A. M. Heard of sinking Dec. 6 of Destroyer Jacob Jones off Queenstown; position 49-25 N, 06-22 W. French submarines at base, including Nereide, off port bow.

December 13—Guinevere out. Destroyers Davis (65) and Burrows stood in.

December 14—3:55 P. M. left Brest with Preston, Flusser, Lamson, Smith. Convoyed merchantmen to Quiberon.

December 15—At 4:57 A. M. arrived at Quiberon. At 9:40 A. M. started swinging ship; bay and weather calm; finished at 11:45 A. M. At 2:10 P. M. Monaghan and Roe underway and stood out, convoying southeast along coast. At 2:20 P. M. Corsair ditto. At 2:30 P. M. Warrington underway. At 3:40 P. M. First Division underway, convoying Powhatan (flagship carrying S. O. P., formerly German Hamburg) and Madawaska (formerly Konig Wilhelm II). Standard speed 12 knots. Zig-zagging on base course 263 degrees, convoying empty ships back toward United States.

December 16 (Sunday)—At 7:30 A. M. increased speed to 14 knots; reduced to 12. At 5 P. M. stood to southward to investigate strange steamer in compliance with orders from S. O. P. on Powhatan. Steamer proved to be a French destroyer. 8 P. M. to Midnight: Steaming on course 292 degrees psc. At 10 P. M., owing to heavy seas, it became dangerous to continue on course with sea ahead; changed course to 225 psc. (223 degrees true), bringing sea on the starboard quarter.

Thereafter the ship rode much easier. Reid nearly rammed Powhatan, Lamson and Smith in maneuvering. Permission was requested for all destroyers to heave to, to rejoin convoy after weather moderated; request ignored. The seas increased.

December 17—Midnight to 4 A. M.: Steaming under Nos. 1, 2 and 3 boilers on course 214 degrees psc., running before the sea; standard speed, 9 knots. Steaming at two-thirds speed (6 knots). At 2:50 A. M. changed course to 208 degrees psc. Torpedo truck carried away and washed overboard during watch. 4 to 8 A. M.: Steaming on course 208 degrees psc. At 4:10 A. M. changed course to 45 degrees psc. At 5:40 A. M. changed course to 208 psc. At 7 A. M. stopped engines to fix bearing. At 7:10 A. M. ahead; one-third speed (3 knots). Lost machine lathe and wherry during watch. (Made requisition for new lathe, which arrived aboard March 27, 1919). Whaleboat smashed and ice box, life preserver locker and vegetable locker broken loose by seas breaking on board. Lost one life buoy light, (exploded and landed on deck, burning), compass binnacle light, guard to wheel chains (port side) and hose reel with deck hose. (No other ships in sight). 8 A. M. to Noon: Steaming as in previous watch. Having serious main engine bearing trouble, due to salt water in lubrication system. At 9 A. M. passed U. S. S. Corsair close aboard and asked her to stand by us and assist us back to Brest. (Corsair had answered our S. O. S. from nearby). Lost sight of Corsair at 10:30 A. M., due to rain squalls and heavy weather. (Note.—Foot of water in firemen's compartment through hatch wave at 3:30 A. M., and engine room and all

other compartments flooded; several small leaks. Only enough electricity left in wireless batteries to receive one message; none to send). Noon to 4 P. M.: Steaming as in previous watch. At 2:05 P. M. changed course to 202 degrees psc. Decided to seek port of refuge along coast of Portugal, as seas and weather grew worse, with no sign of moderation. (Portugal approximately 225 miles away). 4 to 8 P. M.: Steaming as in previous watch on course 202 degrees psc. At 4:15 P. M. changed course to 214 degrees. At 5 P. M. increased speed to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  knots. At 5:15 P. M. increased speed to 8 knots and changed course to 202 degrees psc. Wireless apparatus put out of commission by salt water flooding and by entanglement of aerial. 8 P. M. to Midnight: Steaming as in previous watch. At 9:10 P. M. increased speed to 10 knots.

December 18—Midnight to 4 A. M.: Steaming under Nos. 1, 2 and 3 boilers on course 202 degrees psc.; standard speed, 10 knots. 4 to 8 A. M.: Steaming as in previous watch. At 6:40 changed course to S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. 8 to Noon: Steaming as before. At 8:20 increased speed to 12 knots. At 9:15 changed course to 112 degrees psc. Noon to 4 P. M.: As before. At 12:15 P. M. sighted land two points on port bow. At 3:20 P. M. pilot came on board. At 3:33 P. M. let go port anchor in harbor of Port Leixoes, Portugal;  $6\frac{3}{4}$  fathoms of water, 45 fathoms of chain. At 3:40 P. M. let go starboard anchor. At 3:55 P. M. secured from mooring. Draft of ship after mooring, 8 feet forward, 9 feet, 9 inches aft. 4 to 8 P. M.: Moored as in previous watch. At 6 P. M. liberty party left ship (for Leixoes and Porto). Wireless ready for temporary duty. 8 P. M. to Midnight: No remarks.

## THE BASE AT BREST

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Note—The Powhatan was disabled in the Portuguese storm and was forced to go into dry dock at Brest for repairs to her engines and steering gear. The Madawaska alone was able to pull through to the United States. The other destroyers had practically the same experience as the Reid. The Smith lost both masts and a fireman overboard who was rescued after an hour when a sea cook swam to him with a line. The Smith's paint locker was staved in and her yeoman office was also flooded, so that lots of valuable paper work was destroyed. She spent about two weeks in dry dock at Brest. The Preston sought refuge in Lisbon; likewise the Corsair, which had to have repairs before she could get back to base. The Roe and the Monaghan each lost a mast, nearer the coast. The Flusser and the Warrington were damaged similarly, and two men were reported drowned in a Panther liberty boat at Brest, so rough was the water inside the breakwater. The following entry was made Dec. 17 on the 4-8 A. M. watch in the engine room log: "Heavy sea swept over engine room hatch at 4:30 A. M., carrying away ventilators and lathe and flooding engine room. Glass covering to oil manifold carried away and settling tank flooded. Salt water in lubricating oil, and bearings running warm. Too much water running in from sea. Impossible to keep a log." The log sheet for Dec. 17 was washed down into the bilges and was recovered with difficulty, and on Dec. 18 this entry was made: "Too wet to keep a log." The following damage was done: Wherry smashed by wave; captain's lifeboat banged in on both sides; ice box set down off supports and scuttle butt demolished, freeing steam from pipes; steam whistle pipe unjointed; potato and life-preserver lockers washed across deck to life lines; lathe washed overboard; 12 inches of water in firemen's compartment, and all compartments except forward flooded; Old Dr. Drum's medicines ruined aft; boat anchor, grapnel, boat bucket, 10 emergency rations, 25 pillow type life preservers, 10 vest life preservers, a hose reel, some hose, a handy billy, a ventilator cowl, 2 barrels of ham, 450 pounds of potatoes, 300 pounds of onions and 75 pounds of cabbage were lost. The French called this storm the most severe in about 20 years, and Capt. Slayton and Machinist Ziemann declared it was the narrowest es-

cape they had ever had. A number of firemen prayed and read the Bible on Dec. 17, when it appeared that the ship would be swamped.

December 19—Liberty granted to Porto. Took aboard 212 dozen eggs, 375 pounds onions, 500 pounds potatoes, 450 pounds beef.

December 20—At 8 A. M. underway at 20 knots for Brest. A. J. Croft, seaman, Royal Navy, H. M. S. Victory, aboard as passenger.

December 21—At 10:50 A. M. moored at Brest. At 4:05 P. M. received two coal lighters alongside. Liberty. Moored alongside Warrington.

December 22—Coaling ship.

December 23 (Sunday)—Ceased coaling at 12:25 P. M., having taken aboard 260 tons of coal.

Christmas Eve—British Destroyers 30, 34, 39, 99, and H-20 stood in to oil dock. Whipple, Noma and Truxtun stood out.

Christmas Day—Church party 10 A. M. Football game in afternoon. Movies and Christmas tree for French children, arranged by the sailors, at night.

December 26—Monaghan, Warrington, Flusser and Lamson stood out.

December 28—At 8:05 A. M. shoved off to Quiberon. Arrived Quiberon at 4 P. M. and started out 700 miles westward with Aeolus (flagship), Susquehanna, Edward Luckenback, Huron, Wyandotte, Pennsylvanian and one. Accompanied by Lamson and Flusser. Stormy; off our course a bit.

December 30 (Sunday)—Storm continued. Two men hurt by waves on deck. Looking for east-bound convoy of 20 vessels, including the Supply Ship Bridge, the largest to leave the States to date. No trace of convoy by wireless or through British war ships.

December 31—Storm held up a trifle. Moonlight 8 to midnight.

1918.

January 1—Had engine trouble and slowed to 7 knots. Left homeward-bound convoy and proceeded to rendezvous, but east-bound convoy was missing.

January 2—Unable to locate convoy, so formed column at 10 A. M. with five destroyers and steamed toward base at 9.5 knots. Wind high, 6 to 7.

January 3—Put into Brest with five destroyers at noon.

January 5—British Destroyers H-1 A, 52, 63, 05 and 34 stood out. Davis (65), Nicholson, Manley (74), Flusser, Monaghan and Roe stood out with Finland and George Washington. Reid anchored in outer harbor.

January 6 (Sunday)—Underway at 4:13 A. M. at 15 knots; wind 1-6. Picked up Bridge and convoy at 2:11 P. M. and took position on starboard bow. At 7 P. M. anchored at Brest, in outer harbor.

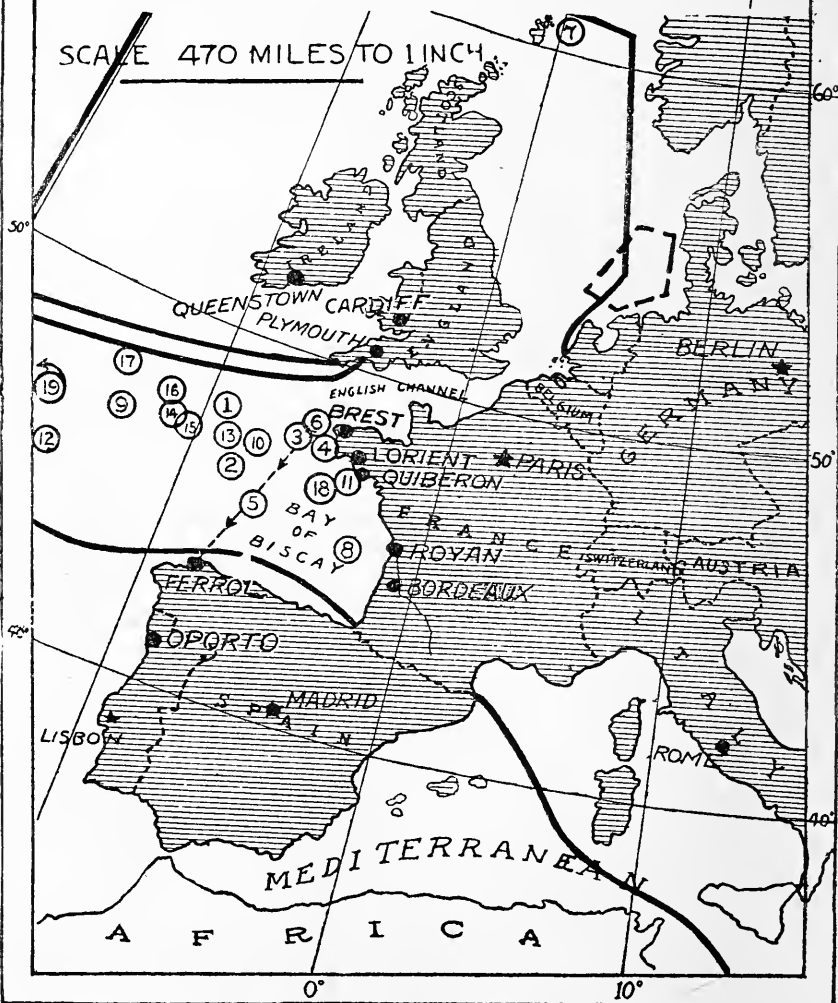
January 7—At 8:30 A. M. stood into breakwater and moored to Buoy 14. Flusser on port side, Roe to starboard.

January 8—U. S. S. Newport News towed to outer harbor by tug.

January 9—Left Brest at 4 A. M. with Warrington, Lamson, Roe and Smith, convoying U. S. Ss. Nansemond, Artemis and four others. At 7:30 A. M. passed place where four vessels were sunk. At 9:15 Nansemond hoisted submarine signal 8 miles off Pen March. Artemis shot stern gun and Nansemond forecastle gun 8 times. Reid, Lamson, Smith and Roe raised smoke screen. Known as "Battle of Pen-March." Nothing but porpoises seen. Arrived Quiberon Bay at 5 P. M.

KEY: 1—Finland torpedoed. 2—Antilles sunk. 3—Alcedo sunk. 4—"Battle of Pen-March." 5—Course of U-48 to Ferrol, Spain. 6—Attack on U-48. 7—Neches and steamer sunk in collision. 8—Wakiva sunk by Wabash. 9—President Lincoln sunk. 10—Covington sunk. 11—Florence H. disaster. 12—Tippecanoe sunk. 13—Westward-Ho torpedoed. 14—Cubore sunk. 15—West Bridge torpedoed. 16—Montanan sunk. 17—Finland-Henderson collision. 18—Stewart sank submarine. 19—Tucker picked up survivors of French Cruiser Dupetit Thouars and sank submarine. (All positions approximate).

SCALE 470 MILES TO 1 INCH





and went alongside DeKalb (Prinz Eitel Friedrich) and the Yacht Guinevere. McNeal alongside.

January 10—Left Quiberon 8 A. M. with destroyers, convoying DeKalb, Huron and eight other vessels westward. Twelve knots.

January 11—Wind 2-8. Left convoy about 10 A. M. and headed for rendezvous. At 12:50 P. M. wireless carried away by wind and storm. At 2:30 P. M. rigged up temporary aerial. Wind and seas increasing. Must have missed convoy, so headed toward base.

January 12—Nearly ran into lighthouse in fog and signalled Flusser to change course. Tied up alongside Roe at noon; Smith, Lamson, Flusser, Warrington, and Monaghan also at Buoy 14.

January 13 (Sunday)—At 9:45 A. M. Roe was tugged to Navy Yard. French water barge alongside Monaghan.

January 14—U. S. S. Pensacola stood outside breakwater.

January 16—President Grant towed to inner harbor by tugs. Warrington and Monaghan stood out.

January 17—At 2:30 P. M. Reid, Flusser, Smith and Lamson stood out, convoying President Lincoln, Covington and Pocahontas toward states at 10 knots.

January 18—Left convoy at 2:30 A. M. Trip rough and lockers full of water. At 8 joined eastbound convoy; zig-zagging at 12.5 knots.

January 19—Arrived Brest 9 A. M. and went alongside Truxtun and Panther. Flusser moored alongside Reid's port side.

January 20—Trippe (33) and Jarvis stood in and moored. Warrington stood in. **German Breslau sunk; Goeben damaged by British Fleet.**

January 21—Reid's orders changed. Ralph D. Paine, the author, came aboard to make sea trip. Preston towed from navy yard. Monaghan stood in.

January 22—At 3:30 P. M. left Brest to convoy President Grant, Praetorius and two others toward States. Speed 14 knots; zig-zagging. Mr. Paine helping to con.

January 23—Storm started; wind 4 to 7. Mr. Paine quit bridge for skipper's bunk. Left convoy at 7 P. M. and headed toward Brest. Two men nearly washed overboard. Changed course to ride easier.

January 24—Dropped depth charges, two failing to explode. Speeded up to 18 knots and arrived at Brest, alongside Smith, at noon. Preston, Warrington, Lamson and Monaghan stood in.

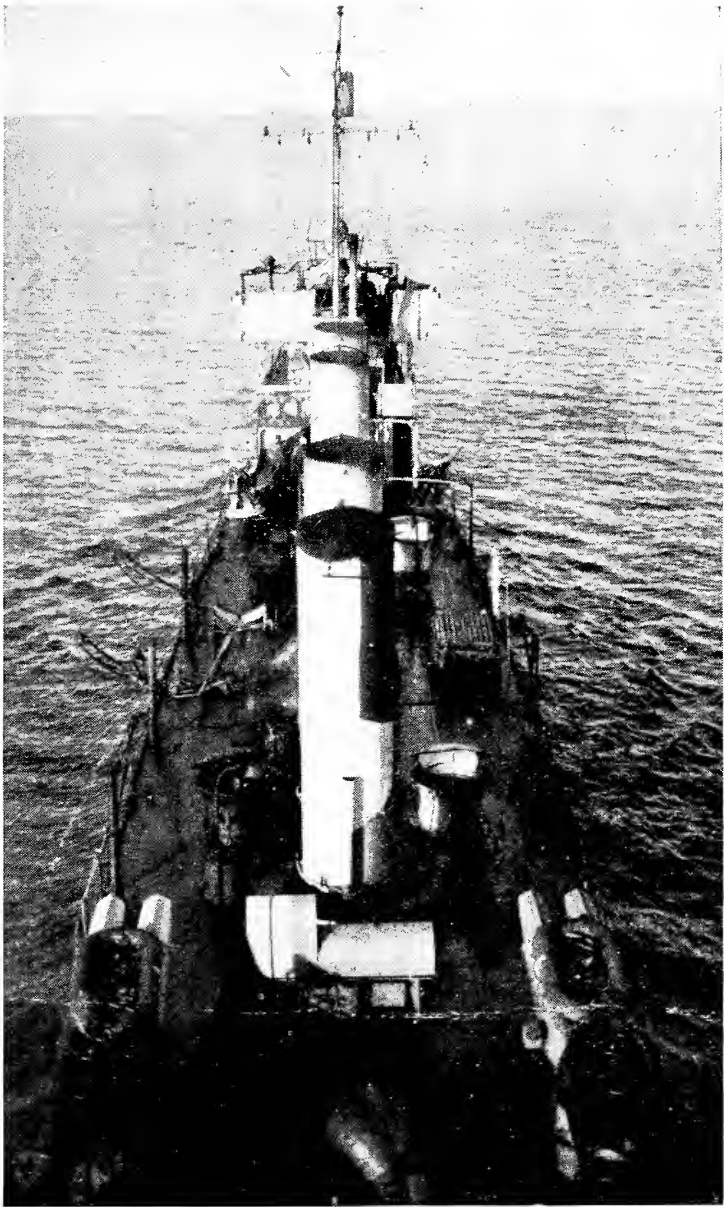
January 25—America stood outside breakwater. At 7:15 A. M. started coaling ship from lighter. At 11:55 ceased coaling for dinner. At 12:30 P. M. went ahead with coaling. At 5 P. M. ceased coaling for supper; at 5:30 continued coaling; at 7:05 finished coaling; 206 tons.

January 26—Smith and Monaghan stood out; received 4,000 gallons of water.

January 27 (Sunday)—Reid, Lamson, Preston and Flusser underway at midnight under four boilers; 20 knots. Preston broke down and returned to base.

January 28—At 8 A. M. steamed into harbor of Plymouth, Eng. At 9 picked up Montanan and Amphion (both U. S., and heavily loaded), and convoyed southward; 14 knots.

January 29—Eleven knots. At 1:54 A. M. Montanan fired two shots to port, astern of Reid. Went to general quarters, but saw nothing and came



### TO GET THE RIGHT DIRECTION

In order to rectify variations in our compasses, the evolution of "swinging ship" was resorted to. Our machine lathe, lost in storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917, is shown.



#### A LETTER FROM THE SON AT THE FRONT TO HIS BRETON MOTHER

Madame Breton, residing on a farm between Brest and Lambazellec, receives glad tidings of her boy, who is serving around Ypres, in France, the rural postman having just crossed the orchard. Although poor, she and the old man have wine and war bread for visitors.



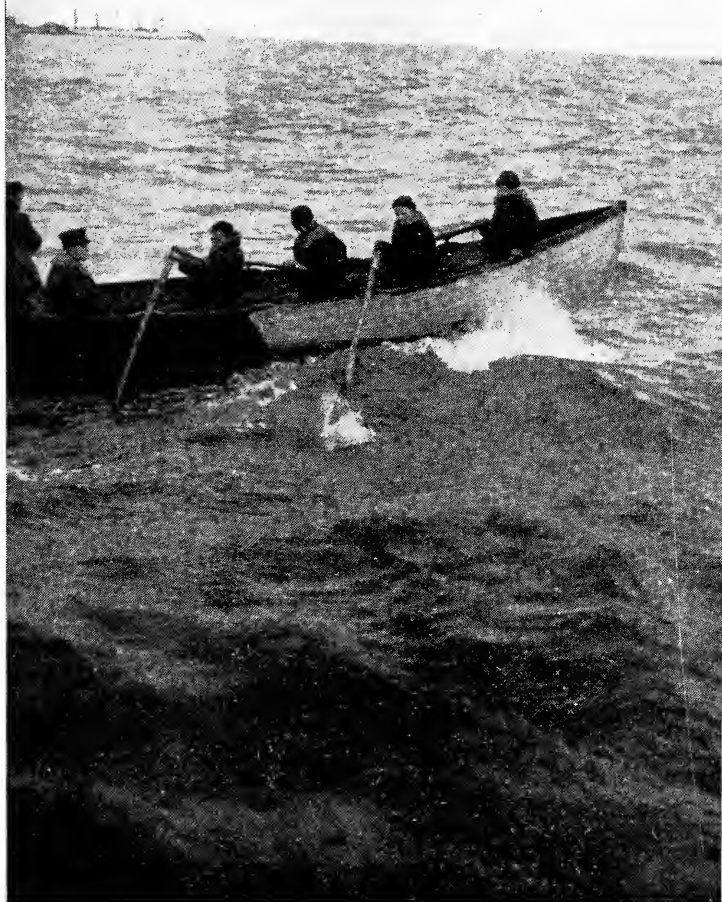
### THE HISTORIC BRIDGE AT BREST

This high structure and surrounding buildings furnished the first view which hordes of our soldiers and sailors had of Europe's chief port of landing.



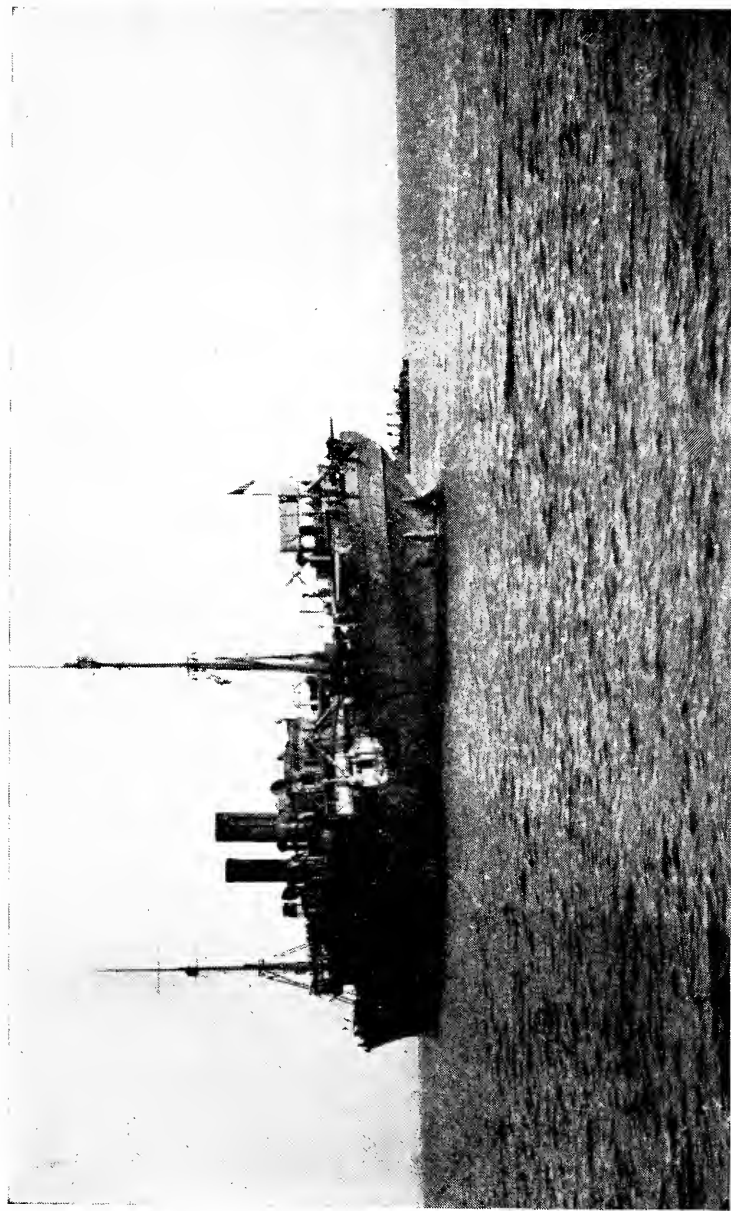
### SUNK OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST: THE CRUISER SAN DIEGO

This prize among cruisers fell victim to a torpedo or mine in summer of 1918. Lieut. Paul F. Shortridge, later assigned to the Reid, was on her at the time. This picture was taken Dec 7, 1917, off France; the Smith is shown in distance, the Mt. Vernon is ahead.



### WHERE THE SEAMAN CATCHES IT

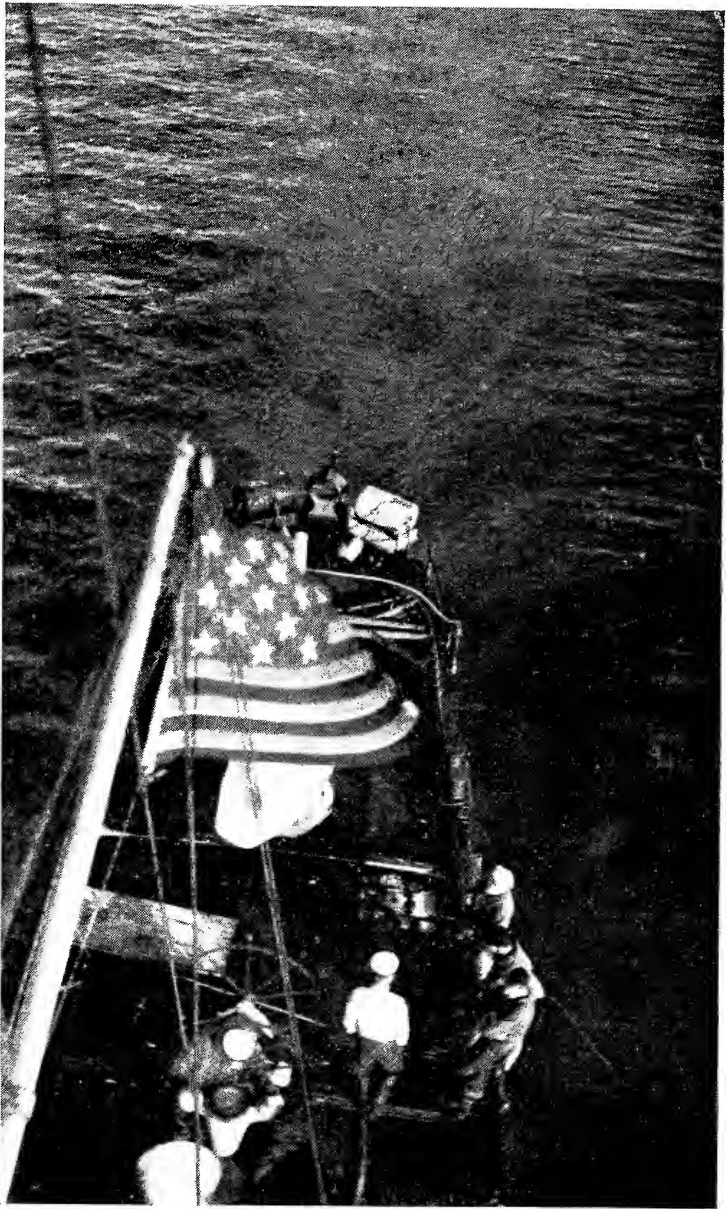
Capt. Slayton returning aboard on Dec. 15, 1917, from Madawaska (Konig Wilhelm II) in Quiberon Bay; rough water gave the boat crew a good taste of salt.



### THE JONAH OF THE SEAS—AN OLD GERMAN LINER

Whenever bad luck broke, the Powhatan (Hamburg) seemed to be around. Her worst offense against us was to get us into the storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917. This picture was made at Le Verdon, Gironde River, near Bordeaux, Apr. 11, 1918; Martha Washington also sailed.





### "OLD GLORY" IN THE BREEZE

Swinging ship, Dec. 15, 1917, at Quiberon Bay, France, where John Paul Jones got 13 French guns in 1776, celebrating the independence of the Colonies.



#### A YACHT WITH A WAR RECORD: J. P. MORGAN'S CORSAIR AT QUIBERON

On Dec. 17, 1917, the Reid, practically put out of commission in a severe storm, sent an SOS message to the Corsair. The yacht came within sight, but after struggling more than an hour to reach the Reid, went for herself to Lisbon. The Reid made port at Porto.



### LES ROCHES (THE ROCKS) AT PLOUGASTEL

Here is a freak of nature which is more striking in its miniature form than the great monolith at Stone Mountain, Ga. Thousands of Uncle Sam's boys saw it near Brest during the war.



**"WHAT DO YOU SAY, SAILORS? TURN TO!"**

Chief Boatswain's Mate Harry Berg and deck hands pulling together No. 1 whaleboat after it was smashed by waves in storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917. Our wherry was knocked into bits, our lathe bounded overboard, and vegetable locker and life preserver locker upset.



### A GAY TOUCH OF FRENCH LIFE

Sunday afternoons during the war the Bretons used to promenade out to The Rocks at Plougastel, and here is a prosperous party crossing a neck of Rade de Brest.



### AN ARTISTIC SETTING FOR A PRETTY FOREGROUND

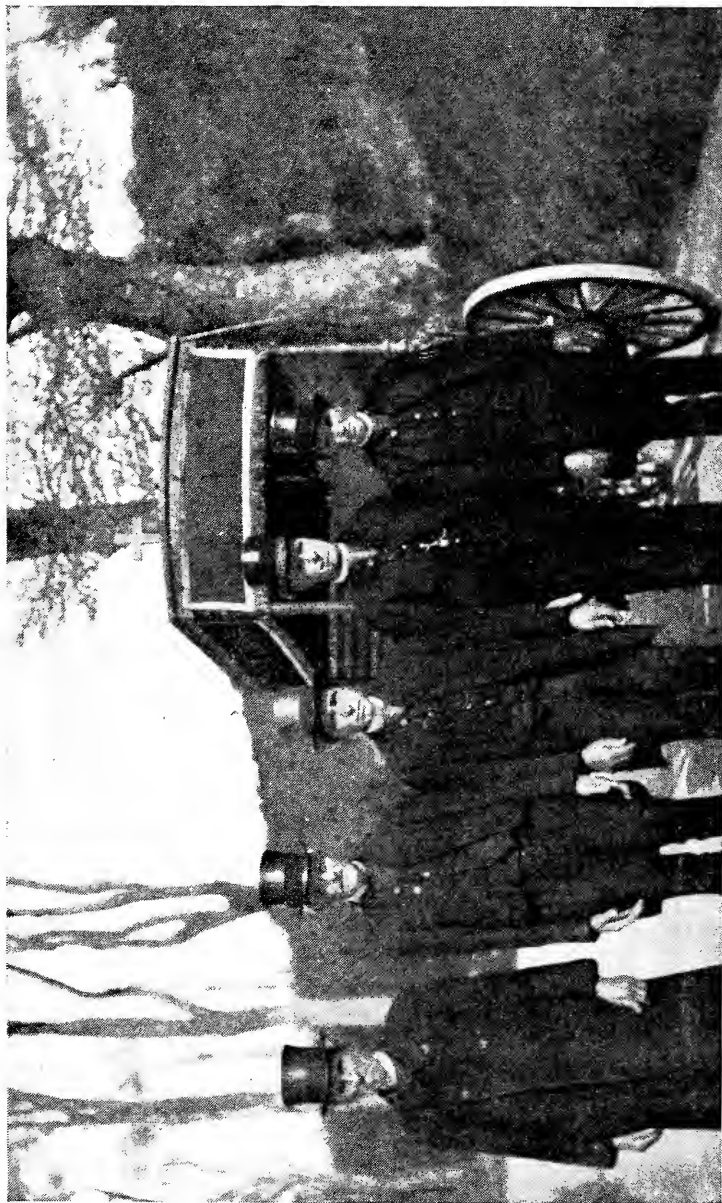
Two French mademoiselles and "petite fille" at Plougastel, near Brest; more easily caught by the kodak than otherwise. *Elle sont tres joli, ne c'est pas, Monsieur?* We can hear you answer, "*Oui, oui, oui!*" The church is Catholic, the churchyard full of statuary.





### A TYPICAL FRENCH CHATEAU

Here is the home of the wealthiest man in Plougastel, who owns the great rocks and the old-fashioned ferry which people must patronize to see them. He enjoys a comfortable old age.



### “IRISHMEN” DOING THEIR BIT IN FRANCE

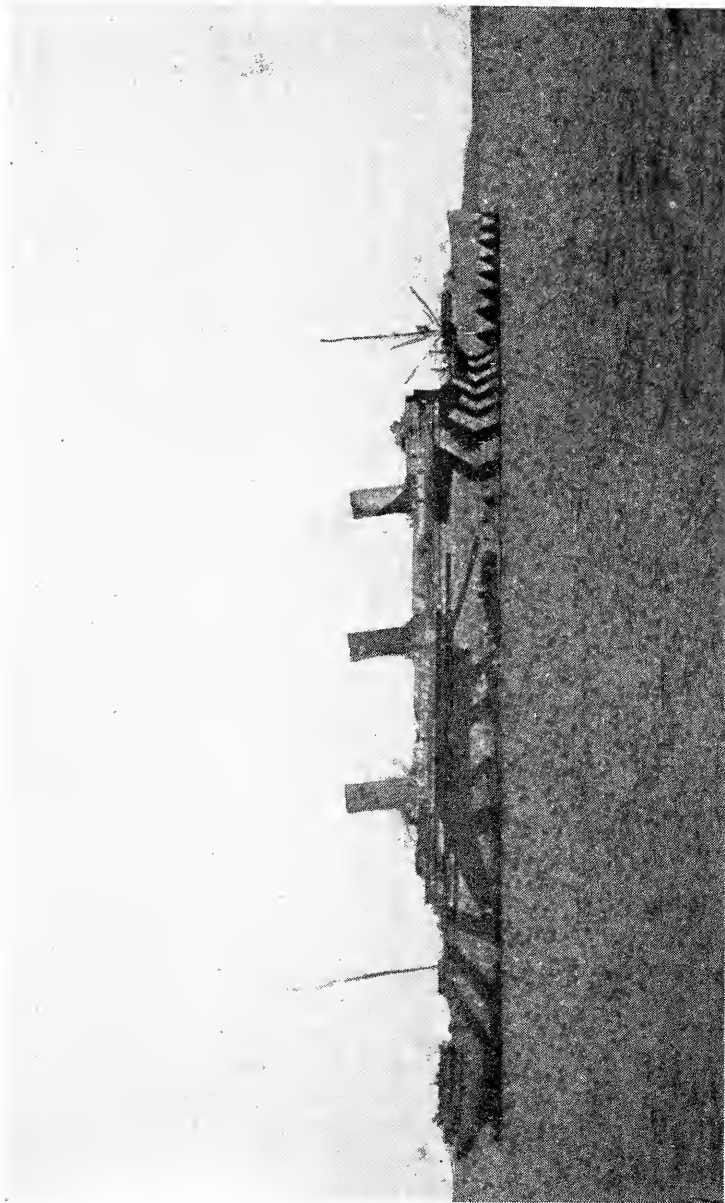
Ladies and gentlemen, meet these circuemorts who professionally bear the pall! They are only ten minutes late now. Contrary to facial appearance, they are of sturdy Breton stock, and have never set foot on Irish soil, nor are they apt to.





#### A PASSENGER FROM PORTUGAL

After a sharp blow, A. J. Croft, H. M. S. Victory, declared: "Hereafter when I see an American sailor, I shall say, 'There goes a very salty man!'"



### THE LARGEST TRANSPORT AFLOAT: THE LEVIATHAN

"Levi," as the former German Liner Vaterland was familiarly known, could make 24 knots and carry more than 10,000 troops each trip. Her tonnage is 60,000. Although the submarines regarded her as a capital prize, her speed was too much for them.

back to course. At 3:24 A. M. Montanan and Amphion fired three shots each. At 1:47 P. M. let go starboard anchor in Quiberon Bay. At 3:02 P. M. underway with convoy. At 4:48 P. M. Belle Ile seven miles. At 8:10 P. M. moon rose.

January 30—At 1:58 P. M. left convoy and headed for Brest at 18 knots. At 2:17 P. M. turned to resume position with convoy. At 8 P. M. left convoy; hit up 18 knots.

January 31—Sighted land at 9:25 A. M. on port bow. At 11 A. M. Reid and Preston moored to buoy. At 1 P. M. Nicholson, Conyngham (58) and Jarvis moored to buoy. At 4:15 P. M. Jarvis, Conyngham and Nicholson stood out.

February 1—At 6:55 A. M. started coaling ship. Hinton towed out of navy yard and Noma in. Roe went alongside Panther. Smith stood out. Warrington moored alongside Reid. **Germany recognized Ukraina.**

February 3 (Sunday)—Preston stood out. Received 100 loaves of bread from Panther.

February 4—Preston stood in. Paymaster paid crew.

February 5—At 4:30 A. M. Warrington, Preston and Flusser stood out. Truxtun moored alongside Reid. Jarvis, Wadsworth, Nicholson in harbor.

February 6—U. S. S. Tenadores stood in. Reid underway at noon; 20 knots; with Monaghan and Lamson. At 7 P. M. anchored Quiberon Bay.

February 7—At 1 P. M. underway with Lamson and Monaghan, convoying U. S. Ss. Nyanza and Kentuckian; 11 knots.

February 8—At 7:30 P. M. left convoy and proceeded with Lamson and Monaghan toward base at 20 knots.

February 9—Arrived at Brest at 11 A. M. Smith stood in. Roe, Warrington and Flusser stood out. **Germans signed first peace treaty with Russians.**

February 10 (Sunday)—Nicholson stood out. Specifications of a summary courtmartial read to H. Evans, oiler, for hitting J. Muench, boatswain's mate, over head with a walking cane, breaking it.

February 11—Worden stood out.

February 12—Nicholson stood in. At 4:35 P. M. Reid, Lamson and Monaghan left to convoy Tena-dores and Huron westward. Fine weather; 14 knots.

February 13—Left convoy at 8:30 P. M. and hit up 19 knots to chase steamer or British destroyer, which disappeared. Returned to convoy.

February 14—At 8:25 A. M. left convoy and with Lamson and Monaghan headed for Brest; 18.5 knots. At 4 dropped two Sperry depth charges to see if they would explode; one did. Smooth and fine. Rat in captain's bunk jumped in Paul D. Seghers' face; escaped for time.

February 15—Passed convoy of 16 vessels. At 9 A. M. passed Destroyer Sampson (63) and several other oil-burners returning to Queenstown after convoying Wilhelmina and other transports in. Tied up at 11 A. M. alongside Smith; Lamson alongside Flusser; Monaghan to Buoy 13. At midnight yeoman office occupants investigated racket above in skipper's room; found chase after rat in progress, with three officers participating. Lieutenant Good finally killed rat with a golf stick.

February 16—Heard rumor that 6,000-ton British ship was lost in convoy with Nicholson near

**Brest. General Wilson named chief of British Army Staff.**

February 17 (Sunday)—Powhatan steamed outside breakwater and anchored. At 8 P. M. mustered crew on deck; two seamen and a fireman absent on liberty without authority. At 9:30 two seamen returned.

February 18—At 9:45 A. M. Destroyer McCall (28) escorted Prometheus, repair ship and mother ship, into outer harbor. Commanding officer held mast and disrated a machinist's mate for avoiding the evolution of coaling ship. At 2:15 P. M. McCall, Jarvis and Drayton (23) stood in and moored. At 3:05 P. M. Panther hauled down Admiral's flag and Prometheus broke it. **Germans drove into Russia.**

February 19—British submarine C-5 stood in and went to oil dock. Smith, Warrington, Reid, Nicholson, Lamson, Preston and Flusser convoying Powhatan, Ohioan, Aeolus and Calamares toward states; trip smooth, speed, 13.5 knots.

February 20—Left convoy at 8:30 P. M. and turned south to join east-bound convoy at rendezvous. Speed 12 knots; wind 3-5. In column as flagship with Lamson, Flusser and Preston in order.

February 21—At 2 A. M. received wireless saying vessel had foundered near Scilly Islands, and requesting that survivors in small boats be picked up. Out of our course. At daylight joined Roe and U. S. S. Mexican and seven other ships of 3,000 to 9,000 tons, making six knots. SOPA signalled he might make 7 knots in submarine chase. Traveling toward Belle Ile.

February 22 (Washington's Birthday)—Weather and sea fine and crew much on deck. Planned to celebrate Washington's Birthday by firing guns

and dropping depth charges, but feared to disturb convoy.

February 23—French Pilot, Monsieur Paul LeDantec, sighted lighthouse at 4 P. M. Passed quantity of driftwood, some painted white, and four barrels or kegs. Felt explosion as of depth charge from another ship; unable to fathom trouble. Tied up at Quiberon at 8 P. M. and borrowed a sack of potatoes from the Mexican.

February 24 (Sunday)—Delivered sealed orders to Charlton Hall and Santiago, then underway at 6:30 A. M. with division at 20 knots for Brest. Held gun target practice for first time since May, 1917, off Nova Scotia.

February 25—Put on 180 tons of coal up to 4 P. M. R——, seaman, was given summary court-martial for jumping ship and smuggling liquor aboard. Whipple stood in.

February 26—John A. Wilson, Ensign, USNRF., reported aboard for duty from the Good Ship Nero, and told about Nero's marvelous wooden gun.

February 27—Held general quarters at 8 A. M. At 5:15 P. M. Whipple stood out.

February 28—Worden stood in. Guyton, Michalo, Anderson, O. J., Hughes, Schemm, Evans and W. Smith transferred from Carola IV to Reid, and Berg, Herche, O. Kluge, Schulz, Wattenbarger, Schlesselman and Ballard sent to States on Von Steuben as first nucleus crew for new destroyer. Jarvis, Warrington and Smith stood in.

March 1—Yacht Isabel stood in. At 3:30 P. M. Reid, Roe, Monaghan, Lamson and Preston stood out, convoying Agamemnon, Von Steuben, Tiger and Martha Washington west toward States. Convoy separated, Roe and Monaghan taking Von Steuben and Agamemnon southward and the oth-

ers continuing on westward course. Reid at head of convoy and making 12 knots.

March 2—Received several SOS messages saying ships in course were being shelled by submarines. At 5 P. M. Lamson left convoy for dry dock at Chatham, England. At 7:30 P. M. Reid and Preston left Tiger and Martha Washington and steamed southward toward rendezvous; 12 knots.

March 3 (Sunday)—At daylight joined Wilkes (67—flagship), Roe, Monaghan, O'Brien (51), and eleven other destroyers with eight American ships, some with troops, some munitions. Exchanged signals with Wilkes and Covington. At 6:30 A. M. convoy separated, part going toward England, and Wilkes, O'Brien, Reid and Preston taking President Lincoln, George Washington and Covington (with 10,000 troops) in direction of Brest. Speed, 15 knots. Reid five miles ahead of convoy. **Russians signed second treaty with Germans at Brest-Litovsk.**

March 4—At 6:40 A. M. joined by Smith. At 11 A. M. moored alongside Panther. At 2:30 P. M. Covington stood into harbor and moored. At 3 President Grant stood inside breakwater.

March 5—Crew coaling ship, assisted for an hour by all officers except captain, until mail arrived. Henry Grady Carter, seaman, came aboard from Panther to visit friends. Wanderer and Stewart (13) stood out. Reid received 11,000 gallons of fresh water from barge.

March 6—Seven seamen put on report for shooting craps. A boilermaker and a seaman were brought aboard under guard charged with attempting to smuggle liquor onto ship.

March 7—H——, a fireman, was given a deck court this date for using profane language toward

another person in the outfit. H. Nelson, ship's cook, third class, was fined \$16 at deck court by Commanding Officer for dropping a cigar stump in fried eggs served to starboard table in seaman's compartment. British Hospital Ship Glencorn Castle stood out. Jarvis, Warrington, Drayton, Smith and Isabel stood in. Wadsworth, Truxton and Worden stood out. **Germans made peace with Finland.**

March 8—Nicholson stood in. Roe and Monaghan stood out.

March 9—Whipple and Nokomis stood out; Stewart stood in. At 4 P. M. Smith and Reid left Brest and at 6 P. M. anchored in Anse de Camaret to spend the night.

March 10 (Sunday)—Left Camaret at 7 A. M. with Smith, convoying President Grant and President Lincoln toward United States. At 10:10 A. M. met Cruiser Seattle (with Secretary of War Baker aboard, accompanied by troopships and destroyers); joined Seattle convoy and arrived at Brest 11:35 A. M.; speed, 18 knots. At 3 P. M. underway with Smith, Isabel, and Warrington, convoying Covington and George Washington at 16.5 knots, and troops on ships at anchor cheered us. Rough.

March 11—Left convoy at dark and headed into light rain-squall. Steaming at 20 knots for Brest. Warrington (SOPA) signalled us our stacks were torching. Isabel left column to pick up 18-ship convoy bound for England.

March 12—At 3:30 P. M. arrived Brest and went alongside Flusser. Seattle still in harbor. Pilot M. Renault, succeeding Monsieur Le Dantec, reported aboard.

March 13—Coaled ship all day, taking on 183 tons coal. Heard Panther men on Paris leave lost



clothing when "Big Bertha" shell burst in apartment house. **Germans captured Odessa, Russia.**

March 15—Jarvis, Monaghan and U. S. S. Shoshone stood in; Collier Culgoa and Truxtun out.

March 16—Smith, Roe and Drayton stood in. At 4 P. M. left with Warrington, Isabel and Flusser, convoying Seattle, Rappahannock and President Grant westward. Convoy separated, Warrington and Flusser taking Seattle southwest and Reid and Isabel remaining with Rappahannock and President Grant.

March 17 (Sunday; St. Patrick's Day)—Irish members of crew put on green. About noon left convoy and went after eastbound convoy with Isabel. Rough. Had turbine trouble and "lay to" 40 minutes. At 3:45 P. M. sighted convoy and exchanged signals with Scout Cruiser Chester. At 9 P. M. left convoy and hit up 18.5 knots for Brest with Isabel.

March 18—At 8:30 A. M. passed British Tramp Steamer Roath. At 11:55 A. M. sighted submarine steaming on surface three miles ahead trailing small French tramp steamer. Reid dropped three depth charges and Isabel one. Circled for hour, then preceeded to Brest. Position of submarine, 47-58 North, 05-34 West, about 40 miles west of base.





N.I.D.11768/O.L.1094.

The Director of Naval Intelligence  
presents his compliments to Mr. G.M. Battey,  
Jnr. and begs to inform him that the German  
submarine U.C.48, subsequently interned at  
Ferrol, Spain, was damaged by depth charges  
dropped by H.M.S. "LOYAL", off the Isle of  
Wight on 20th March, 1918.

Naval Staff,


Intelligence Division,

27th April, 1919.

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## Chapter IV.

### ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE.

 NEW chapter has been added to the controversy over credit for the internment at Ferrol, Spain, of the German Submarine U-48. On April 27, 1919, the Director of Naval Intelligence of the British Admiralty wrote us claiming credit for H. M. S. Loyal, asserting that on March 20, 1918, off the Isle of Wight, this vessel attacked "Pen-March Pete," as the villainous, underhanded renegade of a submarine commander was familiarly known along the French Coast. The director's letter is reproduced elsewhere herein, and contains the only official statement we have been able to obtain from any source.

Since the Reid was awarded a star for the exploit, then deprived of it, and the Yacht Isabel is said to have hung a picture of the U-boat in her wardroom labeled "Our Submarine," the controversy waxes interesting, to say the least. Just what the authorities are doing to clear up the matter is problematical and will doubtless remain so.

Although the Reid's star is down and dimmed, it reposes merely behind the clouds or below the horizon. It has been stored carefully in the engineer storeroom back aft, beneath the chief petty officers' compartment, where a curlew captured at sea used to hop about and a New Navy chief machinist's mate slept on the way home from France because there wasn't room for him one deck above. This is a buoyant and resilient star, and stars slammed to deck will rise again,—maybe! At any rate, picture of the star as it graced the Reid's stack is presented elsewhere for whatever it may be worth as symbol or hunk of tin.

But to the yarn: On March 16, 1918, at 4 P. M. the Reid, Isabel, Warrington and Flusser left Brest convoying westward the Seattle (which had just brought Secretary of War Baker to France) and the President Grant and the Rappahannock. The convoy soon separated, the Warrington and Flusser taking the Seattle southeast and the Isabel and Reid remaining with the President Grant and the Rappahannock. At noon on March 17, (Sunday, St. Patrick's Day), the Reid and the Isabel left the two vessels and went toward rendezvous to join an eastbound New York convoy. The weather was rough, the Reid had turbine trouble and "lay to" 40 minutes. At 3:45 P. M. sighted convoy and exchanged signals with the Scout Cruiser Chester, which had accompanied convoy from the United States. At 9 P. M. left this convoy and hit up 18.5 knots for Brest, Isabel accompanying as senior.

Monday, March 18, 1918, dawned clear and pretty; sea smooth and there was a light breeze from out of the south. At 8:30 A. M. passed the British Tramp Steamer Roath, steaming alone. At 10:54 A. M. Captain Slayton sighted a submarine from his position on the bridge. He yanked the annunciator handle backward, then forward, signalling the engine room for full speed, which happened to be about 25 knots on three boilers; he ordered course changed so as to put the submarine from broad on starboard bow to two points on port bow. Then he pressed the button that called all hands to general quarters.

This was the first submarine we had sighted definitely and positively in nearly eight months of steaming in the submarine zones, and everybody piled out eagerly from below and rushed to their posts. Lieutenant Davidson, executive officer, began to prance back and forth on the bridge like a tiger. Ensign

Wilson kicked a seaman from the chart-house to the fore-castle gun. Berry, ship's cook, upset a hot pot of bean soup in the galley. Lieutenant Good perched on the after deck house and directed operations at No. 3 gun. Everybody got busy. The Reid was slashing through the water like a sturgeon, kicking up a frothy wake that betokened business, and belching out a heavy smoke from the stacks that was left quickly behind as the ship leaped forward on her thrilling mission. Near the horizon dead ahead a column of black smoke curled upward; it came from a small French tramp steamer which the submarine was evidently trailing to sink with shell-fire. The tramp slapped on an extra knot until he must have been making eight, and plugged along in his own peculiar way. Signal had been sent to the Isabel, which held position on our port quarter, not less than a mile distant, and the Isabel was likewise making smoke and knots, and skimming proudly over the glassy sea with her bow high. On putting on extra speed, the Reid tooted her whistle six times, which was the accepted way of spreading a submarine warning of this kind. Whether the U-boat commander heard this whistle is uncertain. He was distant about four miles when sighted. His wireless masts, conning tower, dark mass and a grim figure or two on deck could be seen plainly; then after the Reid and the Isabel had covered about a mile he folded his wireless masts over to the side (like a sail-boat capsizing), and submerged in two minutes.

This brought a gasp of disappointment from the expectant watchers. Fire from our guns had been withheld hoping to get into better position for placing depth charges, and this was regarded as the wise thing to do, since shells could only have scared him and even in the event of a hit would probably have punctured his superstructure without sinking him.

Captain Slayton had changed course to avoid steaming between the sun and the submarine, where the Reid would have been more pronouncedly outlined against the sky.

On arriving near the spot of submergence one depth charge was exploded. The second was fired over the spot of submergence, and the third on a perceptible oil slick, intended to follow up his course ahead. The Isabel dropped one depth charge and signalled over to ask the Reid what things looked like. After hunting for an hour without seeing anything further, at 1:03 P. M. the Reid and Isabel put on 20 knots for Brest, arriving at 3:40 P. M., and two hours later the French tramp puffed in. The position where the submarine was attacked was 47-58 N., 05-34 W., off Ar Men Light and approximately 40 miles west from Brest.

We thought little more about the incident until March 25. While we were coaling ship on that day, Captain Slayton had the following French newspaper clipping posted on the bulletin board:

A German Submarine Damaged at the End of a Combat Seeks Refuge at Ferrol.—A 400-ton submarine has entered the port of Ferrol, Spain (on March 24). A Spanish war vessel was sent to meet it. The submarine carried two 11-centimeter (4-inch) guns. The Captain asked entrance to the port for reasons of urgency, the submarine being badly damaged after a combat which he had with three war vessels. The crew consisted of 30 men.

A report made to the authorities on reaching port after the incident contained the following:

1. At 10:54 a. m., 18 March, in company with U. S. S. Isabel, in Lat. 47-58 N, Long. 05-34 W, a submarine was sighted bearing about 130 degrees true. While looking at a column of smoke in that direction a black object like a heavy spar was seen about four miles distant. Signal was made to the Isabel, went full speed and went to general quarters. Course was

## ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE

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altered so as to bring object about two points on port bow. Shortly after changing course, the broadside silhouette of a submarine with two radio masts was seen. Fire was withheld, hoping to get closer.

2. The submarine apparently saw the Reid, quickly housed her masts and at 11:01 submerged. Judging the distance to be about 3.5 miles at time of submerging, a depth charge was dropped about 600 yards to the south of point of submergence, at 11:12. Seeing a noticeable oil slick, two more charges were dropped, one about 100 yards to windward, and one exactly on the slick. The slick was about 300 yards long and 50 yards broad.

3. The Isabel also dropped a depth charge in the vicinity, and both vessels cruised about for an hour and then continued the original course on orders from the Isabel.

4. It is believed the submarine had just come to the surface when sighted, steering about east, perhaps toward the smoke in that direction. He then changed course to about south, when the radio masts were plainly seen. The appearance was somewhat like the plates of the U-53 (which put into Newport in the fall of 1916 and on leaving for base sank several merchant vessels), but the conning tower seemed higher, its height being apparently greater than its length.

The following entries were made in the deck log by our executive officer :

Headed for submarine at full speed and went to general quarters. Upon our approach and when distant about three miles, submarine housed wireless masts, same having been unshipped toward side, giving appearance of sail-boat capsizing. Within two minutes submarine was completely submerged. Although all guns were manned, fire was withheld in the hope of gaining better position, submarine being in direction of sun, and also to obtain submarine's correct position for use of depth charges after submergence. At 11:10 dropped depth charge near spot where submarine was last seen; at 11:12 dropped second depth charge; at 11:15 dropped third depth charge. Third depth bomb was dropped and detonated exactly in distinct slick in water about 300 yards long by 50 yards wide. Patrolled vicinity in hope that enemy would again show

himself; holding guns, torpedoes and depth bombs ready for action. No further trace was seen of the enemy. At 1:03 secured from general quarters and came back to course; standard speed, 20.5 knots. At 1:40 sighted lighthouse ahead and at 3:40 stood into Brest harbor and moored. At 4 French pilot reported aboard for duty. At 5 sent liberty party ashore. At 7:10 coal lighter came alongside and was secured. At 9 liberty party returned; no absentees.

On March 26 the Paris Edition of the New York Herald stated that two reasons were given why the submarine entered the port. The first was as stated above, the second that the U-boat had torn a hole in her hull by hitting rocks in the channel. The second explanation, following the first news by at least 24 hours, was thought on our vessel to have been made with the idea of pleasing the Germano-Spanish political faction. The Herald account follows:

Madrid, March 25.—The submarine which took refuge at Ferrol yesterday on account of her damaged condition is the U-Boat 48, of 400 tons. On her entry into port the submarine was deprived of her propellers and her war material, and placed under the close supervision of several torpedo boat destroyers. It is stated that the crew of 30 will be interned at Alcala-de-Henares. Telegrams from Ferrol give different explanations of the reason which compelled the submarine to seek refuge. One dispatch speaks of damage inflicted on the submersible in the course of a fight with several of the Allies' ships. Another reproduces a statement by the commander according to which the damage consisted of a leak caused by impact with a rock in the course of a plunge in the Channel.

The Liberal, commenting on the incident, says:

Aggressions against our merchant ships multiply. Not only is it a case of ships which penetrate in the war zone, and of those which transport articles which Germany has arbitrarily declared contraband, but they torpedo our ships carrying inoffensive national products, and those which navigate on the coast. They attack and stop boats engaged in the Canary Isles service and those which go to America. They wish evi-



dently to deprive us of all relations with that country and ruin our commerce. And those who create such a prospect for us come with the greatest coolness to seek asylum in our ports when they find themselves in difficulty, and we have the weakness to receive them and to forget all. Havas.

On April 8 our captain had the following notice posted on the bulletin board :

Admiral Wilson reported to Admiral Sims concerning the probability of the U-48 interned in Spain as the one we attacked off Ar Men. Later, Admiral Sims cabled here that his contention was apparently confirmed. Advices from Spain are that the submarine had a bad hole or dent in her side.

Under the heading "U-Boat's Escape Stopped," the London Daily Mail of May 22, 1918, carried the following squib :

Madrid, Tuesday.—A message from Corunna says that the German submarine U-48, interned at Ferrol, tried to escape last night. It was prevented by a Spanish destroyer.—Radio.

On September 21, 1918, at Brest, Thos N. Kurtz, Chief of Staff to Admiral Wilson, Commander of the United States Naval Forces in France, wrote the commanding officer of the Reid the following letter:

You are authorized to paint a white star on the forward smokestack of the U. S. S. Reid as indicating the action of that vessel on March 18, 1918, with an enemy submarine, as a consequence of which the submarine was put out of action.

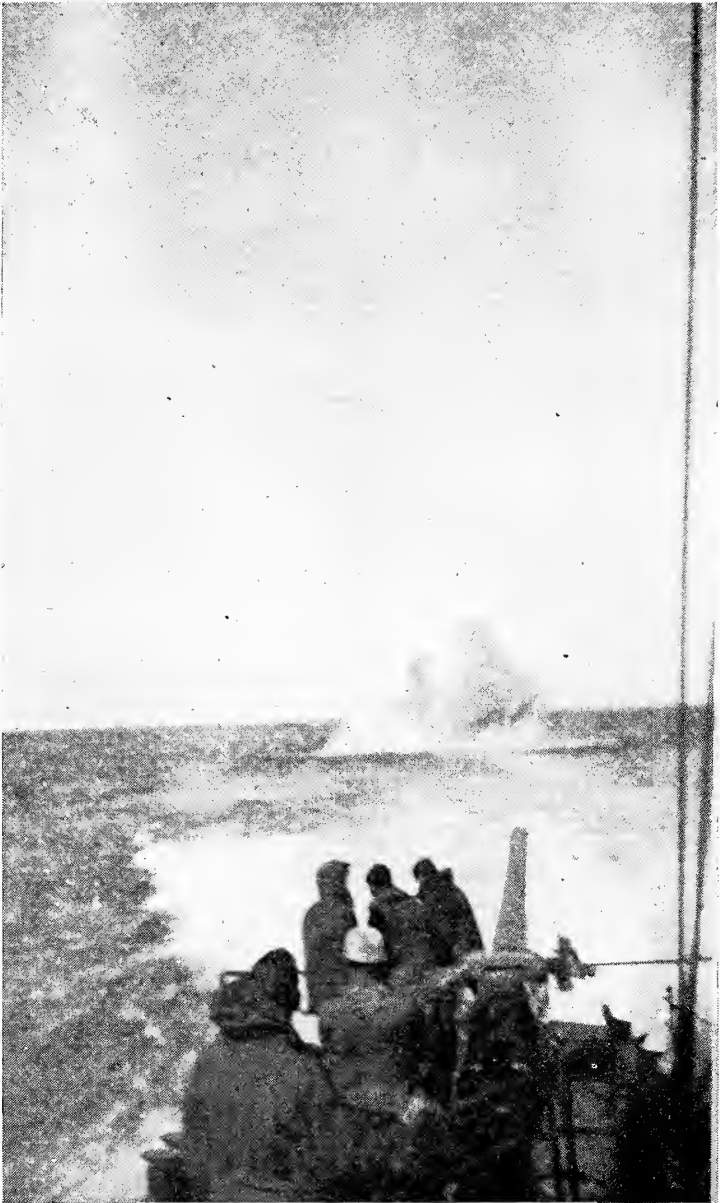
It is unnecessary to state that the star was hung up quickly. The best previous time to hang a star on a smokestack had been 45 minutes (by the Tucker, also at Brest), but Clarence M. Stanley, a fireman and the man behind the paint brush, clipped 15 minutes from this record. On November 5 (just six days before the armistice, by the way), Mr. Osgood, the executive officer, passed the word

informally that since British patrol boats had claimed to have attacked the U-48 after the Reid's attack, the star would come down. Stanley accordingly daubed on a smudge of black paint much quicker than he had fashioned the star in white. There was no objection on the part of the crew to placing the credit where it belonged, but the question was raised whether after granting the star it might not have been just as well to have let it remain, especially since no satisfactory evidence was presented the men as to the validity of rival claims.

On Friday night, March 14, while the Reid and the Isabel were lying in reserve at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, the dare-devil "Pen-March Pete" again tried to escape from Ferrol, and newspapers carried the following accounts:

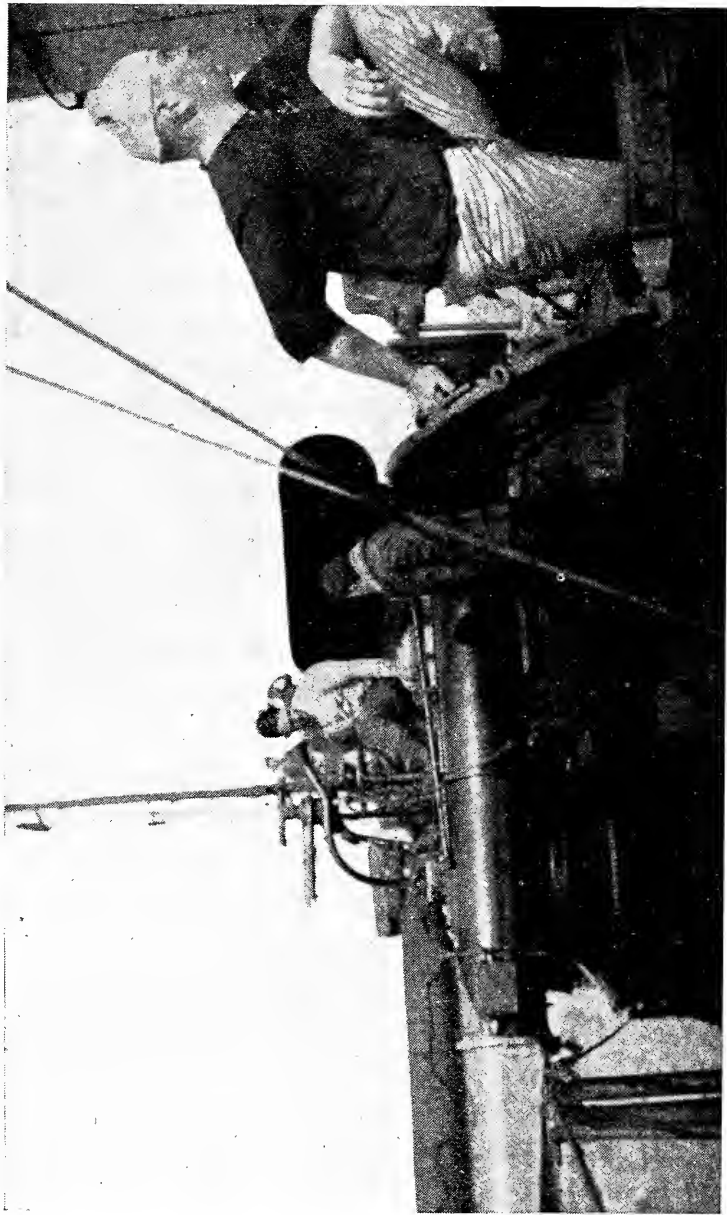
Madrid.—Details of a desperate attempt by the German submarine U-48 to escape from the harbor of Ferrol, only to be pursued and sunk by a destroyer Friday night, March 14, 1919, were made known in dispatches today. The crew of 30 and her commander were saved. The attempt of the U-boat to escape after being tied up more than a year was characterized by officials as a "bold, defiant act." It is not known just what action will be taken against the captain of the undersea boat.

Picking out a time when only one warship was stationed over her, the U-boat quickly slipped anchor and in the guise of a Spanish submarine slowly proceeded down the harbor. The attempt was immediately noticed by the crew of the destroyer which was stationed to guard her. The captain of the destroyer immediately ordered full steam and the chase began. Several shots were fired at the U-boat. It was not stated today whether the U-boat was sunk by gunfire or was rammed by the destroyer. It is believed, however, that she was sunk by shellfire, as there would have been little chance for the crew to escape had she been rammed. The crew was brought back to Ferrol under heavy guard and the authorities notified.



### OUR MAIN SUBMARINE ACTION

On March 18, 1918, 40 miles west of Brest, France, the Reid fired three depth charges at a German submarine. Details are told in the accompanying chapter.



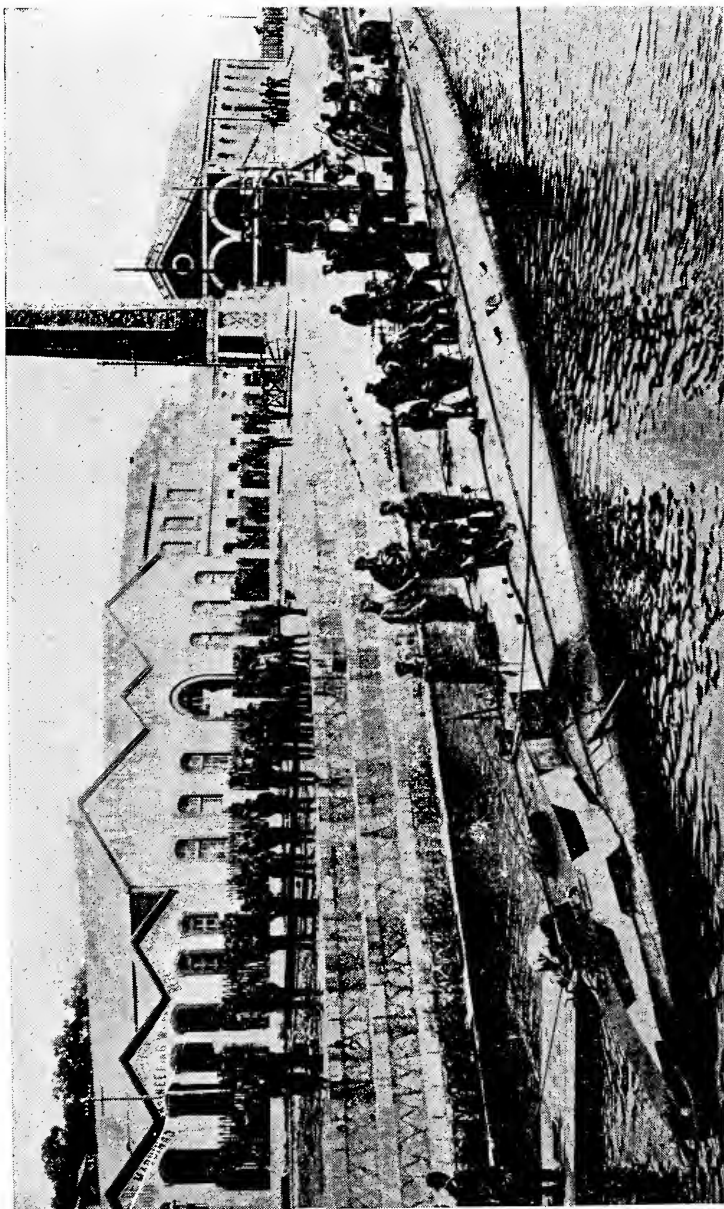
### ALL HANDS SNAP OUT OF IT WHEN A SUBMARINE IS SIGHTED

The picture shows Chief Gunner's Mate Chas. Razzeto giving instructions to Gunner's Mate W. F. Anderson on how to cover movements of "Pen-March Pete," March 18, 1918. A torpedo from Anderson's "blow gun" would put Fritz out of business with a vengeance.



**"TRAIN ON THE OBJECT AHEAD!"**

The attack on "Pen-March Pete," in which "Heinie" Good's division manned the after deck house and No. 3 gun. Fire was withheld, hoping for better position.



(Copyright, Int. Film Service.)

U-48 ("PEN-MARCH PETE") INTERNED AT FERROL, SPAIN

This submarine limped to port five days after the attack of March 18, 1918; tried to escape May 21, 1917; and on trying to escape again Friday night, March 14, 1918, was sunk by a Spanish destroyer. Her exploits furnish a thrilling chapter of the war.



### A CAPTAIN WITH AN EVEN KEEL

The Reid was a home while Chas. C. Slayton commanded it, and the crew gave him the customary send-off when he went on May 26, 1918, to the Wadsworth.



**A DESTROYER WITH A RECORD: THE FANNING (57)**

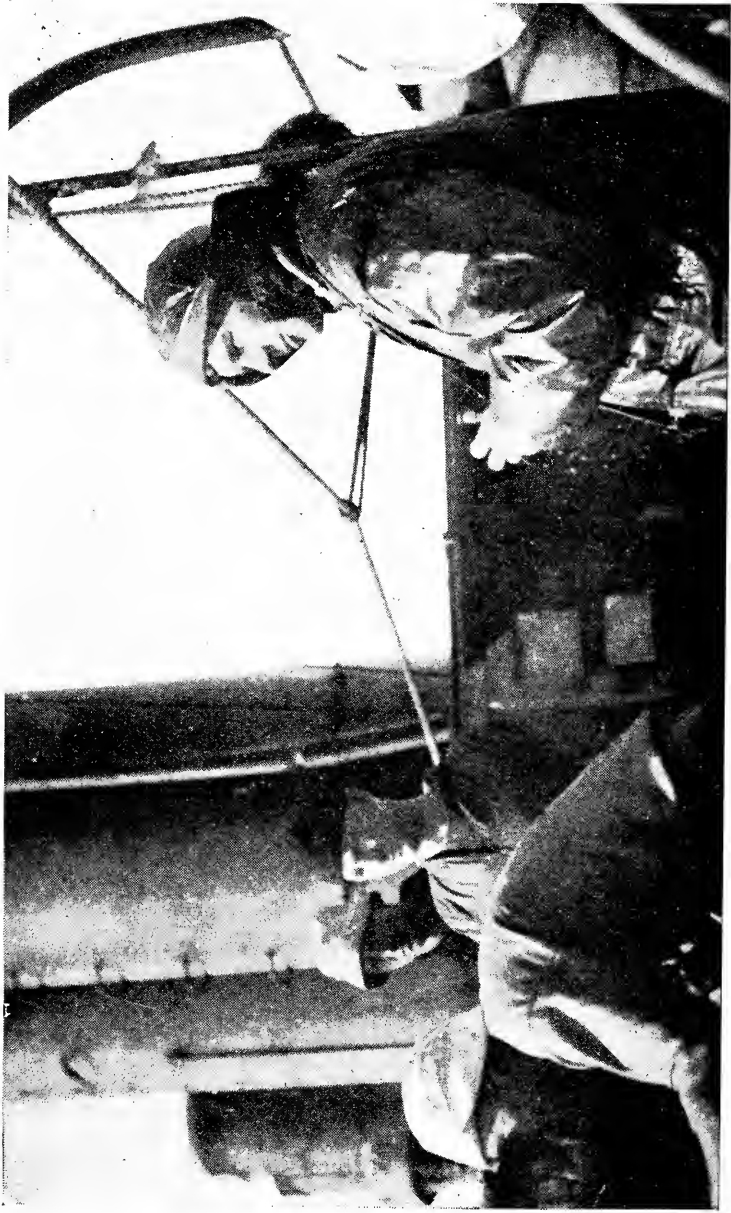
This vessel's chief war exploit was to capture the crew of the U-58 outside of Queenstown, Ireland, Oct. 27, 1917, and save the Supply Ship Bridge from the submarine. During the closing months of the war she was based on Brest.





**"HEINIE" HELPED TO MUSS UP "FRITZ"**

Howard H. Good, of Warren, Ind., who did his duty as an officer and also knew how to handle men. We gave him three rousing cheers when he left for the States.



#### PROTECTING OUR STARBOARD BEAM

No. 1 Gun Crew training on target at 1,000 yards, Sept. 26, 1918. The men have just answered a call to General Quarters and have taken stations previously assigned. The low position of this gun makes it difficult to stay on the object when the waves are rolling high.



### THREE THROWS FOR A NICKEL!

John Herche ("Port-hole Johnny") had the sharpest eyes on the ship, and could see a bottle of beer or a mademoiselle as far as a submarine.



### GETTING UNDERWAY ON A SEARCH FOR "FRITZ"

The French Submarine Nereide leaving base at Brest, Apr. 25, 1918. This was hazardous because the Allied undersea boats were often mistaken for Germans and occasionally were fired on. It was reported that an American vessel sank a French submersible.



### HE HELPED US NAVIGATE

Monsieur Paul LeDantec, pilot loaned to us by the French government, guided us through narrow channels and proved to be an all-round good scout.



### ONE OF OUR RADIO GROUPS, DRESSED UP

Left to right, Wm. A. Haerer, of Brooklyn, a survivor of the President Lincoln disaster; Edward F. Tierney, of Boston; Arling J. Woolery, of Falmouth, Ky., and J. T. D. Corkran, of Portland, Tenn.; Brest, France, July, 1918. This bunch handled SOS messages in fine style.



**THIS GENTLEMAN GETS THE BROWN DERBY!**

"Shorty" Berg was without a peer in the "Dungaree Navy" as a boatswain's mate. Asked why he didn't go up for Admiral, he said he made more money as a chief than he could spend. Quick, Watson, the needle!

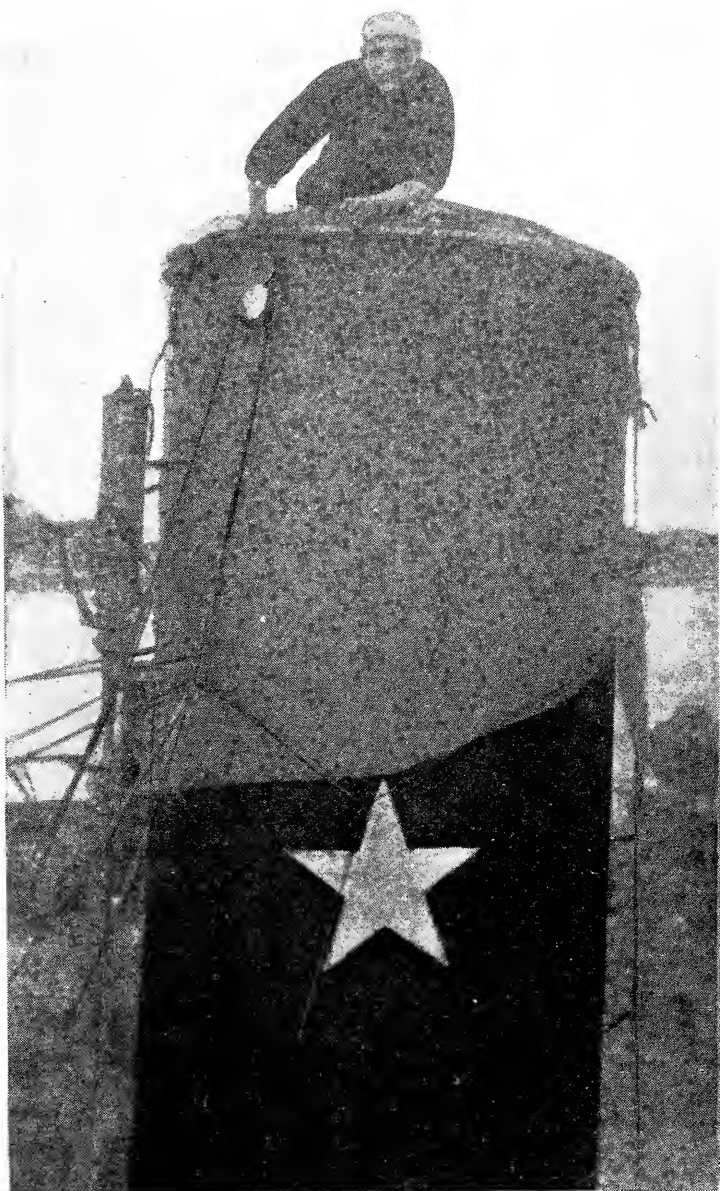




### A GALLANT LITTLE DESTROYER IN A PECK OF TROUBLE: THE STEWART

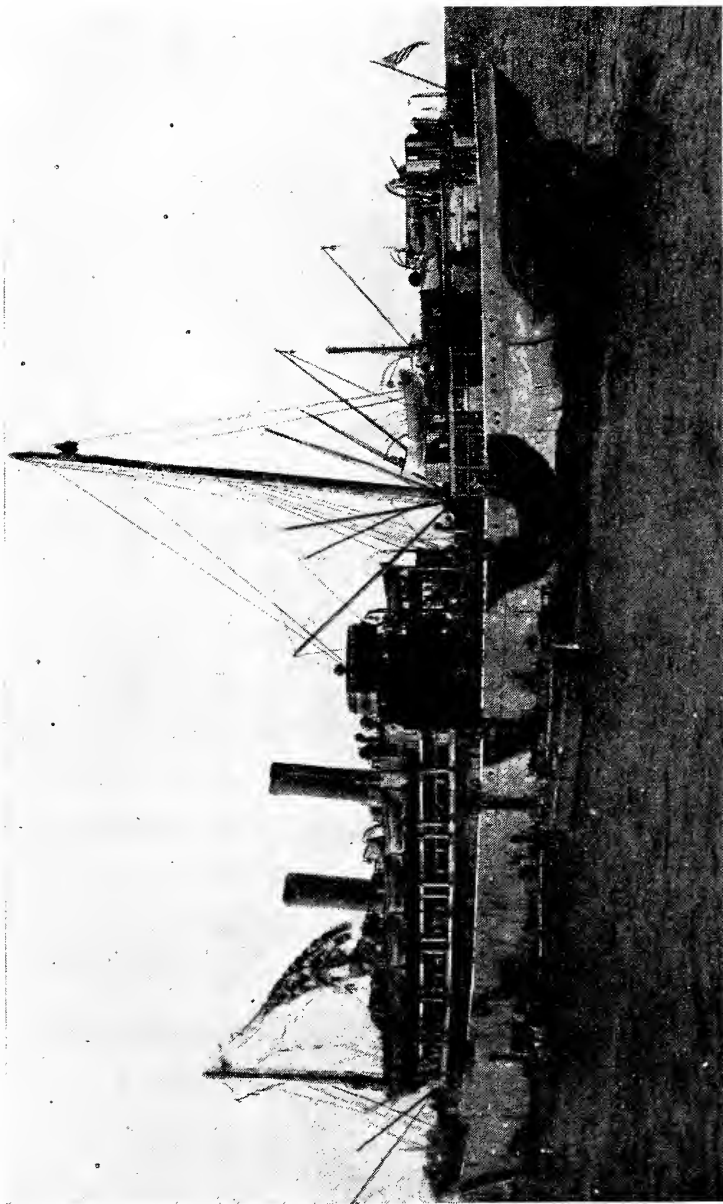
On Apr. 17, 1918, the Stewart (Lt. Comdr. H. S. Haslip) fought her way through a hell of fire and saved twelve men of the ill-fated Florence H. at Quiberon. On Apr. 23, off Quiberon, she sank a submarine and won a star and on April 26 she was rammed in a fog.





### THE STAR THAT ROSE AND SET

The illustration shows the star awarded the Reid for damaging the U-48 on March 18, 1918. The Yacht Isabel and H. M. S. Loyal also claimed the credit.



### THE HURON (FRIEDRICH DER GROSSE) UNLOADING AT BREST

This vessel made numerous trips across the Atlantic carrying doughboys and after the armistice did splendid work returning home fighting units, including the 82nd Division, trained at Camp Gordon. She was convoyed three times by the Reid. Her speed was 14.5 knots.

## ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE

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An investigation has been ordered and it is likely that the U-boat will be raised to the surface for examination. Naval officers evinced surprise as to how the craft succeeded in getting under way, as she had been stripped of her propellers when she first came to this port. The boat had been carefully guarded since. Before fleeing into Ferrol for safety from a number of destroyers which were chasing her, the U-48 caused many sensations. In 1917 she was reported off Bermuda, and sank many merchant vessels.

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London (By U. P.).—The crew of the German submarine U-48 sank their undersea vessel just as a Spanish destroyer was about to recapture it after an attempt to escape from the Bay of Betanzos, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch today. The submarine was interned in the bay, was to be handed over to the Allies under the terms of the armistice. Spanish authorities at Ferrol had ordered the submarine crew to prepare their vessel to be turned over, but rather than do this the Germans decided to make an attempt to escape. A Spanish destroyer sighted the periscope leaving the bay and gave chase. The Germans made a running fight, but as the destroyer gained on them an explosion occurred and the submarine was seen to go down, end up. All members of the crew are believed to have perished.

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Paris, March 15.—The German submarine U-48, while attempting to escape from Ferrol, Spain, last night, was chased by a destroyer and sunk, according to a Havas dispatch from Madrid. The U-48 took refuge at Ferrol in March, 1918, and was interned. The attempted flight of the U-boat was observed and the torpedo boat destroyer Antalo pursued her. The German boat was sunk outside the Ferrol roads. The crew was saved.

When the German submarine U-48 sought refuge at Ferrol, her propellers were unshipped by the authorities and her guns and munitions were taken out, according to dispatches from that port. The captain of the submarine stated that his craft had been damaged severely in a fight with three ships. The U-boat carried a crew of 30 men and for a time a Spanish warship stood guard over her. In 1917 the U-48 was reported off Bermuda.

London, May 9.—The captain of a German submarine arrived in London from Spain today and was placed in the Tower. The Star understands that he was the commander of a U-boat which sank several hospital ships.

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Paris, March 20.—The small French naval vessel Samson has taken charge of the German submarine U-39, a telegram from Cartagena, Spain, says. Another small French vessel has taken charge of the guns and other war material of the German submarines U-48 and U-23 at Ferrol, Spain. Divers have examined the U-48, which was sunk last Friday night, March 14, 1919, by a Spanish destroyer while trying to escape from Ferrol, and believe that the boat can be salvaged if the weather remains favorable.

In the absence of proof that H. M. S. Loyal damaged the U-48, it is permissible, perhaps, to speculate on some of the probabilities and the possibilities. Would a submarine badly damaged off the Isle of Wight, southern coast of England, risk the time and the elements, not to mention the American destroyers, by traveling 600 miles to Ferrol, Spain, or would he hike 200 miles through the Strait of Dover to his base at Ostend, defying the English destroyers and the dangers of a narrower body of water?

If damaged off Brest, would he steam 343 miles to Ostend or 357 miles to Ferrol? In any event, he undoubtedly lay to a day or so making repairs, so the time elements would be confusing. If attacked by the Loyal on March 20, he had four days to make Ferrol. Taking off a day for lying to, would give three steaming days, and steaming at nine miles an hour on the surface all the time, he could have made it; but this old type submarine could do only ten miles on the surface under the best conditions, and it is improbable that with a bad hole in his side and delicate mechanisms shaken up by depth charges he could have negotiated the distance in the specified

time. It is more likely that he lay to a day or two and covered 357 miles from off Brest to Ferrol in four or five days, limping along the surface at night and steaming mostly submerged in daylight. A storm, possibly, swept him out of his course.

There is one person who can clear up the controversy when he gets out of limbo, and his name is "Pen-March Pete."

Since the above account was written and just as we are ready to go to press, we have received additional information through official sources direct from the Commander of the U-48. This information will undoubtedly be used to clear up the controversy. The U-Boat Commander made a statement to a Spaniard of German sympathies shortly after the arrival at Ferrol, and the Spaniard confided in a British official, who informed the American authorities. Following is the account attributed to the Commander of the U-48:

Just a few days before our putting into Ferrol with damages to our U-Boat's hull, we entered the French port of Cherbourg, following up the waters of a French submarine, owing to which manoeuvre we were able to get through the fields of mines successfully. Once in, we placed there in the bay ourselves various mines. Afterwards we went out again to the English Channel, where we remained submerged at a depth of 80 meters (260 feet) till dark, when we came to the surface. We then saw a convoy at some distance and which we followed up immediately, but we had scarcely reached the named convoy when a destroyer, the nationality of which we could not ascertain (she was either British or American, but not French), faced us. We then submerged at once our U-Boat at a depth of 30 meters (97 feet) and a few seconds later we felt the consequence of an explosion of a depth charge quite close to us and which doubtless had been fired by the destroyer above named. This happened near Cape—— (Ushant?).


The explosion named above unseamed several of our U-Boat's plates and which caused a great leakage, so much so that it took us six hours to be able to come to the surface once more. When on the surface we had to make for the nearest port available to us, and which was Ferrol.

A point touching the Reid's claim is that we attacked our submarine before noon, whereas the U-48 commander is reported to have stated that he was attacked after dark. Therefore, unless "Pen-March Pete" was lying or the Spaniard mistaken, this would seem to give other claimants the advantage. Either is entirely possible in view of the hazy atmospheres surrounding any statement of occurrences from Spain. We are inclined to believe one or the other was not just what he ought to be; that it is very unlikely such a cunning and slippery person as "Pen-March Pete" would allow himself to be seen by a destroyer at night; and that could our British friends establish the presence of three ships as it is commonly accepted were present when "Pete" came to the top, they would meet the request that they do so along with putting in a claim for H. M. S. Loyal. Finally, one naturally couples the statement that "Pete" dived 30 metres (97 feet) with the fact that the Reid's "ash cans" were set to explode (and exploded) at 80 feet; and this much is certainly true, that since the explosion affected "Pete's" plates in such unseemly fashion, it must also have knocked his jaw teeth loose. Quod erat demonstrandum!



## Chapter V.

### MARCH 19 TO JULY 1, 1918.

N the period covered by this chapter we find the Reid and her companion vessels beginning their hardest service of the war, when the maximum number of American troops were being landed in France and the supply of destroyers continued inadequate. Features of it are the ramming and sinking of the Yacht Wakiva by the American Steamer Wabash and the entry of the Reid into dry dock at Brest for her first overhaul in European waters.

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March 19—Smith, Roe, Worden and Truxtun stood out; Yacht Remlik in.

March 20—Worden, Nicholson, Wadsworth, Lamson, Roe, Preston and Great Northern stood in. Lieutenant Brown, of the Panther, held midnight inspection of Reid, searching for hidden liquor. Met with disappointment.

March 21—Drayton stood in. Roe and Jarvis stood out. Seaman J. A. Robbins fell 18 feet to deck from boatswain's chair when wire bridle broke and was taken unconscious to Panther sick bay. At 3:30 P. M. Reid got underway, but stood by until Lieutenant Good and working party came aboard in small boat, then proceeded out to meet incoming convoy of 23 important vessels. Accompanied in column formation by Isabel, Flusser, Jarvis and French Destroyer Somme, in order; heavy fog banks in harbor and outside. **Big German drive for Amiens on West Front started at 5 A. M.**

March 22—Steaming in scouting line of five miles. At 9:45 A. M. joined convoy and executed ships

about. At noon fog lifted. Speed of convoy, 6 to 8 knots.

March 23—At 9 A. M. convoy separated, British vessels going southeast and Americans continuing on course eastward. Calm and pleasant. Warrington, Monaghan and Roe joined from east. Smith and Flusser went back to pick up French birdman whose machine had fallen in sea. Moored at Brest 1:10 P. M. alongside Flusser and Panther. Great Northern, Wadsworth and Nicholson stood out. Laurence C. Murdoch, Ensign, (T), USNRF., reported aboard for duty.

March 24 (Sunday)—Smith came alongside and moored. At noon church party returned; no absentees. One o'clock liberty. At 2 received coal lighter alongside. At 9 liberty party returned; no absentees.

March 25—Warrington, Drayton and Preston stood out; Stewart stood in. Coaling ship 6:45 A. M. to 11:40 A. M.; 130 tons.

March 26—Transports Henderson and Aeolus stood in. Wadsworth, Preston, Nicholson and Drayton stood in.

March 27—Benham (49) and Truxtun stood in.

March 28—Left Brest 6 A. M. with Preston, Flusser and Jarvis. At noon anchored at Quiberon in 9.5 fathoms of water. At 2 P. M. commanding officers of Reid, Madawaska, Kroonland, Manchuria and Neches went to Madawaska in Jarvis motor boat for conference. Motor boat went adrift and captains of Neches and Kroonland were brought to Reid in small pulling boat and carried to their vessels, three Jarvis seamen of motor boat remaining aboard Reid for trip. Underway at 4:30 P. M. convoying above ships. Rough weather.

March 29—Moonlight; cold. At 8 P. M. left con-



voy and went north, and Preston, Jarvis and Flusser fell into column on Reid. Speed 12.5; wind 2-4.

March 30—As before. At 6:30 A. M. made contact with eastbound convoy of 20 ships, mostly British, escorted by ten destroyers—French, British and American. Ships alive with camouflage. At 10:15 A. M. British division went toward England. Rain and high southwest wind, and lost convoy a while at night. Reid's radio power gave out.

March 31 (Easter Sunday)—Making ten knots; occasional squalls, high sea and low visibility obscuring convoy. Sighted land at 7 A. M. and entered Brest outer harbor at 11 A. M. Until 1 P.M. directed ships to anchorage; then moored to port side of Preston and Panther. Lamson stood in, following repair period at Chatham, England, and told story of British "mystery ships" which had been filled with concrete for attack on German submarine bases at Zeebrugge and Ostend. Whipple and Truxtun stood out. Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commanding U. S. Naval Forces in France, wrote Captain Slayton a letter commending vessel for successful attack on U-48, March 18, 1918. Rumor said Macdonough (9) sank a submarine.

April 1 (All Fools' Day)—Bill Ayles, ship's cook, wrote a new poem. Liberty from 4 to 9 P. M. Drayton and Wadsworth stood out. Gunner Johnson toured French shops looking for bird seed for canaries.

April 2—Captain Slayton and Lieutenant Good reviewed "Volume I" of crew's book. At 8 A. M. held life preserver inspection. Macdonough stood out; Smith in.

April 3—Crew coaling in rain from lighters; 143

tons aboard at 7 P. M. Phonograph playing in forward compartment. Lamson stood in. Matsonia and Henderson stood out; also Flusser, Roe, Monaghan, Lamson, Worden and Jarvis. Received 50 vest life preservers from Panther. Reid left Brest at 4 P. M. and anchored in harbor of Camaret, 10 miles to south. Message said British Liner Olympic (sister ship of the sunken Titanic) would be off coast at 11 A. M. Thursday, April 4, unescorted and making 17 knots. Set clocks back an hour.

April 4—Left Anse de Camaret at 6 A. M. (daylight) with Isabel as flagship and Jarvis. Isabel Smith and Preston located Olympic, and Reid and O'Brien joined. Set speed at 27 knots in zig-zag and 22 knots straight ahead. Arrived Brest 7 P. M. with about 8,000 American troops on Olympic. Moored to port side of Panther; Smith to port side of Reid.

April 5—Flusser stood in. At daylight Wadsworth, (flagship), Macdonough, Reid, Drayton, Nicholson, Jarvis and Preston left in column to meet Northern Pacific, Von Steuben and Mt. Vernon 350 miles at sea, all full of American troops. Making 12 knots.

April 6—Made speed 20 knots and met convoy at daylight. Preston broke down at noon and fell behind, making only 10 knots. Monaghan wirelessed Lamson, scouting outside Brest, "Are you in trouble?" Another message said a submarine near Brest had been attacked by a destroyer with depth charges.

April 7 (Sunday)—Intercepted wireless message (SOS): "Port Campbell torpedoed. Port Campbell torpedoed. Port Campbell— — —". No position given. Reid on port bow of convoy. At 5:52 A. M. sighted Creach Light on port bow.

At 5:55 A. M. sighted Ar Men Light on starboard bow. Arrived at Brest 9 A. M. and tied up to Panther. Sailors in fight ashore. Launch and French tug in collision. Lieutenant Good received orders transferring him to States. Von Steuben and Jarvis stood in. Preston towed to coal dock.

April 8—Jarvis and Nicholson stood out. Commanding officer and executive officer left ship on two-day leave.

April 9—At 8:55 A. M. Lamson came in with story of attack on submarine April 5, 1:20 P. M.; U-boat's conning tower seen three miles away and depth charges were dropped; Monaghan and Roe also present. Roe, Smith and Isabel stood in. Northern Pacific stood out.

April 10—"Heinie" Good left Brest for Washington duty; gave the crew the glad hand and received a cheer. Smith, Wadsworth, Jarvis and Stewart stood in. At 4 P. M. Reid, Preston and Drayton left Brest for La Verdon, Gironde River, near Bordeaux. At 8:58 P. M. passed Pen-March Light abeam.

April 11—Arrived La Verdon at 10 A. M. and was met by two balloons. Strong tide flowing out. Met Powhatan (flagship) and Martha Washington and at 6 P. M. escorted them to sea. Captain Slayton detained an hour on Powhatan before starting when Drayton's launch was swept up river by tide. Passed French gunboat in river and city of Royan. Making 17 knots.

April 12—As before with Powhatan and Martha Washington. Dave Curran, boatswain's mate, reported two seagulls as periscopes and was ordered below. At 10:15 A. M. Martha Washington hoisted submarine warning flag to port and changed course to starboard. Destroyers stop-

ped zig-zagging and steered north magnetic. Sighted oil slick running northwest and southeast. Drayton, on port wing of escort, stood toward slick, but failed to find anything. At 11:30 A. M. Drayton left convoy to escort strange steamer off port bow headed east.

April 13—At 8 A. M. left Powhatan and Martha Washington and headed north to join Northern Pacific (flagship), Agamemnon and America with troops. Weather favorable, Preston dropped out and held target practice, then rejoined. Blowing up rough; wind 4.

April 14 (Sunday)—At 8 A. M. joined Northern Pacific, Agamemnon and America; Wadsworth (flag) leading in column. Also joined by Nicholson and Smith. At 4 P. M. sighted two square riggers escorted by French destroyer, and passed convoy. Very bad night; at 11 P. M. lost convoy and steered base course.

April 15—Picked up convoy and destroyers at 7 A. M. At 7:45 A. M. steering gear jammed and we steered by hand from after station. At 9 passed convoy of 16 ships, escorted. At 10 steering gear jammed again and Reid was nearly rammed by Agamemnon. Ran up break-down flag; under-way in half hour at 17 knots and caught convoy. Arrived Brest 1 P. M. with 46 tons of coal. Wadsworth and Nicholson stood in; Truxtun stood out. Lieutenant (jiggy-jig) Jas. H. Smith, Jr., USNRF., reported aboard for duty from Lorient and Guinevere. **Bailleul lost to Allies.**

April 16—At 7:30 A. M. French Tug Hanneton towed us to coal dock to coal, slipped towing line and ran us bow-on into coal dock. German prisoners helping us coal. Worden stood in.

April 17—At 2:30 P. M. French naval officers inspected Reid's damaged bow. **U. S. S. Florence**

**H. blown up in Quiberon Bay; 34 out of crew of 80 reported saved by destroyers.**

April 18—Medical examination of crew held. Turned in No. 4 gun to Navy Yard.

April 19—Warrington stood in; Wadsworth, Nicholson and Drayton stood out.

April 20—Fire in paint locker caused by bow welding. Crew subscribed more than \$4,000 for liberty bonds, setting record for all ships at base. Jarvis, Preston, Isabel, Monaghan, Ericsson (56), Sterett (27) and Duncan (46) stood out.

April 21 (Sunday)—Lamson, Stewart, Warrington and Smith stood out; Truxtun in. French Submarines Nivose and Nereide at base. Reid at coal dock.

April 22—At 5 P. M. Drayton, Smith and Reid stood out convoying America toward States; 18 knots. Reid leaking in eyes of ship. Preston, Roe, Isabel, Jarvis, Yacht Sultana, Transports Covington and President Grant stood in. **British naval units raided Zeebrugge and Ostend.**

April 23—At 4 A. M. left America 200 miles out and headed north. At 7 A. M. made contact with 30 merchant vessels, escorted by British destroyers. Passed bannister post, keg, box, planks and an orange. Speed 10 knots; zigging. Intercepted long wireless message written in German. At 1:10 P. M. convoy separated, Reid, Warrington, Drayton, Smith and Lamson continuing with Brest division. Manxman present; other names not known.

April 24—At 2 A. M. lookout discovered large rat trying to effect entrance to wardroom through passageway. Headed him back to ice box and reported affair to executive officer. Put search light on steamer with motor trucks to force her into column formation. At Brest in fog 6 A. M.

Richard W. Hubbard, quartermaster, transferred back to States to study for commission.

April 25—Crew coaling at coal dock, assisted by German prisoners, who are lazy. Received details of British attempt to block Zeebrugge and Ostend channels with concreted ships. At 5 P. M. Reid was rammed gently by Belgol, British oil steamer; no damage. At 7 P. M. Roe and Monaghan stood out, escorting Covington homeward.

April 26—At 6:40 Preston and Jarvis stood out escorting President Grant. **Kemmel Hill lost by British.**

April 27—Warrington, Worden and Isabel stood out. Stewart rammed in fog in Raz de Seine by French steamer. Harvard stood by her.

April 28 (Sunday)—Stewart tugged past port side of Reid to dry dock with great hole in starboard side (wardroom). Liberty to Brest cut off by Captain Lyon, of Prometheus, due to influenza epidemic among French sailors, or French munition workers' strike for lower living prices. Isabel, Pocahontas, Mt. Vernon, Porter (59), Cummings (44), Warrington, Jarvis, Truxtun, Duncan and Burrows and H. M. Ss. Noritus and Czaritza stood in.

April 29—Drayton and Smith stood out at 2:45 P. M. At 4:45 P. M. Reid, Isabel and Lamson stood out to convoy Pocahontas westward.

April 30—Smith and Drayton joined at 7 A. M. Intercepted more German wireless messages. Speed 15 knots. When 200 miles out, curlew flew to deck and was captured by David Reyes, wardroom steward. Left Pocahontas at 8 P. M. and sped northward for rendezvous to meet east-bound convoy.

May 1—Firing off the Irish Coast reported by radio. At 1 P. M. sighted oil slick. Went to general

quarters and Drayton dropped one depth charge. Nothing seen. At 3 P. M. picked up largest convoy yet—34 vessels, making nine knots. Passed quantity of driftwood sighted by Ensign Wilson. **Germans captured Sebastopol, Russia.**

May 2—Convoy separated, 12 vessels proceeding with us to Brest. Wireless intercepted requesting extra deep anchorage, and we concluded Leviathan (Vaterland) was putting in. Arrived Brest 4 P. M.; passed near Leviathan, full of troops, some shoving off on liberty. Prometheus restored liberty. Movies on the Panther.

May 3—Homer Evans, oiler, fined \$61.32 for whacking J. Muench, boatswain's mate, over the head with walking cane, breaking it. Finished coaling 10 P. M. French caterpillar balloon changed color to blue.

May 4—Continued coaling at midnight and finished at 1.30 A. M.; 178 tons aboard. Macdonough stood out. Northern Pacific, Von Steuben, Warrington, Nicholson, Wadsworth, Monaghan, Preston, Jarvis, Worden stood in.

May 5 (Sunday)—Roe stood in. Church party 9:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. At 7 P. M. left Brest with Isabel, Smith, Lamson and Drayton, convoying Leviathan homeward. Reid dropped out at Camaret, anchored, and other destroyers continued with Leviathan.

May 6—At 3 A. M. underway at 21 knots outside to meet eastbound convoy. At 6 A. M. picked up Mercury, Henderson, Siboney, escorted by Allen (66), Ammen (35), Wilkes and Terry and four aeroplanes and a dirigible. Transports full of troops, as usual, and some sailors in old destroyer drafts. Tied up at Brest at 8 P. M. U. S. Ss. Keren and Bear, Whipple, Drayton, Smith and Lamson stood in. Great Northern stood out.

May 7—Heard of wireless message submarine commander sent captain of Gunboat Castine: "You are doing great work, but for heaven's sake tighten up your loose propeller blade. It makes us nervous." Out again at 4 P. M. with Isabel and Preston convoying British Steamer Czaritza; 12 knots; calm and pleasant. SOS message told of explosions and torpedoing of ship 8 miles off Holyhead, Ireland. Out of our course. Von Steuben anchored outside breakwater. Parker, Rowan, Winslow, Burrows, Ericsson and Jenkins (42) stood in.

May 8—Left convoy at 7 P. M. and steamed northward to meet new convoy of 34 vessels. Column order,—Isabel (flag), Preston, Reid. At 9:40 P. M. lost contact with Isabel and Preston.

May 9—At 6 A. M. made contact with Isabel and Preston, and picked up convoy. Request of SOP of merchant vessel for smoke screen on joining was ignored. Wireless warned of submarine operating north of Brest, and skipper made note to expect it in path May 10 at 7 A. M. Message also said most channels to Brest were closed on account of submarine operating close to shore and warned of mine fields. **British staged second naval raid on Ostend.**

May 10—Rumored we were passing through mine field, so most of crew left forecandle and perched on deck. Hailed Steamer River Otranto and ordered her to slow down to 9 knots. Assigned anchorage to merchant ships. At 3 P. M. tied up to Lamson. One ship sent message asking quick discharge and return to States. Two French submarines crossed our bow and Worden stood in.

May 11—H. Evans, oiler, missed 1500 francs from locker and it was found in a bucket in the engine-room. Reid went to coal dock. At 7 P. M.



Warrington, Drayton, Smith, Lamson, Northern Pacific and Henderson stood out. Continued coaling at midnight.

May 12 (Sunday)—Finished coaling at 4 A. M.; 165 tons. At 2:45 P. M. U. S. S. Lake Erie was towed to navy yard by tugs. Harvard, Remlik, Vedette and Macdonough stood out. Emeline, Jenkins and Sultana in. Jenkins out.

May 13—Smith, Warrington, Macdonough, Drayton, Lamson stood in. Ammen and Terry in; then out. Virginia towed to alongside Prometheus. At 4 P. M. British Hospital Ship Wandilla (C-6801) stood into commercial dock. David T. Sanders, boatswain's mate, reported for duty from land station at Lorient. Rumored Reid would go to Newport, Wales, or Liverpool for overhaul.

May 14—U. S. S. Satsuma stood into commercial dock. Movies on Panther. At 6 P. M. Wandilla stood out.

May 15—At 6 A. M. left Brest with Lamson, Preston and five other destroyers convoying H. M. S. Czar at 12 knots towed Quiberon. At 9:10 A. M. passing steamer shot gun three times. Circled but saw nothing. Passed wreckage of Yacht Guinevere and Steamer Florence H. (Luckenback), and were met by aeroplanes. Arrived Quiberon at 7 P. M. Saw mysterious flashes in sky, two hours, followed by explosions as of big guns. Left convoying H. M. S. Czar and City of Atlanta; 13 knots.

May 16—Passed much wreckage, barrels and oil slicks, and received message submarine was operating outside Brest. Left convoy at 10 P. M. and steamed in column on Lamson (flag), with Preston trailing; proceeding on duty assigned.

May 17—At 7 A. M. made contact with convoy

and took position well ahead. At 9 A. M. passed corpse of man in dark clothes and gray life preserver, face downward; 100 feet off starboard side. Sighted more wreckage, and received messages from two sources warning against submarine 80 miles west of Brest in our course, which had just sunk two steamers. At 1 P. M. part of convoy headed toward England. One Luckenback ship in our convoy.

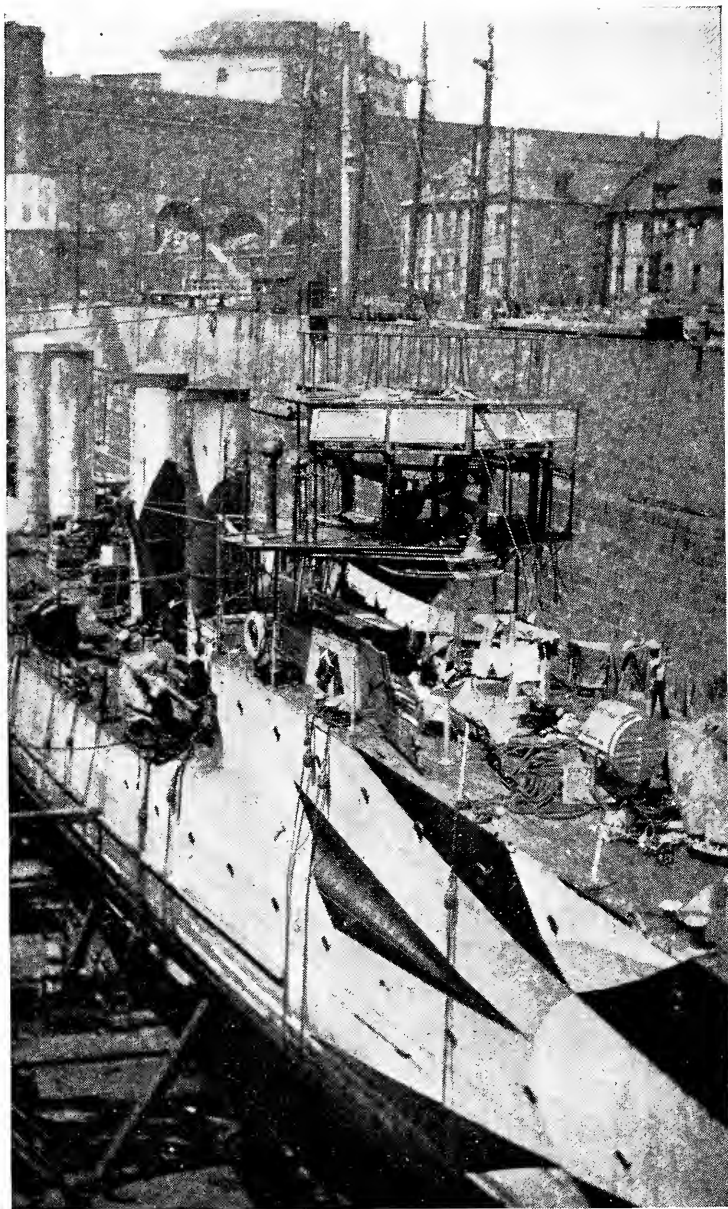
May 18—At 8:30 A. M. tied up at Brest. At 11:30 paymaster paid crew; then crew coaled ship. Preston and ten merchant ships stood in. French pilot in small boat nearly rammed by Luckenback; taken aboard. America, DeKalb and George Washington stood in.

May 19 (Sunday)—Isabel, Jarvis and Wadsworth stood out; Wadsworth and Nicholson in.

May 20—At 5 A. M. got underway with Flusser and Jarvis for Quiberon Bay. Arrived Quiberon at 11 A. M. Escorted Finland, Kroonland and Ohioan out toward States; 13 knots, smooth sea. Near midnight hit fog bank, changed course and lost convoy.

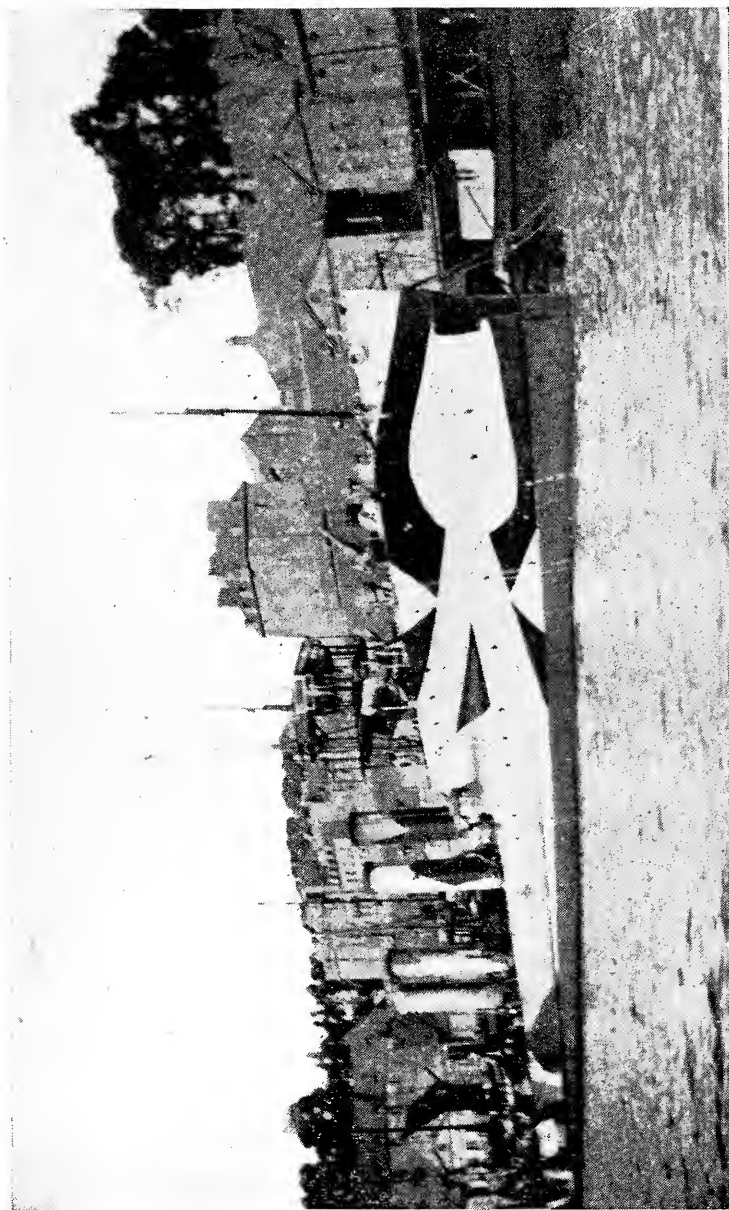
May 21—Back with convoy at 5 A. M. when fog lifted. Then left convoy with Isabel and picked up eastbound convoy of twelve vessels, including Nokomis with Yacht Noma in charge. Held general quarters on receiving report of periscope; nothing but blackfish, of which there were many. At 5:15 P. M. fog bank obscured convoy.

May 22—At 3 A. M. Yacht Wakiva II was rammed in fog by U. S. Steamer Wabash in position 46-21 N. 02-50 W. Sent SOS: "Sinking slowly; unable to receive any signals." Lieutenant Davidson, Reid's executive officer, wanted to dash to aid, about 40 miles away, but skipper said it was impossible. Her survivors picked up by American



### RESTING SNUGLY IN DRY DOCK

On Saturday, May 25, 1918, the Reid was docked at the French Navy Yard, Brest. One of the main jobs was to scrape the barnacle-covered bottom, by all hands.



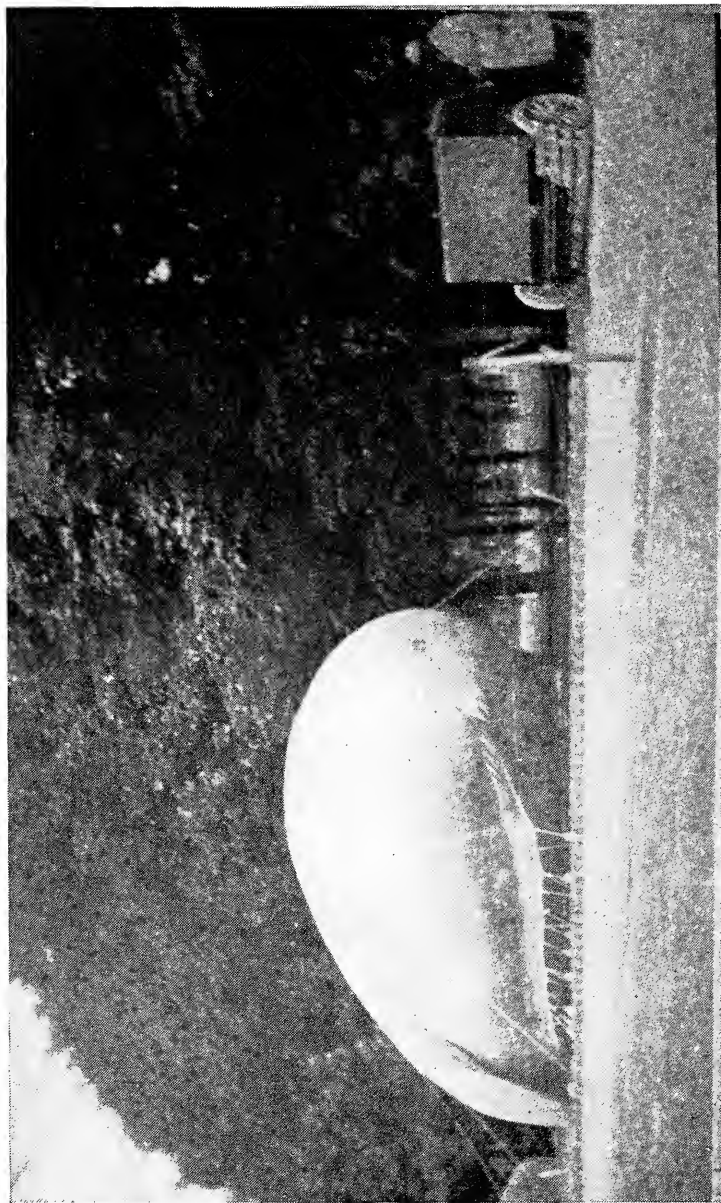
#### AFTER OUR OVERHAUL IN DRY DOCK

The Reid was undocked on June 8, 1918, and lay inside the yard until June 11. She required additional work until June 30. On her first trip out again the Covington was sunk, and there was no rest until the armistice was signed.



### **SHE SANK THE YACHT WAKIVA**

The U. S. S. Wabash, which rammed the Wakiva in a fog off Bordeaux on May 22, 1918. The yacht sank in about five minutes; practically all of crew were saved.



### PARIS IN WARTIME; ON GUARD AGAINST THE GOTHAS

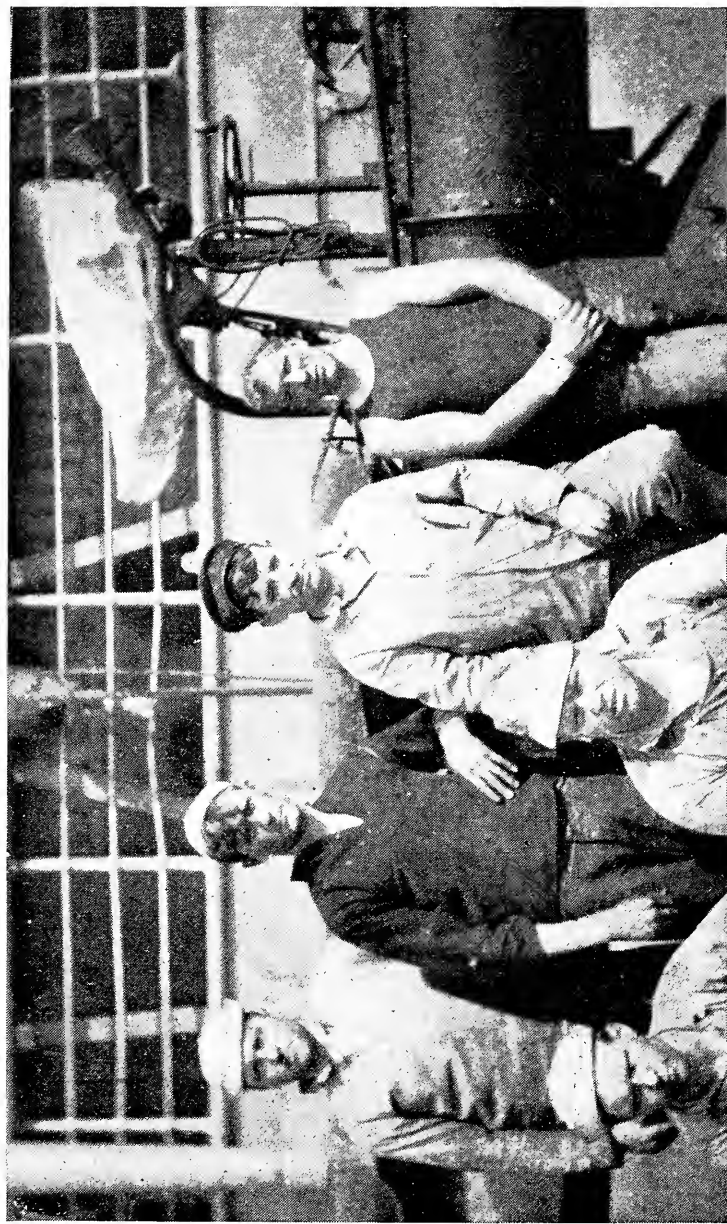
Hundreds of these silk balloons were tied at convenient places to intercept the Germans in air raids on the capital. Equipped with machine guns, the pilots sent a sputtering fire at the airships, and with the guns and bombs bursting, the nights proved hideous.



### A "GRIM ACTUALITY OF WAR"

On May 27, 1918, twelve 5-inch "Big Bertha" shells hit Paris from St. Gobain Forest, 67 miles to the northeast. The above shell landed one block from Montparnasse, station for Brest.





**"MIKE" TRACEY AND HIS BUNCH OF WATER-TENDERS**

These men bossed the job when we coated ship. They had nothing to do with letting water into the bilges so the pumps could pump it out, and just how they got their title is a mystery. The Panther is in the background.





### A SIGHT FOR SAILORS ON PARIS LEAVE

Church of St. Gervais, where on Good Friday, 1918, 65 persons were killed and 90 wounded by a "Big Bertha" shell aimed at Notre Dame Cathedral or Hotel de Ville.



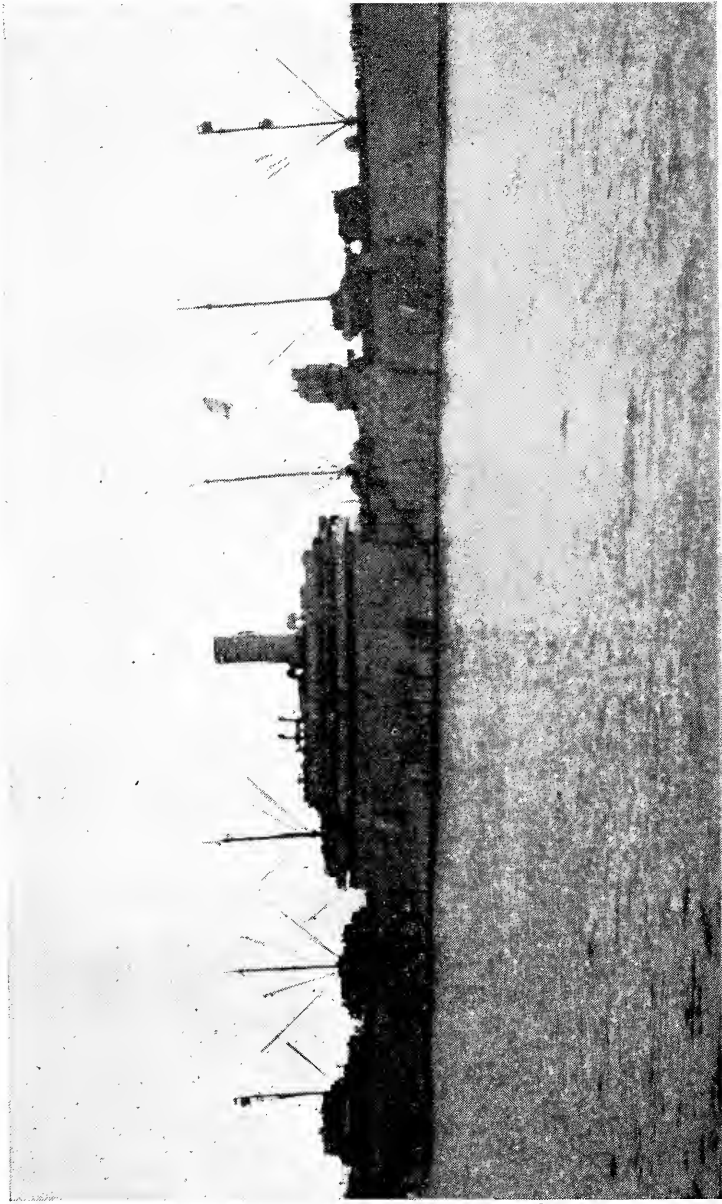
### ONE OF OUR REPAIR SHIPS: THE PROMETHEUS, AT BREST

The Panther acted as mother ship of the First Division of coal-burning destroyers for eight months, then the Prometheus took them over, along with many oil burners. The Nicholson is alongside and a liberty boat is whisking by in foreground.



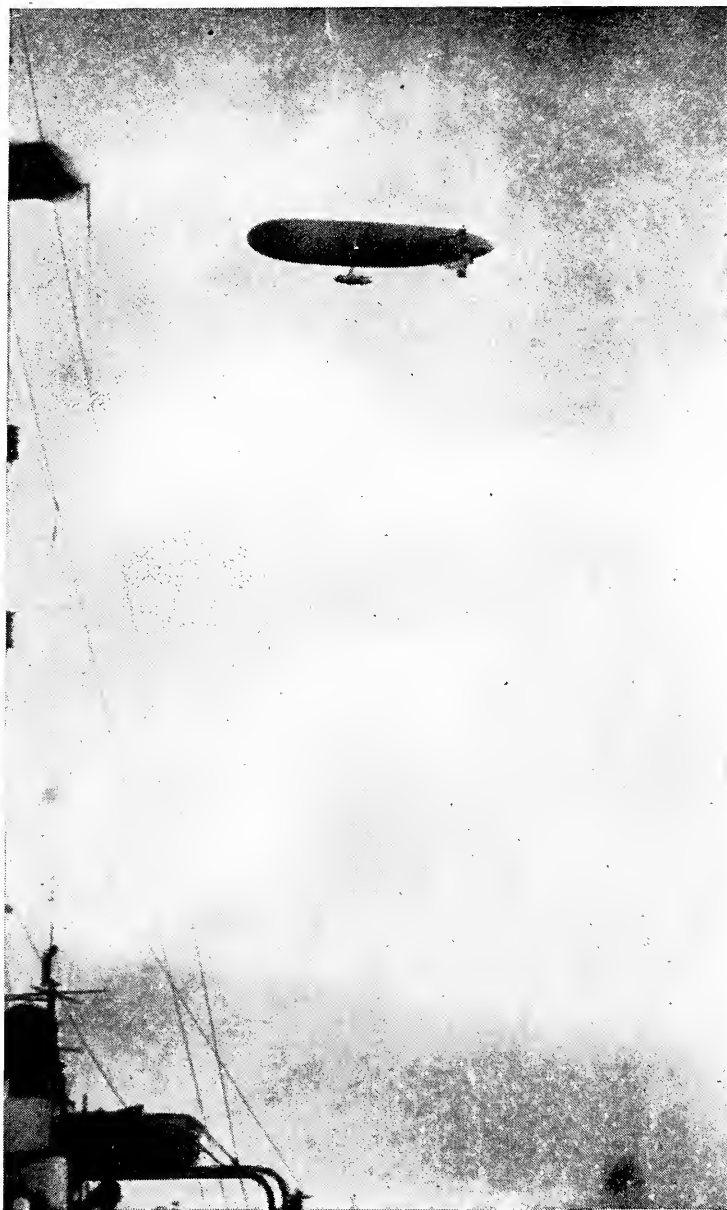
### RESULT OF A GOTHA BOMB EXPLOSION

When the Germans spread death among Parisians, President Poincare and military leaders hopped into automobiles, and without regard for danger visited the families of the victims.



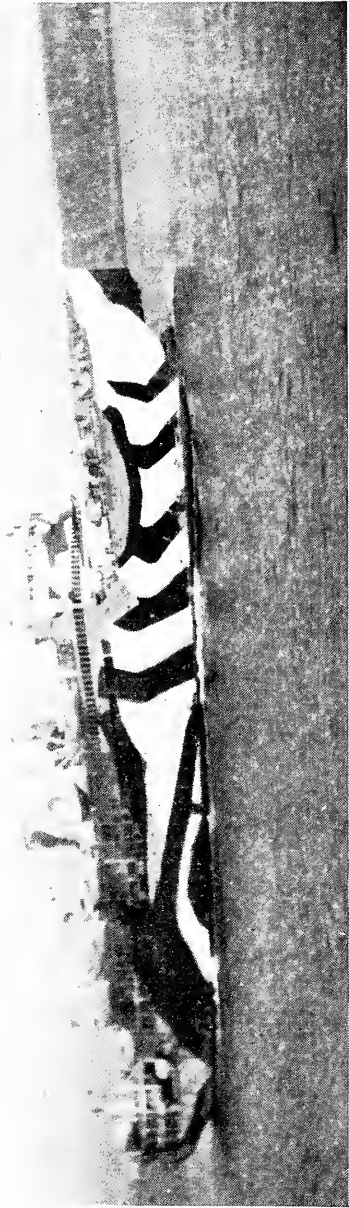
### JUST BEFORE U-BOAT SWAGGED HER: THE PRESIDENT LINCOLN

On May 31, 1918, 500 miles off France, after destroyers had left, this German liner was torpedoed and sank in half an hour, her crew being picked up from small boats. The Reid had convoyed her three times. W. A. Haerer, Reid radio man, was a passenger for States.



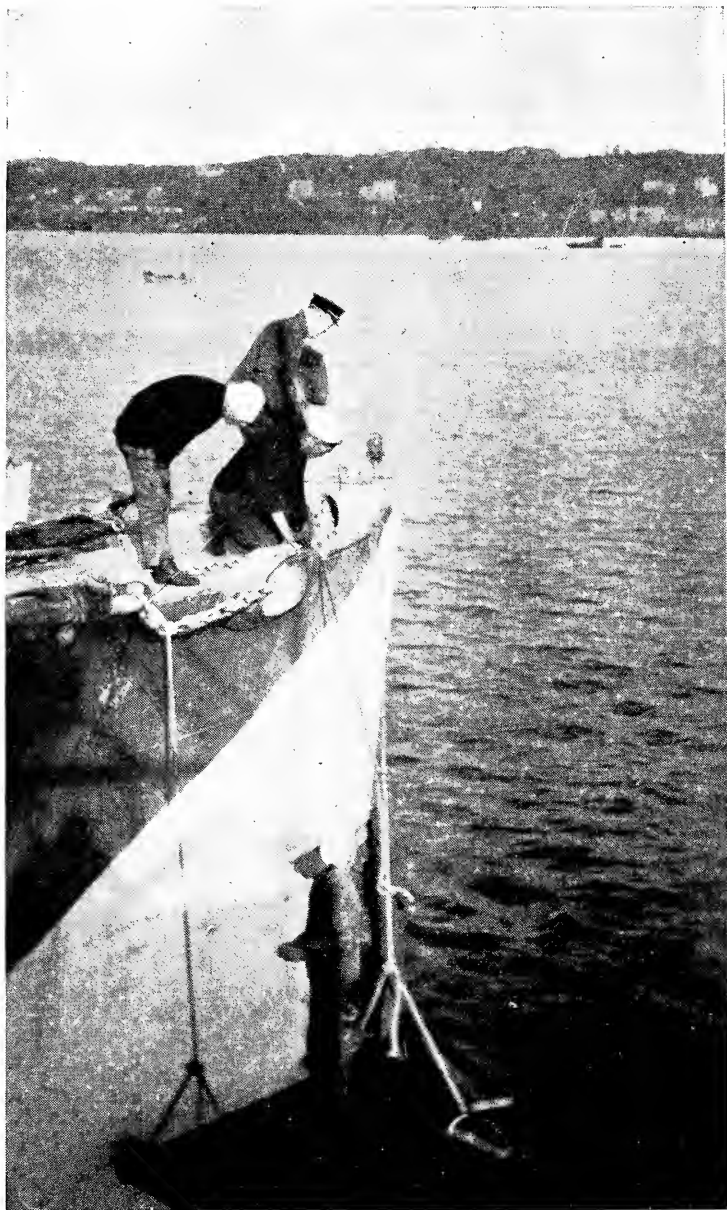
**"THE EYES OF THE CONVOY" AT WORK**

An American dirigible balloon, passing astern of the Reid, May 6, 1918. This type carried smoke bombs for locating submarines and explosives for destroying them.



### ONE OF OUR CONVOY SHIPS, WITH "DOUGHBOY CARGO"

The Siboney (on first trip) arriving at Brest May 6, 1918, when Uncle Sam was approaching his record of 300,000 troops landed in a month. Four aeroplanes and a dirigible helped escort her in, and the doughboys sent up a great shout as they sighted land.



**BIFF! THAT RUINED OUR NOSE!**

On Apr. 16, 1918, the French Tug Hanneton ran us bow-on into the stone coal dock at Brest, and the dock did not budge.

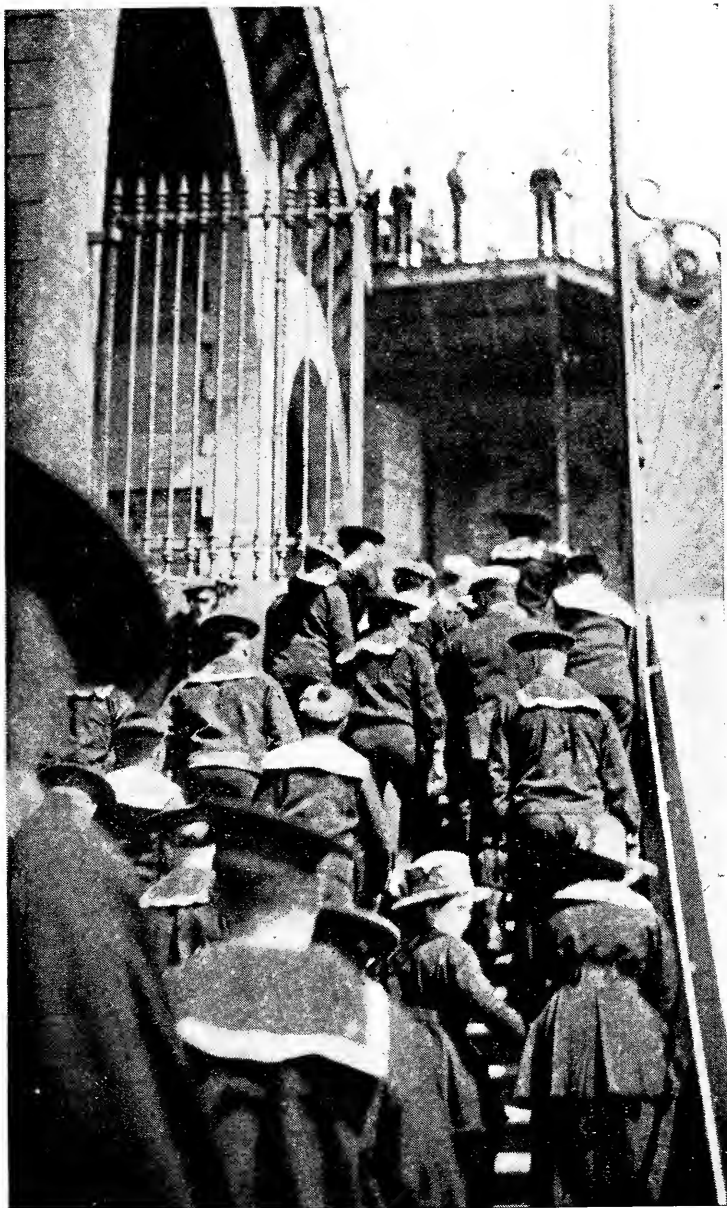




**"SHAKE A LEG, COXSAIN, WITH THAT LIBERTY BOAT!"**

A party of gobs standing by on the deck of our Mother Ship, the Panther, ready for a promenade along Rue de Siam, Brest. From a picture taken in the spring of 1918, when promenading and ship's duties alike were at their height.





**UP, UP, UP—THE BOYS ARE COMING!**

The landing at Brest for soldiers and sailors is about 60 feet below the main street, and here we see a bunch of sailors mounting the stairs.



### THIS GAY BIRD WAS UNABLE TO STAND OUR PACE

A long-legged land fowl, driven 200 miles to sea, flew to our deck on Apr. 30, 1918, and was captured by David Reyes, our salty Filipino wardroom steward. He (the bird) died on reaching port, from lack of earthworms, having refused to eat the canned salmon offered him.

yacht. Went into LaPallice and brought some ships out. Anchored in fog with nine fathoms of chain, on order of senior naval officer. Noma anchored off our port bow, near Royan. Left convoy at 5 A. M. and hit up 22 knots for Brest. Held target practice and knocked down target at 1500 yards on third shot. Put on 24 knots and arrived Brest 5:30 P. M., time for liberty.

May 23—Thirteen U. S. ships with nearly 40,000 troops stood in, with two gilgadgets. Word was passed Reid would take dry dock Saturday at Brest for overhaul. Lenape stood in.

May 24—Nicholson, Roe, Wadsworth, Monaghan, Drayton, Warrington, Smith, Preston, Lamson, Cummings, Macdonough stood in. Lenape, Mt. Vernon, Agamemnon, Wilhelmina and Cummings stood into outer harbor. Ensign Wilson left for Paris at 5:30 P. M. with secret mail from States, which he got after some difficulty off Mt. Vernon.

May 25—Lieut-Comdr. Chas C. Slayton this date ordered to command Wadsworth and relinquish command of Reid, and Reid lost command of First Division as senior ship. Monaghan stood out; Worden in. Smith to dry dock.

May 26 (Sunday)—Captain Slayton left ship and was cheered by crew. Reid towed from Panther to dry dock. Panther workmen busy on damaged bow. Crew taking down rigging.

May 27—At 6 A. M. "Big Bertha" started shelling Paris, announcing resumption of big German land offensive in the west, with Paris as objective.

May 29—"Big Bertha" dropped six shells into Paris. Soissons captured by the Germans; Rheims held.

May 31—President Lincoln torpedoed and sunk about 500 miles west of Brest by lurking submarine after destroyers had left her. Germans again reached the Marne River.

June 1—Commanding Officer left ship to act as Judge Advocate in inquiry into loss of American Steamship John G. McCullough. Marie-Georgie (French bark) in dry dock with Reid, equipped with hidden torpedo tube aft and two small disappearing guns forward. **German attacks toward Paris held.**

June 2 (Sunday)—Survivors of President Lincoln disaster put into Brest, ambulances from Base Hospital No. 5 taking care of the wounded.

June 3—Crew scraped barnacles off ship's bottom, assisted by working party from Receiving Ship Carola IV.

June 5—La Depeche, Brest newspaper, reported German submarine off American coast and large cities darkened at night.

June 6—Panther workmen finished fixing plates on Reid's damaged bow.

June 7—Flooded dry dock. **Move made to restore monarchy in Russia.**

June 8—Left dry dock and went alongside French destroyer in Navy Yard. Walter M. A. Wynne, Lieut., U. S. N., and Irving R. Gale, Ens. (T) (RF), reported aboard for duty. Walter Sherman Davidson, Lt. Comdr., U. S. N., this date assumed command of the Reid.

June 9 (Sunday)—**Third German assault launched on 22 mile front between Montdidier and River Oise.**

June 10—French Sloop Loup Cervier came alongside. Received 21-foot motor dory to replace motor dory lost overboard in storm near Cardiff, October 16, 1917.

June 11—Towed out of French Navy Yard to alongside Flusser and Lamson. Preston at coal dock. At 6:25 P. M. Von Steuben, Nansemond, Smith

and Jarvis stood out; Wadsworth, Fanning, Nicholson and Wainwright in.

June 12—Reported drifting coal barge to Panther. Burrows went alongside Wainwright. Isabel left coal dock. David Reyes, wardroom steward, transferred to Wadsworth. At 6:45 Tucker, Winslow, Benham, Burrows, Sigourney stood out.

June 13—Report said 8,000-ton ship lost in Bristol Channel, escorted by Wilkes, and 300 survivors picked up. Smith and Preston moored alongside Reid. Frank W. Kluge and E. George Ziemann made "bolo." Yacht Christabel towed to navy yard by tugs; Yacht Harvard stood out.

June 14—At 6:20 A. M. Smith towed to coal dock by Tug Concord. At 8:30 A. M. drew small stores off Panther. Cushing, Roe, Little, O'Brien, Worden and Burrows stood out. Fanning and Allen stood in.

June 15—Isabel, Fanning, Nicholson, Lamson, Flusser, Wainwright, Trippe, Allen, Wilkes, Davis and Sampson stood out; Warrington, Rambler, Truxtun and Corona in. **Austrian offensive against Italy launched.**

June 16 (Sunday)—Preston, Smith, Ericsson, Wadsworth, Drayton, Jarvis, Warrington and Conner stood out. Church party and liberty.

June 17—Truxtun stood out; Stewart, Harvard, Vedette, Nicholson, Wainwright, Fanning, Isabel, Lamson and Flusser in.

June 18—Eastbound convoy stood in: Little, Sigourney, Tucker, Stewart, Benham, Cummings, Wainwright, Roe, Worden, Cushing, O'Brien, Burrows, Aeolus, Martha Washington, Powhatan and Czaritza.

June 19—Eastbound convoy stood in: Mt. Vernon, Agamemnon, America, Arizonan, Ozava (Orizaba), Macdonough, Warrington, Smith, Ericsson

son, Connor, Preston, Whipple and Jarvis. Aeolus stood outside breakwater. Truxtun, Lamson, Nicholson and Porter out. Christabel tugged from navy yard to alongside Prometheus.

June 20—Macdonough out, Winslow in. Crew received two boxes of story books for ship's library.

June 21—Isabel and 24 submarine chasers stood in. Wainwright out, then in. Sultana in. Aeolus and Ozava (Orizaba), Stewart, Vedette, Harvard, Emeline, Remlik out.

June 22—Leviathan stood in with troop load. Roe, Cummings, Wadsworth, Cushing, Fanning, Porter, Nicholson, Carolinian and Trinidadian in. Worden out. Timothy Brown, boatswain's mate, passed examination as ensign, moved to ward-room from forecastle and ordered new uniform.

June 23 (Sunday)—Aeolus, America, Mt. Vernon, Agamemnon, Zimia stood out with Roe, Tucker, Burrows, O'Brien, Jarvis, Winslow, Drayton, Sigourney and Conner. Warrington, Isabel and Wainwright also out. Army Tugs DHB-13 and DHB-14 and Whipple and Macdonough stood in.

June 24—French and British convoy, including Czaritza, stood in, with Burrows. Rambler in; Leviathan, Fanning and Caldwell stood out. Lieutenant Smith went to Paris on 5-day leave.

June 25—Isabel, Monaghan and Wainwright stood in; Lamson and Truxtun out.

June 26—Tug Hubbard and Macdonough out; Isabel in. At 6 P. M. Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Winslow, Sigourney, Drayton and McDougal stood in.

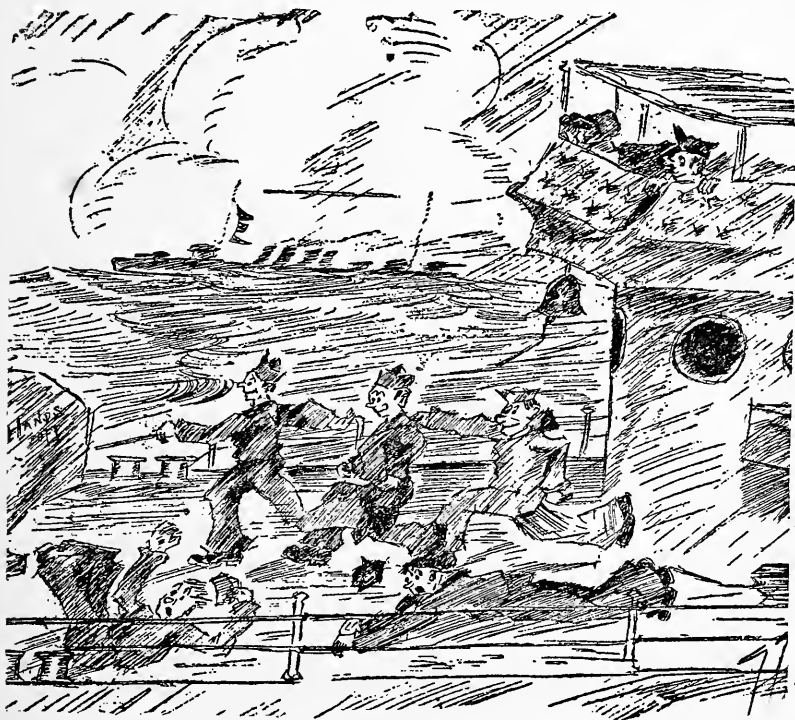
June 27—Out: Macdonough, Monaghan, Sigourney, Winslow, Great Northern, Northern Pacific. In: Monaghan, Dante Alighieri, Flusser, Preston, Smith, Little, Roe, Conner, Jarvis, Stevens, Macdonough, Czar, Covington, George Washington,

Wilhelmina, Lenape, DeKalb, Rijndam, Burrows, Tucker, Wadsworth, O'Brien, Cushing, Benham, Cummings and Porter.

June 28—At 6 A. M. called all hands; at 7 A. M. coaling ship for first trip since overhaul.

June 29—Pometheus shifted by tugs to upper channel to make room in heavy troop movement; 300,000 Doughboys in month landed now. O'Brien and Lamson in. Stewart out. Lieutenant Smith returned from Paris.

June 30 (Sunday)—Finished swinging ship outside breakwater at noon. No bottom at 17 fathoms (?). (Quartermaster evidently intoxicated).



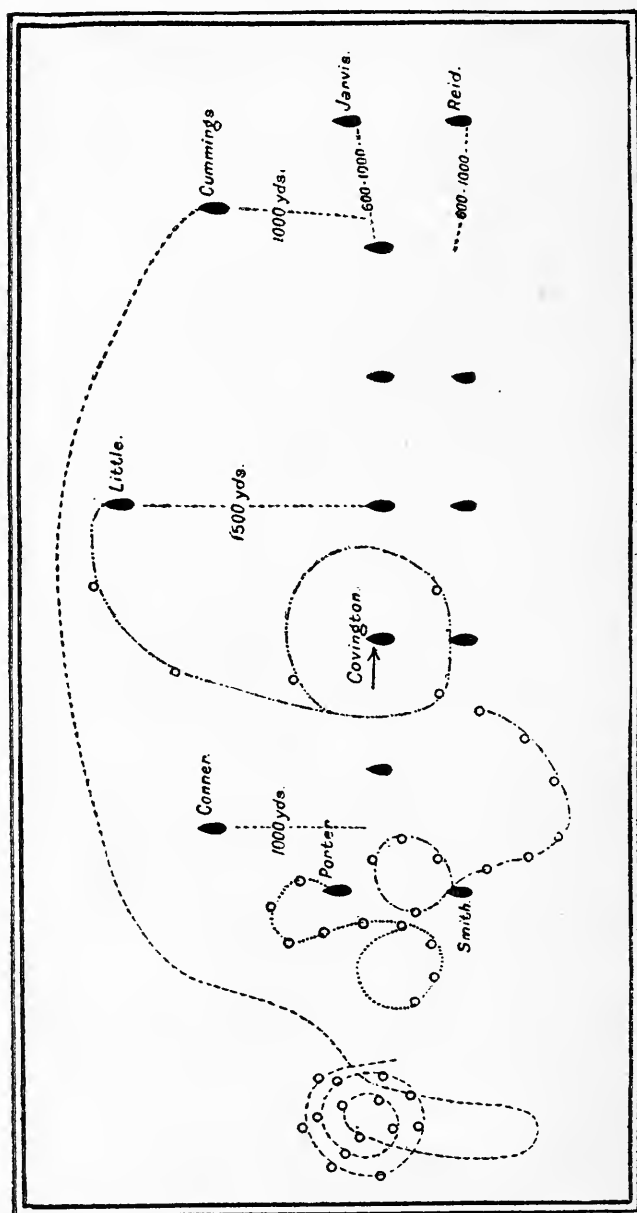


DIAGRAM OF ATTACK ON THE COVINGTON

The *Covington* was the leading ship in the second column. Since she was struck on the port side, it is evident that the submarine attacked from the port side of the convoy. Small circles show where destroyers dropped depth charges. (By courtesy of the British Admiralty).



## Chapter VI.

### SINKING OF THE COVINGTON.



AT 11 o'clock on the morning of Monday, July 1, 1918, the Destroyers Little (flagship), Reid, Conner, Porter, Cummings, Jarvis and Smith left Brest convoying the Transports DeKalb (flagship of convoy), the Covington, the George Washington, the Dante Alighieri, the Lenape, the Rijndam, the Wilhelmina and the Princess Matoika, westward toward the United States, these vessels having just landed a fresh contingent of American troops for the Western Front and having lifted anchor to bring more across. The speed was not quite fifteen knots, the weather fair and the sea calm. The DeKalb was in the center leading the five columns and the Covington to port of her and abreast as No. 2 from left. The Smith's position was port flank and quarter of convoy, the Porter's flank and bow, 1,000 yards ahead; the Conner's port bow, the Little's 1500 yards ahead, the Cummings' 1,000 yards ahead on starboard bow, the Jarvis' 600-1000 yards off the starboard flank, and finally the Reid's 600-1000 yards off starboard flank and quarter. The DeKalb carried the Reid's book, which it was hoped could be published during the war.

At 5:20 P. M. ships received an "allo" (submarine warning) from the Flag Office at Brest, as follows:

"Enemy submarine active Lat. 47-50 N., Long. 07-50 W. Convoy change course; acknowledge."

The Little wired Brest: "Verified position submarine." This was at 7:30 P. M.

At 9:10 P. M. heard depth charges fired on opposite side of convoy from Reid, in neighborhood of Smith and Porter; also saw flashes from guns. Went

to general quarters. Received at 9:15 P. M. radio message saying "Covington torpedoed. Position 47-24 N., 07-44 W." Little issued instructions to steer West until Long. 08-00 W. was reached. Reid proceeded with convoy.

The Little repeated the Covington message to Brest. At 9:43 P. M. the Covington commander wirelessly the Little: "Covington apparently not sinking. Possibly can be towed to Brest." At 10:40 the Little wired base: "Covington floating well. Will leave Smith and Reid with her at 11 tonight. Little will proceed to join convoy." And at 10:40 the Little answered the O'Brien: "Yes, come and stand by." Then about 1 A. M. on July 2, the Little wired the Reid, "Join Covington; expedite."

The following messages were exchanged:

Little to Smith: "Keep Brest informed on situation."

Smith to Shaw and Brest: "Survivors aboard. Standing by Covington. When Reid joins, commanding officer recommends Smith proceed Brest with survivors, Reid remain Covington. Commanding officer standing by."

From Brest: "Concord ordered to assistance Covington."

Smith to Reid at 4:30 a. m. "Commanding officer Covington aboard." Ships intercepted wireless message saying a French sloop had been torpedoed.

Tug Revenger to Brest: "Covington in tow three tugs. Believed none lost. Captain on board Revenger."

British warship message (intercepted) said: "Convoy five hours late. Request extra escort in view submarine activity. Give location 47-50 N., 06-52 W., at 0302 today Tuesday a wide berth."

Sixty miles away, the Reid put on all speed and joined the Covington at daybreak. Everybody was up on deck to see the sight of the helpless ves-

sel as she stood in fairly smooth water leaning over sharply to port, her great gray hulk silhouetted sharply against the rapidly brightening horizon. With a distinct feeling of sadness and of irrepressible curiosity the men shifted positions about the deck to better their views. The silence was broken for those occupying points of vantage on the bridge and the searchlight platform when Lieutenant Smith, garbed in his trusty buck-skin trousers and saffron shirt, bawled out: "Now you men stay on the other side of the ship; this is no sight-seeing party." After a few minutes the "sight-seers" became curious again, and as we dropped depth charges to scare off any possible submarines we could still hear Mr. Smith shouting, "All right, now, trim ship. Everybody keep their eyes open for a submarine!"

The Smith's deck was thick as blackbirds with Covington survivors and she pulled out presently for Brest at 20 knots. Due to the unusually heavy load her draft had been increased about three feet. The British Tugs Woonda and Revenger steamed up; at 7 A. M. the Wadsworth joined, at 7:30 the Shaw and at 8:50 the Nicholson. The Reid had sent a working party of seven men aboard the Covington under Ensign John A. Wilson, USNRF., of Chicago, to handle lines, and these men remained aboard. This proved Ensign Wilson's war opportunity, and he made the most of it. Although he had never been able to obtain advancement under Capt. Slayton's administration as commanding officer of the Reid, on this stirring occasion he had the satisfaction of signalling Captain Slayton (who left the Reid to command the Wadsworth) that he was "pro tempore captain" of the sinking Covington.

Our men had raised a large new flag aft on the Covington, and to the destroyer men and the men on the tugs it spoke out a message harking back to

the time when Washington fought to raise it, and Jefferson fought to preserve it, and Roosevelt fought again to see it triumph as the symbol of practical patriotism, of honesty in speech and fair dealing among mankind. At first it floated a few feet above the water, then as the Covington began to settle, its tips flapped in the brine, and after a while it disappeared from sight.

At 2:32 P. M. Greenwich Mean Time, the Covington sank astern, her bow mounting majestically in the air as if to split a bank of low-lying cumulus clouds. Her last remaining bulkheads gave way under the terrific pressure and small boats and a mass of debris hurtled from forward toward aft along the slanting deck; her bridge was smashed into an egg-shell with a sickening noise of creaking, twisting, groaning timbers; her great stacks collapsed like celluloid; her huge lines made fast to the tugs snapped sharply back to the ship in spirals as the axes were laid on; and a cloud of brown dust arose above the wreck just before she disappeared. When the water closed about her there was left on the surface a great confusion of small things that go to make up a ship's deck equipment. A French sloop towing four of the Covington life boats put off a punt with a sailor who went pecking through the wreckage to see what he could see. The Frenchman perched himself for a moment on a raft; the destroyers got their orders and steamed for their European home.

The final plunge of the Covington was wonderful as the crumbling of a mountain might be; it was terrible and sad as the passing of a life-long friend. It was a sight to see once, but never again.

Ensign Wilson made the following report:

Shoved off from U. S. S. Reid in whaleboat at 4:20 A. M., July 2, with detail of G. C. McCabe, CBM., David

## SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

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T. Sanders, BM-1c, J. A. Lynch, MM-2c, W. F. Anderson, GM-2c, David Udofsky, SeaGnr., J. G. Michalo, Sea, and J. A. Robbins, Sea. Boarded the Covington via the sea ladder on port bow just abaft the bridge.

The Covington had a port list of about twelve degrees. Proceeded at once forward and hailed the British Tugs "Woonda" and "Zulu," which were standing by, distant about 100 yards on the bow. The sea was calm and the weather clear. Found one seaman aboard, who said he had been aboard all night. He was evidently slightly dazed. Immediately made arrangements to get on board two wire hawsers from the "Zulu" and "Woonda." After about one hour's work, succeeded in securing both to forward bitts. The "Woonda" to port and "Zulu" to starboard.

While engaged in securing hawsers, the U. S. S. Concord came within hail and I at once hailed her and directed her to pass us an additional hawser. The Captain of the Concord rendered us great assistance by his skillful handling of the Concord. The hawser which was secured to the Concord was a 12-inch manila and was secured aboard the Covington to the starboard bitts. While the work of securing the hawsers was being done, I noticed that no colors were flying, nor commission pennant. At once gave orders to have new ensign hoisted. Could not find a commission pennant.

At 5:55 A. M. tugs were under way and headed on course 72 degrees by steering compass. While the lines were being passed to the tugs, a boat with some of the Covington's crew, under a lieutenant, came alongside and some of them came aboard. They took stores from the canteen and the paymaster secured his accounts, etc. The lieutenant talked a couple of minutes with me but I was busy keeping track of the ship. Detailed two of my men to help them get their gear to the boat. The paymaster got into the boat without his valise, containing his money, but Boatswain's Mate Sanders, of the Reid, carried it aft and gave it to him. The boat then shoved off and proceeded to the "Woonda."

Then being under way and the Reid circling around the Covington, I ordered Machinist's Mate Lynch to inspect the engine room, etc. Ordered Chief Boatswain's Mate McCabe to take all his men and secure

all ports, etc., on port side, which was done, with all found open. The Covington then had a list to port of 18 degrees by the chartroom clinometer. I inspected the battery and found all the 6-inch guns loaded and primed. Had the primers removed and the powder bags replaced in the containers. The forecabin and poop were both littered with powder containers.

Ordered breakfast for all hands at 7 A. M. from canteen stores, which the late paymaster of Covington had said were available for our use. Upon inspecting found a seaman on a raft under the port quarter. Ordered him hauled on board. His name was Bryant and he stated that he did not know ship had been abandoned, and when he discovered no one aft, and saw the destroyers circling around, he jumped overboard on the raft. Further search for possible survivors revealed Sprague, seaman, in one of the after crew's spaces. He did not know that ship had been abandoned, and claimed to have suffered an injury to his back. Had him placed in one of the bunks abaft the chart room.

Examination of the engine room showed water covering the tops of the cylinders of starboard engines. Sounded and found 27 feet of water in engine room. Ordered Machinist's Mate Lynch to inspect the same and take soundings every half hour. Read the clinometer every half hour. The wireless was still buzzing and I had it disconnected. The fire rooms were under water. The standing lights in the main deck passage way were still burning, and continued until 12:45, when I made my last inspection of them. They evidently got their power from the storage batteries located abaft the after funnel on the boat deck. All the boats on the boat deck abaft No. 2 funnel were wrecked by the force of the explosion and the port davits just above the spot where the torpedo struck were torn from their sockets and lay athwart the deck. The speed boat was secured on the starboard side of the well (main deck) and was uninjured. There was very little water in any compartment forward of the engine room, and No. 1 and No. 2 holds were completely free and remained so until we abandoned ship. Water was found below the berth deck abaft the engine rooms, and gained gradually, probably coming through the shaft tunnels, which were no doubt started by the explosion. It appeared the torpedo hit about

## SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

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the position of the bulk-head between the engine room and the compartment abaft it, and then flooded both compartments immediately.

At 8:45 A. M. a light breeze from north-northeast sprang up. Nicholson hove in sight and joined the Reid and the Wadsworth. A French sloop was distant about three miles on starboard quarter with four of the Covington's boats in tow. Examined the engine room at 9 A. M. and found little change in conditions. Roll increased to 18 degrees to 20 degrees to port. At 10:25 list increased to 23 degrees. At 10:30 received signal from Reid "What do you think of her?" Signal made in reply: "She is gradually settling astern and to port." At 10:45 main deck abaft garbage chute on port side was even with the water.

At once gave orders to have lashing removed from speed launch and all the boats on deck so they might clear the deck when she sank, since after this time it was evident from increasing list that she could not be towed into port. At 11 o'clock clinometer showed 25-degree list to port. At 12 o'clock clinometer showed 31-degree list to port. Had all hands to mess and afterward made rounds of ship. Found water increasing in engine room to 30 feet and after holds filling up. (No. 2 holds were still free from water). Had all hands mustered at starboard rail on boat deck just abaft the bridge. At 12:45 again made examination of ship and found water gaining and list increasing to 36 degrees. At 1 o'clock received signal from Reid: "Abandon ship immediately on life rafts and we will pick you up." Reid had maintained a position from 400-800 yards abaft the Covington's starboard beam.

At 1:10 Boatswain's Mate Sanders, stationed forward to stand by hawsers, reported loud banging coming from below decks forward. At once had all hands proceed along starboard rail and on account of list of 40 degrees rigged life lines from starboard rail to forward hatches and companion ways. Then Seaman Gunner Udolfsky and Chief Boatswain's Mate McCabe and Boatswain's Mate Sanders and myself went below to investigate. Udolfsky and Sanders went down to keelson and shouted, but received no reply. Cut away the hatch cover of No. 1 hatch and raised the hatch. Then McCabe, Sanders and Udolfsky went below and investigated and shouted as before, but obtained no re-

plies. I ordered them on deck, as I feared they might get caught below if the ship took a sudden list.

Then all hands stationed themselves along starboard rail life lines by two life rafts which were floating in water held by painter, and waited for the approach of the boat. Then the Nicholson edged in close on starboard bow, lowered a boat and signalled "We will pick you up." Meantime, a boat manned by the Covington's crew put off from the Tug "Woonda" and pulled down toward the Covington on the port side. Shouted to her to keep away, as the life rafts and boats sliding down to port and coming away made it very dangerous to leave via port side. The list was increasing and she was gradually settling by the stern. In my judgment she was good for an hour yet. Observing that the Nicholson's boat would reach about forward of second funnels, as we still had way on, ordered all hands to pass along the starboard rail and leave via the life lines hanging over the side. This was done with some difficulty owing to the list, and at 1:30 P. M., having seen all hands safely down in the Nicholson's boat, I went over the side into the boat, which then shoved off and pulled to the Nicholson. I estimate that this took place about 1:30.

I reported to the Commanding Officer of the Nicholson and he directed me to remain aboard in accordance with signal from Reid. At 2:32 the Covington sank by the stern with colors flying. Upon arrival at Brest that night, I reported myself and men to the Officer of the Deck of the Panther.

The conduct of my men from the Reid was excellent, and they had the "punch" at all times. I especially desire to call your attention to the splendid spirit and zeal of Seaman Gunner Udolfsky, Boatswain's Mate Sanders and Chief Boatswain's Mate McCabe in going down No. 1 hatch and searching that section of the ship just before abandoning ship, although the Covington was then getting lively.

Captain R. D. Hasbrouck made the following report on the sinking of the Covington, as outlined in the New York World of Jan. 22, 1919. The statement that "a salvage party from the Smith boarded the Covington" is taken as a reference to the Reid's party:



## SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

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At night on July 1, the lookout on the Covington, which had sailed from Brest with several other transports escorted by destroyers, saw a streak of white 300 yards from the port quarter. The torpedo struck with terrific detonation, throwing a column of water above the stacks. In an incredibly short time the crew were at their stations awaiting orders from the bridge.

Engine and fire rooms filled quickly. In fifteen minutes the ship lay dead in the water and listed to port. "Abandon ship" was bugled. The behavior of officers and men was wonderful.

Twenty-one of the twenty-seven lifeboats were lowered without lights to guide, with the ship listing badly and without the aid of a single winch, for steam had failed. It was a stirring sight to see the men go down the ladders as though in drill. The Destroyer Smith took the men aboard.

A working party of thirty officers and men remained on the Covington, collecting records, charts, sextants, etc. At 4 a. m. a salvage party from the Smith boarded the Covington. The Smith headed for Brest full speed at 5:20 a. m. Two British tugs and an American tug came up. By 6 o'clock the tugs had the Covington in tow, making five knots. Two more destroyers, in addition to the Reid, which had been standing by, joined shortly after.

At 2:10 the salvage party was taken off; at 2:30 the Covington began to sink rapidly by the stern.

Considering the performance of Boatswain's Mate David T. Sanders and three other members of the Reid's working party, it was altogether a big day for the civilian sailors in a crisis which called for initiative and bravery. In fact, the chief punk performances of the day, according to the views of old time sailors, were perpetrated by regular navy men who had been sailing quite a while; one of these was Captain Hasbrouck's failure to stay on the Covington as long as possible; another was pulled by Captain Davidson, who allowed the Nicholson's small boat to take the Reid's working party off the Cov-

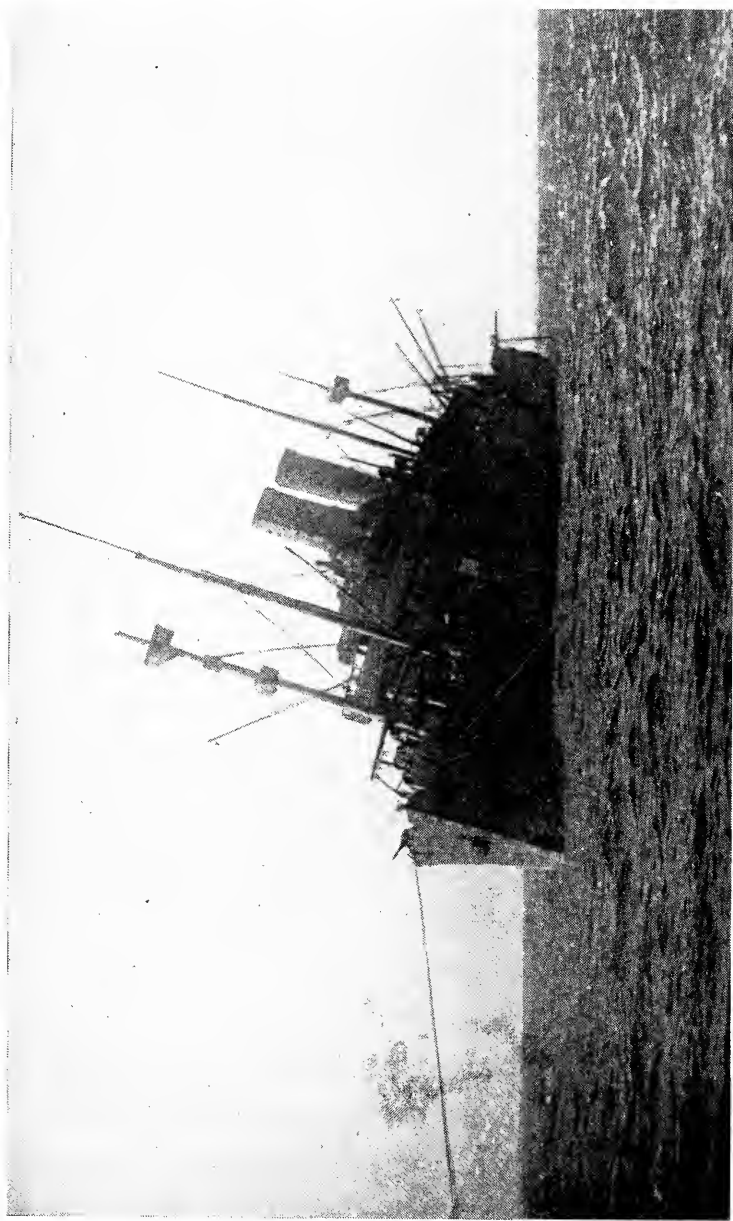
ington and haul it to Brest when we could have done it ourselves. Captain Davidson was a brave man, not afraid to laugh in the face of the devil, run head-on into a lighthouse or steam jauntily through a mine field; we had been expecting great things from him far beyond his fondness for explaining the uses of annunciators, sextants and peloruses, but on this occasion he evidently fell a victim to "seniority," which was out of proportion to our heavy part aboard the sinking ship. The Reid did not deserve a station patrolling astern that day, and when the Covington sank she should have been close up with the other destroyers, what's more. It is understood that the Covington courtmartial brought out the statement that 100 men could have saved the ship, which, by the way, was a \$2,000,000 prize. With 700 Covington survivors and 500 destroyer men present to draw from, it should have been easy to have obtained that number. Chief Yeoman Underwood, of the Smith, came back to port with the story that he witnessed an effort of a lieutenant of the torpedoed ship to get Covington crew volunteers to man a small boat and return aboard, but the bunch appealed to, he declared, sought "safety first" by crowding from one side of the Smith to the other; whereupon Chief Yeoman Underwood stepped forth and cursed the crowd like an old navy man only knows how to curse. It must be said for the willing members of the Covington crew, however, that on two or three occasions a boat's crew of volunteers was obtained and made several trips back to the ship. Members of the Reid's working party on returning to Brest were vehement in their denunciation of certain features connected with the affair; all of which, gentle reader, you will not be apt to read in the official reports.

In this connection it is appropriate to mention that



### THE COVINGTON IN SINKING CONDITION

About 9 p. m., July 1, 1918, the Transport Covington (formerly the Cincinnati of the Hamburg-American Line) was torpedoed, and sank at 2:32 p. m., July 2.



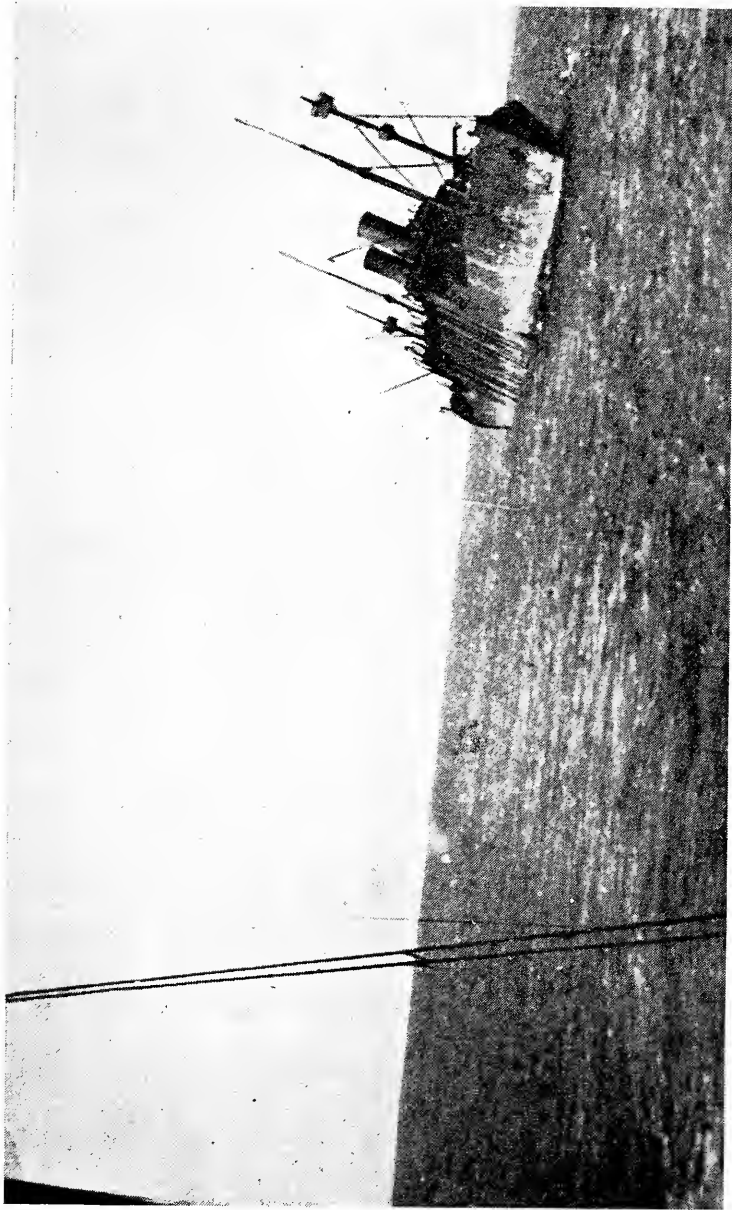
### LINES MADE FAST ABOARD, AND IN TOW OF TUGS

Owing to the condition of the Covington, the small towing craft (the Wocnda and the Re-venger, British, and the Concord, American) could make only about 5 knots. They kept well ahead, tugged tirelessly, with a spirit that made us admire them tremendously.



#### COVINGTON BOAT CREW ACCEPTS A TOW

The whaleboat contained an officer and men who had boarded the ship to get provisions and money. It was helped into position so the foragers could return to the tug Woonda.



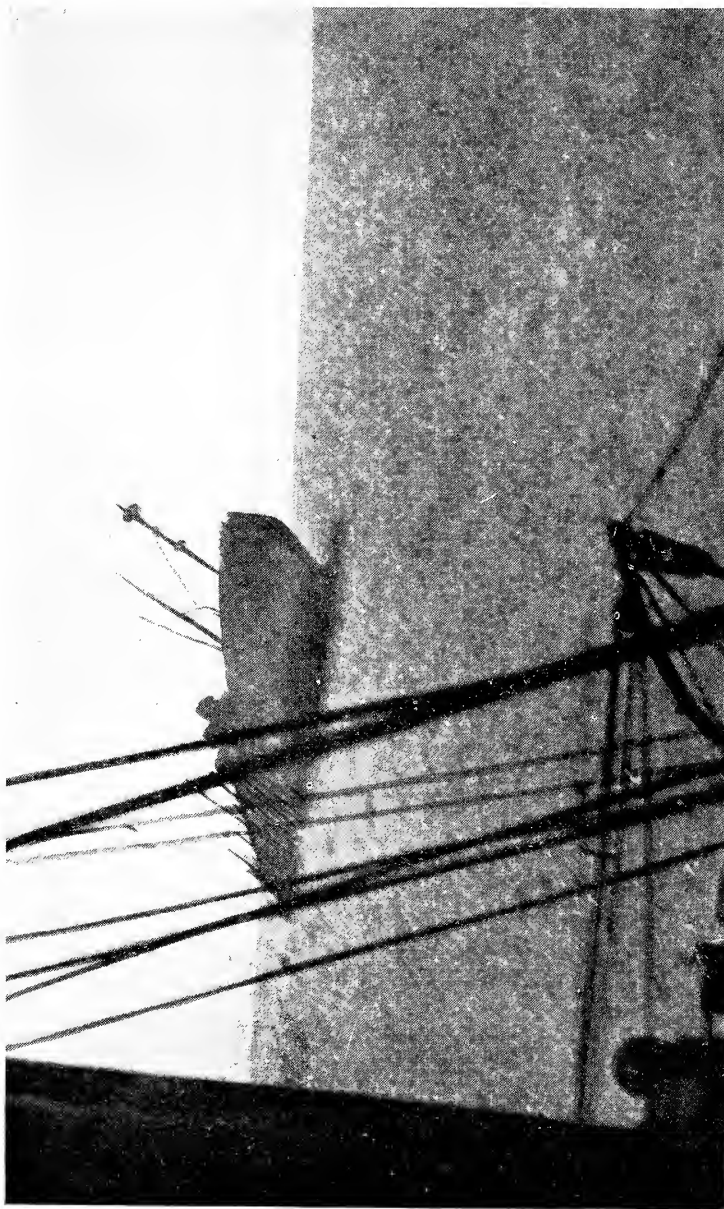
### THE COVINGTON, WOUNDED AND APPEALING FOR HELP

The disabled transport, her somber hulk silhouetted against the gray dawn of the horizon at 5 a. m., presented a spectacle of utter helplessness. The Smith, with Covington men draping her deck like black-birds, circled around, and the Reid piped a mournful refrain with depth charges.



### COVINGTON "CAPTAIN" FOR 8 HOURS

Ensign John A. ("Jaw") Wilson, a civilian officer, who took working party of 7 men on sinking liner and was cited for excellent seamanship.



### SPIRIT OF LAWRENCE AND GLASSFORD: "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

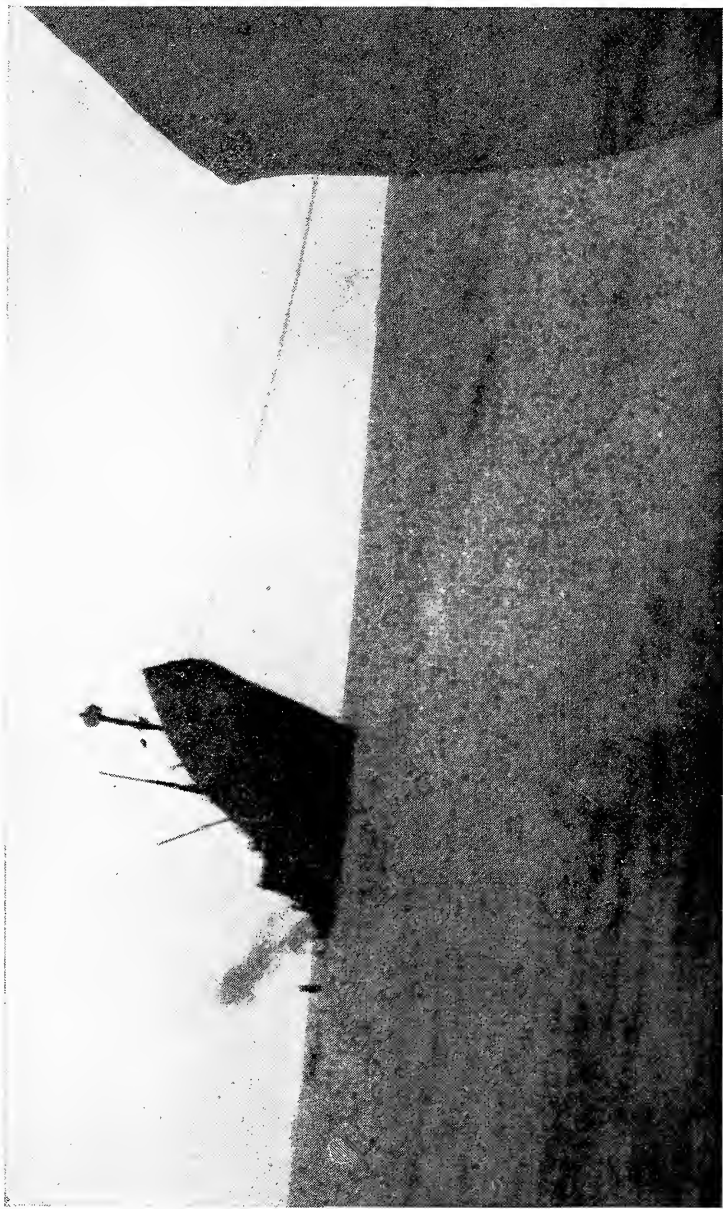
Our working party under Ensign Wilson still aboard of her, indifferent to their personal danger, and the tugs fighting as game a fight as was ever fought. The Nicholson's small boat can be seen near the stern; one hour before she sank.





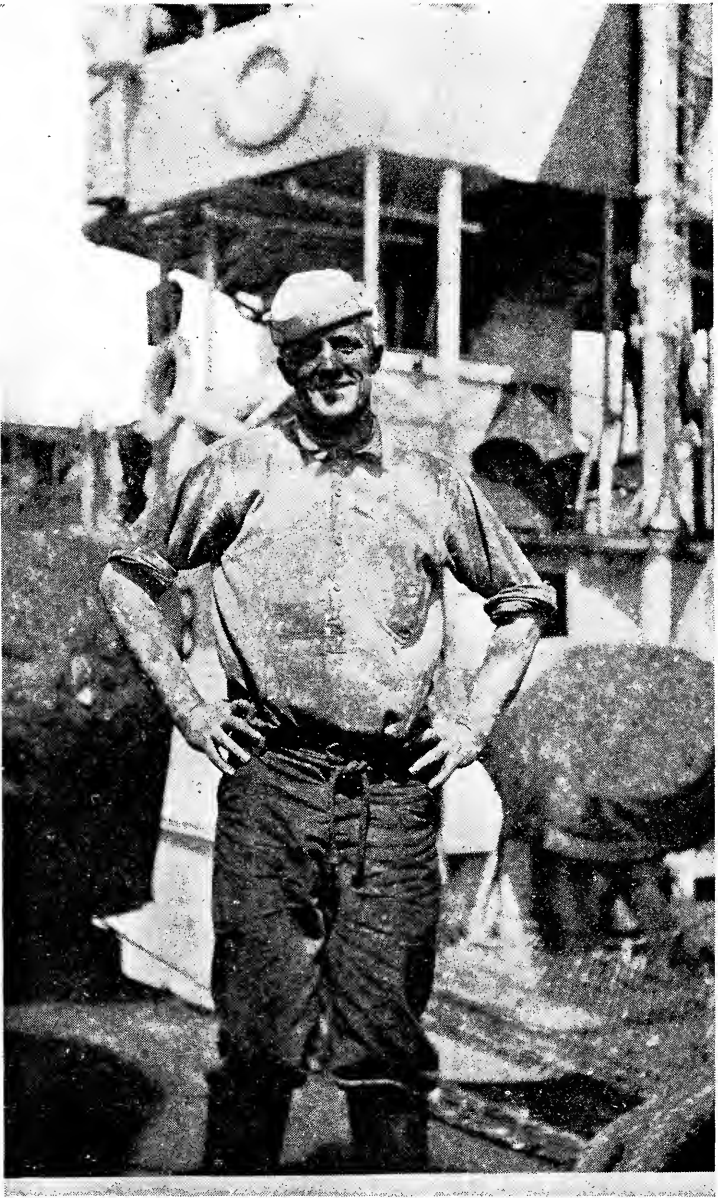
**"NAVIGATING OFFICER" OF THE COVINGTON**

George C. McCabe ("Mc"), chief boatswain's mate, who led search below when our men thought they heard imprisoned sailors yelling for help.



**"CUT LOOSE QUICK, OR WE'RE GONE!"**

At this stage the towing line of the Tug Concord was still fast to the bitts aft, and in 30 seconds more she would have been pulled down with the Covington. The man standing by the bitts let the axe fall just in time, and all aboard sighed with relief.



### HE HELPED "RUN 'EM RAGGED"

David T. Sanders, a rough-and-tumble boatswain's mate whose somewhat autocratic efforts to make the world safe for democracy won him a commission.



### GREAT LUMPS CAME INTO OUR THROATS AS SHE SANK

This was a wonderful scene as the crumbling of a mountain might be; a terrible scene as the death of a life-long friend. Debris went hurtling down the deck, smashing the superstructure, stacks collapsed, timbers crashed, and a mass of floating things was all that was left.



### A REBEL WITH A POSSUM SMILE

Wm. F. Anderson, gunner's mate, took a leading part in the attack on "Pen-March Pete" and the attempt to save the Covington, receiving honorable mention.



### THE REID JUST AFTER THE COVINGTON DISAPPEARED

From a photograph taken by Allah, member of the Tug Concord, who took four other pictures presented herein. In the distance is the French Sloop Vigilante, with four Covington life boats in tow. The sloop faithfully towed the boats to port.





#### DISCOVERED WATER DEEP IN ENGINE ROOM

J. A. Lynch, machinist's mate, was directed to take soundings in the Covington's engine room, and he found 27 feet of water, with heaps pouring in.



### SHE PICKED UP THE COVINGTON'S 700 SURVIVORS

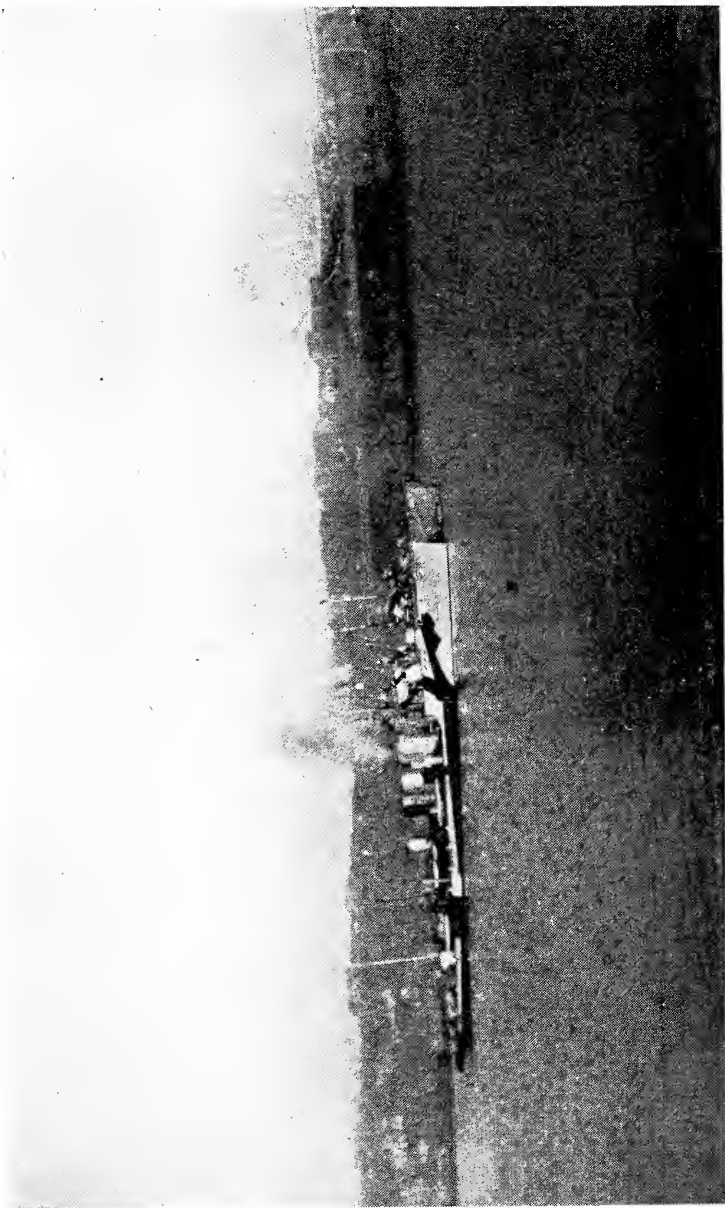
The Destroyer Smith (17), of our First Division, which stood by the torpedoed ship and at daybreak sped with her survivors to Brest. The Smith picked up about 1,000 survivors of disasters during the war. In the storm of Dec. 15-17 she lost both of her masts.





### NOT A PRUSSIAN PRINCE!

It is only "Daredevil Dave" (Capt. W. S. Davidson of Pennsylvania), champion navigator, whose princely nature asserted itself in many ways in his dealings with fellow officers and gobs.



### SHE TOOK OUR MEN OFF THE SINKING SHIP

The Destroyer Nicholson (52) made a spectacular race to the aid of the Covington. She assisted the Fanning (57) in the capture of the crew of the submarine U-58 on Oct. 27, 1917, off the coast of Ireland, and helped save the Supply Ship Bridge.

## SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

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the fight made by the Concord, the Revenger and the Woonda to save the Covington was admirable, and worthy of the best traditions of the navy. The tugs did not lay axes on the lines at the bitts until there was grave danger that they would be pulled down with the sinking vessel, and in truth, the Covington's bow was high in the air and was actually yanking the Concord astern when the man with the axe did his duty. In the opinion of the observers present, the tug men deserved citations equally with the most steadfast, no matter whether they happened to be of the old navy or of the new.



## Chapter VII.

**JULY 4 TO SEPT. 1, 1918.**



**A**MONG the features of Chapter VII is an attack made by the Destroyer Benham on a submarine seven miles ahead of a convoy. Benham saw three feet of periscope and laid a barrage of 18 depth charges. Several hours later a lookout on the Reid reported that he had seen a periscope, and still later the Reid dropped eleven depth charges on an oil slick. The ships in the convoy escaped. The Tippecanoe sinking is also covered.

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Fourth of July—Steaming west at 15 knots, looking for eastbound convoy. At 4:04 P. M. sighted Jarvis. At 6:40 P. M. took position on starboard quarter of Pocahontas, Manhattan, Susquehanna, Re D'Italia, Duc D'Aosta (Italian), and French Transports Patria and Nopatin, filled with troops. At 8 P. M. lookout reported submarine, and "allo" was received. At 8:30 P. M. Benham reported seeing three feet of periscope seven miles ahead of convoy and dropping 18 depth charges. At 10:25 P. M., Lat. 46-22 N., Long. 6-54 W., while patrolling on starboard quarter of convoy, Reid sighted suspicious wake running towards convoy. Went to general quarters and at 18 knots crossed wake to get between it and convoy. Followed wake to what appeared as its head where was large patch of smooth, unrippled water. Captain Davidson laid depth barrage of 8 mines, turning with 10 degrees right rudder, circling around and across wake. Came back to direction of wake towards convoy and proceeded about 1,000 yards ahead in direction of wake and laid line of three more depth charges. Searched

vicinity, but found nothing. Result doubtful. All depth charges functioned well. Rejoined convoy at midnight. Little SOP.

July 5—At noon put into Brest with convoy as above and with Little (senior), Shaw, Wadsworth, Porter, Conner, Jarvis, Benham, Isabel, Cummings and others. Doughboys cheered as destroyers passed. Macdonough stood out. Covington films and pictures seized by Flag office.

July 6—Commanding Officer went to Little for inquiry into misunderstood signal to Reid to stand by Covington. Lieutenant Wynne detached to Burrows, and Lieutenant Andrew Leo Haas, USN., reported aboard Reid as executive officer. Wadsworth and Gregory out; then Gregory in. Coal lighter at dock saved from capsizing by French tug. Crew coaling at 6:30 P. M. Cruiser Birmingham in.

July 7 (Sunday)—At 1:20 P. M. finished coaling ship; 261 tons. Stewart, Harvard, Rambler and Vedette stood out; Wanderer, Sultana and Corona in.

July 8—At 4:15 A. M. Birmingham stood out; also Lamson, Fanning, Wainwright, Drayton, O'Brien, Burrows, Porter, Pocahontas and Monaghan. All hands cleaned and painted ship. At 4:45 P. M. out: Reid, Warrington, Sigourney (flag), Nicholson, Benham, Tucker, Jarvis and Cummings, conveying at 13 knots Pocahontas (flag), Gold Shell, Susquehanna, Czaritza, Re D'Italia and Duc D'Aosta.

July 9—Wind 3-5; Reid astern of homeward-bound convoy. At 10:13 A. M. exchanged positions with Cummings, taking port beam. At 10:14 A. M. Sigourney, Tucker, Cummings and Benham circled on starboard quarter of convoy, dropping depth charges. At 4:30 P. M. ships went left to

avoid small sailing vessels; then resumed base course.

July 10—At 10 A. M. sighted large hospital ship on starboard bow steering southerly course. At 5 P. M. passed American steamer steering to eastward. At 9:20 P. M. left convoy and formed column on Sigourney; 16 knots; wind 3-6.

July 11—At 5:30 A. M. joined eastbound convoy at rendezvous: President Grant, Calamares, Magnolia (Mongolia?) and others.

July 12—As before. At 11:55 A. M. ship on left hoisted break-down flag and dropped astern. At 6:30 P. M. sighted scout cruiser headed north. At 6:15 P. M. passed convoy headed west. At 10:35 P. M. entered Brest Harbor with convoy and destroyers and went alongside Lamson.

July 13—Isabel, Jarvis and Monaghan stood in.

July 14 (Sunday)—At 7:30 A. M. French Steamer Patria left anchorage. At 8 A. M. full dressed ship, with ensign at mainmast, celebrating birth of the French Republic. At 11 A. M. Smith tugged to British Collier Warfish. Three firemen disgraced for talking to German prisoners on coal dock; reported by French sentry. Reid, Lamson and Preston tugged to Warfish.

July 15—Continued coaling ship; at 4:45 P. M. knocked off coaling; 185 tons. Out at 5 P. M.: Siboney and two French steamers, Benham, Tucker, Jarvis, Monaghan, Drayton, Wanderer and Corona. Leviathan stood in. Warrington in.

July 16—Underway at 6 P. M. convoying George Washington (?) and H. M. Ss. Czar and Roepat, Vauban, Ohioan and Mercury, in company with Nicholson (flag), Flusser, Smith and Lamson; 15 knots. At 8:20 P. M. put Czar in proper position. **Nicholas Romanoff, quondam Czar of Russia, shot to death with family at Ekaterinburg.**

- July 17—Blowing up rougher. At 6 A. M. Lamson joined convoy of 36 vessels, including destroyers; 9 knots. At 6:05 A. M. Nicholson hoisted submarine warning flag and opened fire with 4-inch guns on her starboard bow. Reid went to general quarters and put on 21 knots; gave right rudder and dropped depth charges at intervals of 10 seconds. At 6:10 A. M. observed torpedo breaching on surface (or submarine) approaching spot on which Nicholson's gunfire was centered. Gave hard right rudder to avoid object and circled spot, dropping 18 depth charges; last charge set off sympathetic explosion that was thought to have come from spent torpedo of submarine. At 9:15 P. M. Reid, Nicholson, Lamson and Flusser left convoy.
- July 18—At 4:10 A. M. sighted British destroyers. At 5:45 A. M. joined eastbound convoy and took position on starboard beam; 11 knots. At 10:30 A. M. heard two shots fired on left of convoy; nothing definite seen. **Gen. Foch launched big Allied counter attack.**
- July 19—At 11 A. M. convoy and destroyers tied up at Brest, Reid alongside Smith and Panther. Jarvis, Warrington, Monaghan, Wanderer and Emeline stood out.
- July 20—At 1:30 A. M. quartermaster reported Smith's motor dory adrift. An officer from that ship came aboard and arranged to have motor dory towed aft and secured. Cushing, Lamson, Burrows out; Vedette in. **Germans re-crossed the Marne, headed toward Berlin.**
- July 21 (Sunday)—At 6:45 A. M. Reid was towed by Concord to British Collier Milly to coal. At 9:30 New York convoy stood in with Nicholson, Benham, Lamson and Flusser. At 12:30 P. M. had taken aboard 107 tons of coal. America in

harbor with bow damaged, and report said she had sunk an oil tanker, with a loss of 34 men. Seghers-Sanders fight at vegetable locker stopped by commanding officer. **French and Americans retook Chateau-Thierry.**

July 22—Flusser stood in, "buckled up," trying to step out too fast ahead of the Mt. Vernon. Rumor said Burrows lost a chief gunner's mate and Warrington a man overboard in storm just encountered. Benham was towed in by tugs in sinking condition, having been rammed on starboard side by Jarvis in fog. **Allied drive continued between Chateau-Thierry and Soissons; 20,000 prisoners.**

July 23—At 11:45 A. M. Jarvis was towed in, her bow badly smashed in collision with Benham in fog. Lamson and Flusser went to Milly to coal. At 6 P. M. left Brest with Fanning, Burrows, Cummings and Nicholson, convoying President Grant; 12-14 knots.

July 24—Cummings had condenser trouble and went to England for repairs. At 6:25 A. M. sighted fleet of 14 sailing vessels and a mine sweeper steering north. At 11:25 A. M. Fanning investigated British destroyer on port flank. Reid using three boilers. Pretty night with moonlight, and calm.

July 25—At 10 A. M. sighted two ships on port bow and reported same by flag hoist. At 9 A. M. received SOS saying U. S. S. Tippecanoe was torpedoed 40-60 miles away; one position 44-36 N., 16-52 W. At 10 A. M. raced to scene, Fanning and Conner searching from other directions. At 2 P. M. sighted empty life boat and tin cask; off course. At 3 P. M. Conner picked up 60-70 survivors of Tippecanoe and turned toward Brest. Conner and Reid put on 26 knots chasing after



submarine reported shelling British Ship Zamora in course, 60 miles away. Nothing seen, not even Zamora.

July 26—Trailing Conner at 20 knots; coal low. Fanning went ahead, oil low. Arrived at Brest 4:30 P. M.

July 28 (Sunday)—At 5:15 A. M. man on watch tied up Panther's drifting punt. At 5:20 A. M. Preston started coaling ship. At 11:55 A. M. Reid coaling; at 6:30 P. M. 230 tons. Harvard and Worden stood in.

July 29—Smith, Lamson, Christabel, Porter, Fanning, Whipple and Rambler stood in.

July 30—Reid taking coal across Lamson's deck. A. B. Stedman, seaman, USNRF., reported aboard from base at Lorient. The following vessels stood in with New York convoy: George Washington, DeKalb, Princess Matoika, Lenape, Re D'Italia, Dante Alighieri, Antigone, and Czaritza; Monaghan, Roe, Conner, Wadsworth, Tucker, Winslow, Little (flag), McDougal, Harvard and Ericsson.

July 31—Preston, O'Brien, Warrington and Winslow stood in. Preston went to Collier Warfish to coal.

August 1—Moored alongside Warfish. All hands up at 6 A. M. Reid, Cushing and other destroyers left at 7 P. M. with convoy going west, Cushing carrying first captive observation balloon to be used to spot submarines off the French Coast. Weather rough but balloon behaved well, descending close to deck every few hours to allow pilots to change.

August 2—Observation balloon went up at 4:50 A. M. Destroyers making 13 knots. **Soissons wrested by Allies from Germans.**

August 3—Continued rough. Left convoy at 9:30

P. M. after stay of 51 hours and steamed at 18 knots with Wadsworth and Monaghan to meet New York convoy at rendezvous. Monaghan broke breakdown flag for five minutes.

August 4 (Sunday)—Wadsworth sighted convoy and all joined at 9 A. M., including Drayton, Winslow, Nicholson, Warrington, Conner, Susquehanna (flag), Finland, Kroonland, Dante Alighieri and three others.

August 5—At 5:10 A. M. sighted westbound convoy. At 5 P. M. held gun drill. "My God—WHAT stupidity!" cried Lieutenant Smith as forecastle gun crew trained on wrong target. At 10:30 P. M. Finland reported man overboard and threw off flaming buoy, but did not stop. Reid and Roe searched for an hour without finding anything, then rejoined convoy at 18 knots.

August 6—Wireless from Brest warned us to look out for submarine operating in one of the channels close to land, so convoy and escort went out of the way; no trace of submarine. At 11 A. M. Monaghan reported sighting floating mine; shot it with gun. Arrived in outer harbor at 5 P. M. where Reid steamed around for two hours, then gave 7 P. M. liberty. Heard story that on day before, Preston, out of coal, burned boots filled with oil to make port.

August 7—Smith, Fanning, Caldwell (69), Ericson, Little, Conner, Warrington, Winslow, Tucker and Porter stood out. Reid coaling ship in rain from H. M. S. Warfish, and several men hit by swinging buckets. P. F. Riley, seaman, reported aboard, his ship, the Warrington, having left port without him. Nicholson and Terry stood in.

August 8—Three men left for States to man new destroyer and six left on Paris leave. Preston stood out; La France (largest French transport),

Pocahontas, Sigourney, Nicholson, Cushing Wadsworth, Burrows, O'Brien, Drayton, Wanderer, Macdonough and Emeline stood in. Westward-Ho torpedoed about 200 miles west of Brest; floating well. **British launched fierce attack at Amiens.**

August 9—At 3 P. M. left with Little (flag), Wadsworth, Flusser, Preston and Monaghan convoying Dante Alighieri and four (probably Finland, Kroonland, Susquehanna and one); 14 knots.

August 10—At 9 A. M. condensers started leaking and salt going into boilers, so Reid got permission to return to base. Received several radio messages from Westward-Ho, which was 60 miles to south, saying vessel was still afloat and was backing toward port under her own steam. Rumor said "Pen-March Pete" had slipped out of Spain and was laying "eggs" along the coast again, so brushed by Pen-March Point to give him a chance. Arrived at Brest at midnight and tied up to the Prometheus for the first time.

August 11 (Sunday)—At 11:30 A. M. Leviathan, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Sigourney, McDougal, Burrows, Parker, Nicholson, Lamson and Smith in; Smith out. At 6 P. M. Westward-Ho backed in under her own power, with bow low in water; cargo of locomotives. Prometheus gave supper and minstrel show for destroyer crews. A seaman was given five days in paint locker on bread and water for insolence and refusing to obey the orders of a petty officer.

August 13—Crew had grapefruit for breakfast. Coaling until noon; 45 tons. Ensign Wilson left for Paris on 7-day leave. Sigourney stood out. At 4 P. M. Reid underway with Lamson toward Bordeaux. Smooth. Met convoy of 30 tramp steamers bound for United States, with Yacht

Aphrodite senior escort; Noma and Corsair also present.

August 14—At 7 P. M. U. S. S. Montanan, of east-bound convoy of 17 ships, torpedoed about 46-40 N., 12-25 W. Her 81 survivors picked up by Noma. At 10 P. M. U. S. S. Cubore torpedoed and sank in hour. Her 50 survivors picked up by Etourdi or Aisne (French destroyers). Torpedo passed under stern of another merchant ship in convoy.

August 15—At 1 A. M. West Bridge torpedoed; five lost and her 99 survivors, including two American girls dressed in dungarees and watch caps, picked up by Burrows after spending twelve hours in small boats. Sea smooth. Aphrodite reported having seen large submarine submerge; Drayton dropped depth charges on oil slick; result uncertain. At 9 P. M. Reid left convoy at 18 knots to join incoming ships.

August 16—Early made contact with eastbound convoy of 14 vessels, two French destroyers and two others. At 3 P. M. Montanan sank, Concord and other tugs from Brest being too far off to help her. West Bridge reported sinking and captain wired he had no hope of saving her, but flour in her hold kept her floating and she made Brest two or three days later. French vessels rushed to her rescue. Crew called to general quarters at midnight on firing of green rocket, and Captain Davidson announced that somebody had been tampering with the torpedo tubes.

August 17—Smooth and quiet except for radios saying "Idaho" was being shelled by submarine. French vessels sped to aid.

August 18 (Sunday)—On order of Lamson (flag), anchored at Royan, near Bordeaux, at noon and had liberty for first and second sections. Left at 7 P. M. for Brest; 18 knots.

- August 19—At 9 A. M. Reid and Lamson arrived at Brest. Burrows alongside Repair Ship Bridgeport. Franklin D. Roosevelt, accompanied by Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, addressed the sailors at the navy hut; called for best efforts to whip the Germans, and made quite an impression as a humorist.
- August 20—Little, Conner, Wainwright and Winslow in; Warrington, Nicholson, Ericsson and McDougal out. Boatswain's mates and officers trying to reform the "Dungaree Navy" with drills and regulations, but not getting away with it. Ens. Wilson returned from Paris. Madawaska stood out.
- August 21—McDougal out; Vedette, Remlik, Warrington, Noma, Sigourney and Little in. Lamson came alongside.
- August 22—Burrows, Conner, Roe, Winslow, Wadsworth and Sigourney out; Lamson in. Mess attendant who refused to press commanding officer's pants and seaman disrespectful to petty officer released from five days confinement in paint locker on bread and water.
- August 23—took aboard this date 250 tons of coal.
- August 24—Macdonough, Preston and Flusser stood in. Lieut. Smith left on 10-day leave. David T. Sanders, boatswain's mate, and Paul D. Seghers, yeoman, left for the United States on the same ship. Panic in the yeoman office due to alleged shortage of available help.
- August 25 (Sunday)—At 4:30 P. M. set sail with Smith toward States with two gilgadgets—War Python and Manchester Castle. Nine knots and rough during night.
- August 26—Sea piped down and book entitled "Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla" proved

popular below. At 1:50 P. M. had steering engine trouble and steered a while aft by hand.

August 27—A British destroyer with captive balloon sighted. At 1 A. M. bade farewell to War Python and Manchester Castle, and at 4:30 A. M. made contact with 18 gilgadgets of seven knot speed in a pinch, Middlesex included. Flusser flagship now; Smith, Preston, Yser (French destroyer) and six British destroyers. Convoy separated in afternoon, 11 gilgadgets going to England and six gilgadgets toward Brest, us with them. Smooth and pleasant.

August 28—At 9 A. M. man was reported overboard from merchant ship, and Reid's life preservers were made ready to heave. Went back and searched but could find nothing, so rejoined convoy at 18 knots. At 11:05 A. M. passed body of Frenchman floating to port side. At 4 P. M. Ens. Wilson snapped some kodak pictures on the forecastle. Made base at Brest at 5 P. M. and went to coaling instead of liberty. Finished coaling at 12:20 A. M.; 125 tons.


August 29—Smith coaling ship. Reid moored alongside Drayton. Lieut. Wentworth H. Osgood reported aboard for duty from Flag Office, Brest. O'Brien stood in. U. S. Ss. Konigin Nederlanden, Martha Washington and Henderson stood out with Drayton, Lamson, Warrington, O'Brien, Nicholson and Parker.

August 30—Underway at 1 P. M. convoying Von Steuben, America and Martha Washington (?) westward at 16-17 knots, accompanied by Roe and others.

August 31—At 9 P. M. left convoy. At 10:35 P. M. Roe flashed breakdown lights, steaming ahead. Gave left rudder and passed her safely.

## Chapter VIII.

### NEARING THE END.

N the fall of 1918 the problem of feeding Europe in addition to the American armies was serious, and numerous small cargo vessels were pressed into service. These vessels traveled slowly and the work of escorting them was tedious. This chapter describes a number of interesting experiences.

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September 1 (Sunday)—Met eastbound convoy at 7:50 A. M. At 8:50 A. M. Cruiser Huntington (?) left convoy. John Sweeney, returning from visit to son at Province Loire et Chere, had run in with shore patrol and waited for Reid to return. **Peronne recovered by Allies.**

September 2—At 11:50 A. M. Brazilian merchant ship hoisted breakdown flag and fell behind. At 5:30 P. M. sighted three submarine chasers escorting 35 gilgadgets steering southwest. About 9 P. M. Fanning flashed "man overboard" lights, but did not stop. Reid searched but found nobody.

September 3—Made base at 10:30 A. M. with twelve ships. One ship listing to port as Reid passed, heavy with doughboys, who cheered. John Sweeney reported aboard for duty following jollification. Paymaster came aboard. La-France, Burrows, Whipple and Rambler stood in; Cummings and Little out.

September 4—Jarvis in England (Liverpool) for overhaul. Czaritza in; Conner, Winslow, Macdonough, Wainwright and Wadsworth out.

September 5—Report said Mt. Vernon torpedoed in slow westbound convoy and proceeding back to Brest under own power. Ericsson, Sigourney

and Princess Matoika out. D. H. Hughes and J. Thomas Cavannaugh, seamen, while painting ship's side on raft, went adrift with a boat-hook, and were picked up by Prometheus liberty boat. Reid towed to commercial dock and coaled all night.

September 6—At 2 P. M. Mt. Vernon stood in, having been torpedoed; report said 36 lost lives. Slight list to starboard and ship was 12 feet low in water, due to leakage. At 3 P. M. Reid went alongside Tucker, which later stood out. At 6 P. M. Sigourney (flag), Reid and four others left Brest with homeward-bound convoy at 15 knots.

September 7—Wind 2-4, sea rough and weather variable. Coal quality inferior; best speed from coal, 18 knots. Firemen suffering from heavy work.

September 8 (Sunday)—Position four miles ahead of convoy. About noon left convoy because of poor coal, Sigourney and four continuing westward. Heard New York convoy was 17 hours late. Making five knots throughout night.

September 9—Dagfin, Norwegian steamer, reported by SOS in distress; Corsair ordered to stand by her until arrival of tugs from Brest. Reid steaming to kill time. At 5 A. M. Sigourney granted Reid's request to return to port due to inferior coal. Warrington near us, low in oil, returning to port at 18 knots; Reid at 15.

September 10—Warrington in at 3 P. M.; Reid at 5 P. M. Two-hour liberty granted crew, but on account of influenza epidemic among French sailors, no public places were visited. Bodies of 36 men reported taken out of firerooms of Mt. Vernon in dry dock.

September 11—Reid towed to alongside Coal Collier Astoria (Frieda Leonhardt), Harry C. Black



and Waring P. Carrington, Jr., "commanding."  
Coaling all night from Astoria.

September 12—Liberty cut off due to influenza. Finished coaling about 5 A. M. and at 6:30 A. M. sailed with Warrington, Little (flag), and Lamson at 15 knots toward England. **Americans launched hot attack against St. Mihiel salient.**

September 13—At 7 A. M. picked up large east-bound convoy of gilgadgets. At 8 A. M. convoy separated and American destroyers proceeded with five, including Osage, toward Brest at 9 knots. Arrived Brest in afternoon. Wanderer stood out. Heard Reid would soon go to England for dry dock repairs.

September 14—Newspapers announced big American success at St. Mihiel. Flusser, Smith and Corona stood in with convoy. At 3:10 P. M. Yacht Rambler caught fire near sea wall. Bridgeport sent fire and rescue party; little damage. Liberty restored, but no admission to public places.

September 15 (Sunday)—Transports Plattsburg (old New York) and Harrisburg stood in; Whipple out. **Austria despatched a peace note.**

September 16—Ericsson stood in. Flusser bent starboard boat davit coming alongside. Crew put on 72 tons of coal from lighter. Visiting officer precipitated hot discussion in wardroom by reflecting on Admiral Wilson's sea legs. Captain Andre M. Procter, of the Panther, was praised as an officer without an opportunity in the big war. Captain Davidson "broken down with sea service" and gone to hospital.

September 17—At 8 A. M. crew drew small stores. Ensign Murdoch on "win-the-war" voyage to Paris. Lieutenant W. H. Osgood, executive officer, commanding temporarily, impressed crew very favorably as a navigator by backing Reid

outside breakwater and righting her in ten minutes; best previous time, 30 minutes. Underway at 4 P. M. with Lamson and one to meet incoming convoy; 18 knots. Executive officer slightly sea-sick and got underway to gravity tank.

September 18—Uneventful. Night perfect, with moonlight and water in ripples.

September 19—At 3 A. M. bumped unexpectedly into convoy in rain storm, convoy being 10 hours ahead of time. Included Mallory (flag), Mongolia, one Britisher (lagging) and six others, all containing American troops. Cruiser Huntington left convoy at 7:10 A. M. for United States.

September 20—Making 13 knots. About 5 P. M. Taylor (94), new oil-burning destroyer, fired guns and depth charges at submarine. Reid went to general quarters; fired six depth charges, but saw nothing. Sea smooth. Sigourney flagship.

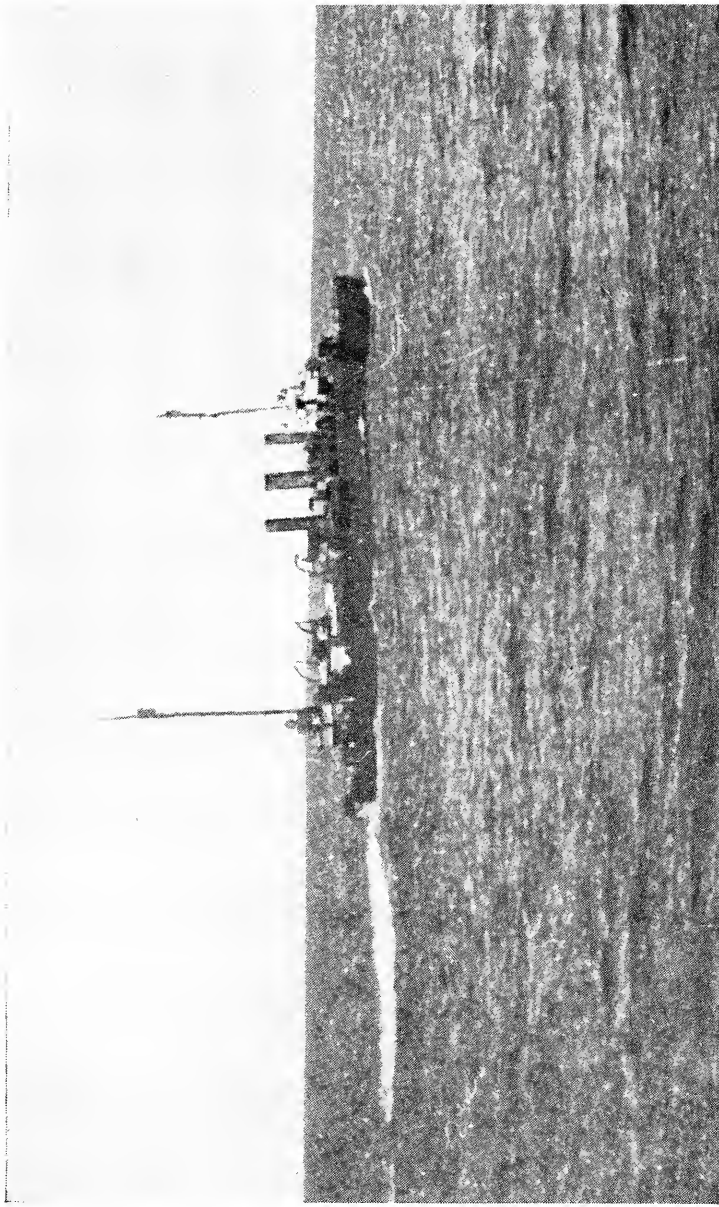
September 21—Moonlight on 12-4 A. M. watch. At 9:30 A. M. arrived at Brest with convoy. Liberty granted at 1 P. M. Lieutenant Henry S. M. Clay and Ensign John A. Wilson detached and ordered to new destroyers in United States, Mr. Wilson going to Paris for a week on important business. Mr. Murdoch returned from Paris duty. Huron stood inside breakwater. U. S. S. Rintintin left Prometheus. O'Brien alongside Lamson. Lady friend in Wisconsin sent forward compartment a 5-pound box of marsh-mallows.

September 22 (Sunday)—Broad Arrow stood in; Flusser, Lamson and Warrington out. Crew roused out at 7:20 A. M. Had cakes and syrup and corned beef hash for breakfast; vegetable soup for dinner. While crew was coaling ship (at 3 P. M.), received word from Washington



### THAT ONE GAVE FRITZ A HEADACHE!

Letting loose a depth charge at 20 knots, with a considerable percentage of the crew gathered back aft to witness the performance. Near Brest, 1918.



#### DESTROYER CONNER WITH 60-70 TIPPECANOE SURVIVORS

On July 25, 1918, the Reid, the Conner and the Fanning raced after survivors of U. S. S. Tippecanoe, sunk about 44-36 N., 16-52 W. The Reid passed wreckage, but the Conner got the crew. Then Reid and Conner sped to intercept sub shelling British ship Zamora.



### ONE GENT NOT WORRYING ABOUT THE WAR

A broken-down French millionaire golfer whose name is withheld for obvious reasons; he is an all-round good fellow—will drink to your health and at your expense.



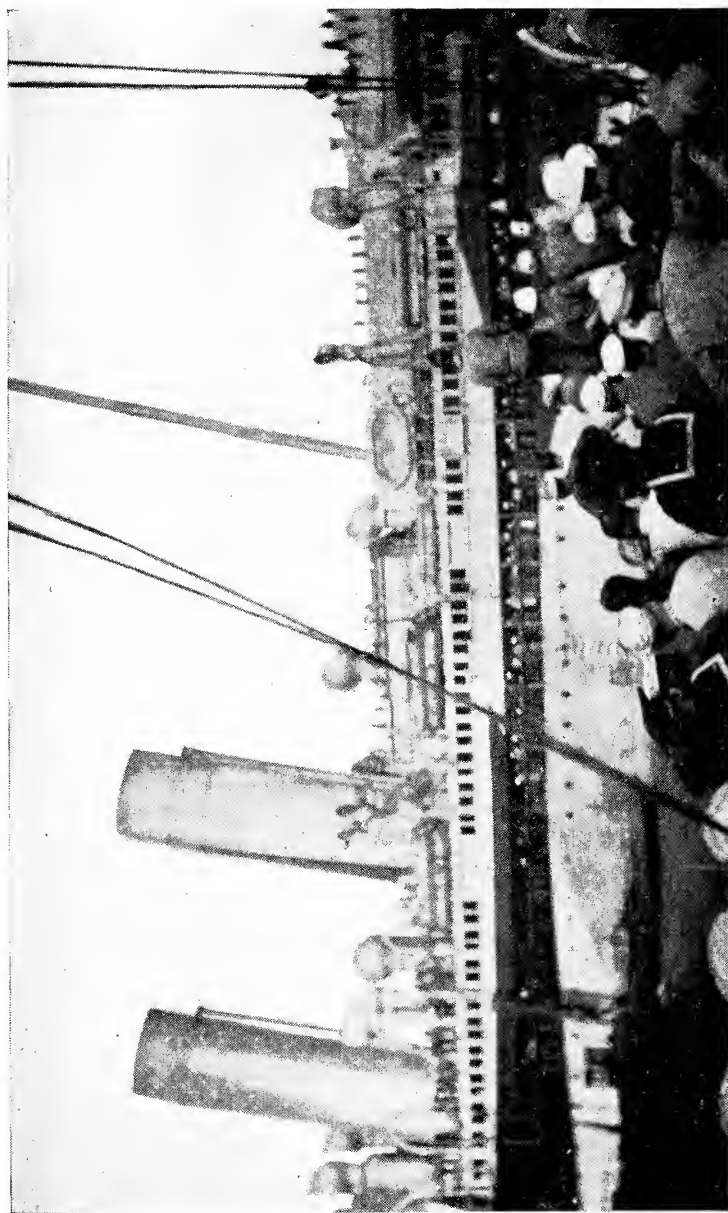
### THE KIND OF SHOOTING THAT MADE THE U-BOATS DUCK

Gunner Frank W. Kluge and crew of No. 2 Gun caught just after knocking down a target with the second shot. The target fell before the forecastle gun "got on," and practice was over. Frank could always shoot the eyes off of a frog.



#### SORT OF A CRUCIAL MOMENT—

But Madame Breton stayed on the box and caught the ferry to Plougastel. A typical French peasant woman whose thrift has made her prosperous even in war times.



#### CREW WATCHING TORPEDOED MT. VERNON AS SHE PUT INTO BREST

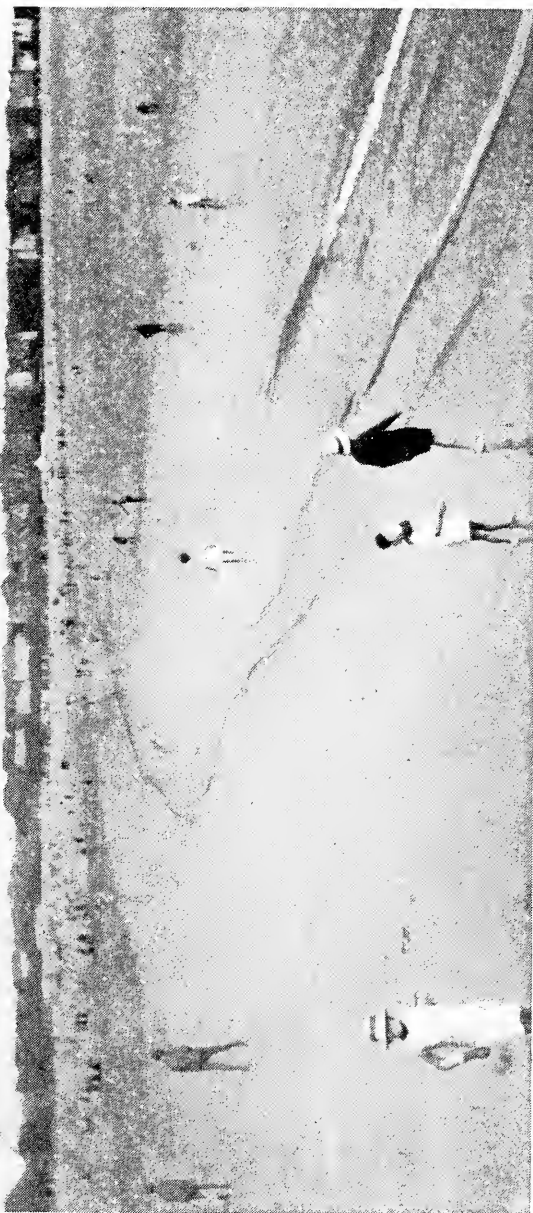
This giant transport, formerly the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, was struck by torpedo Sept. 5, 1918, and 36 of her fireroom crew were killed. Twelve small craft tugged her into dry dock. When the war started she was chased into Boston with \$10,000,000 of German-American gold.





### **“CHIPS” CAUGHT DOING SOME WORK**

Frank E. Cooper, carpenter's mate, taken through the yeoman office porthole. His nemesis, Lieut. Smith, is probably lingering on the forecastle just above.



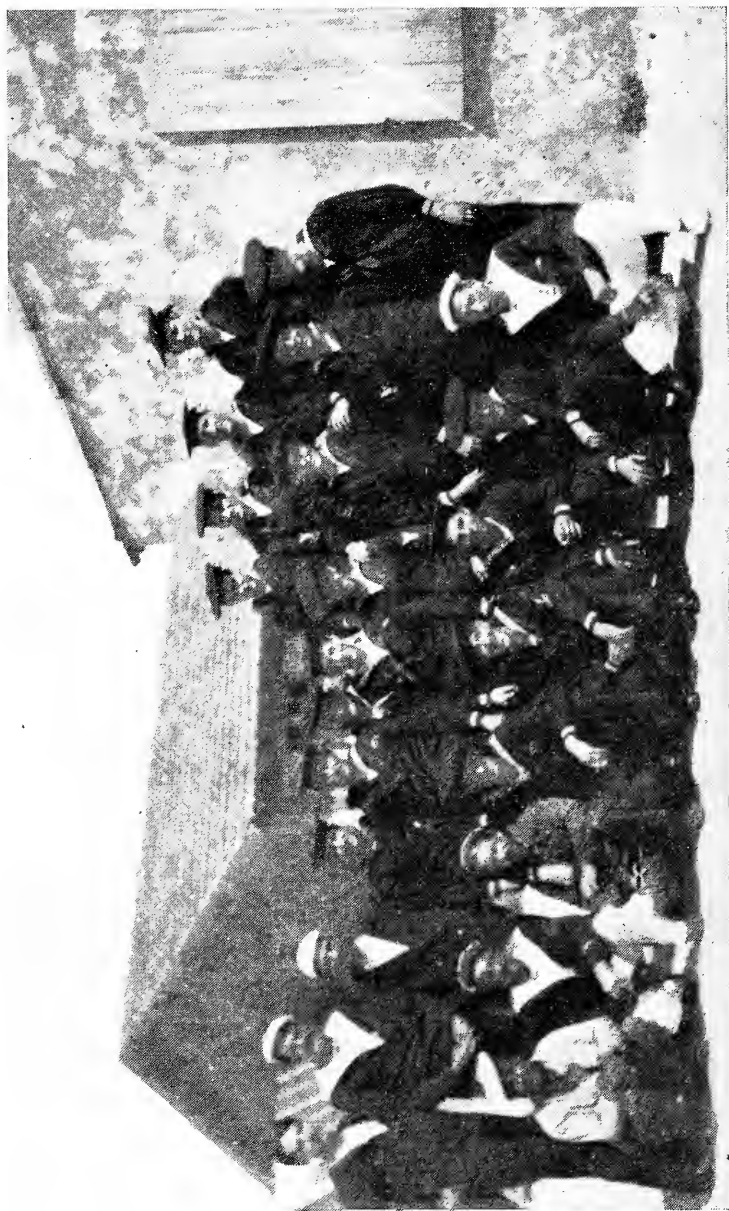
### A REFRESHING OASIS IN THE DESERT OF SEA LIFE—

Royan, France, Aug. 18, 1918. Dropping into this crisp French summer resort for five hours, we found much of interest in the way of architecture, promenades, mademoiselles, Punch and Judy shows and champagne. The bathing costumes, by the way, proved an eye-opener.



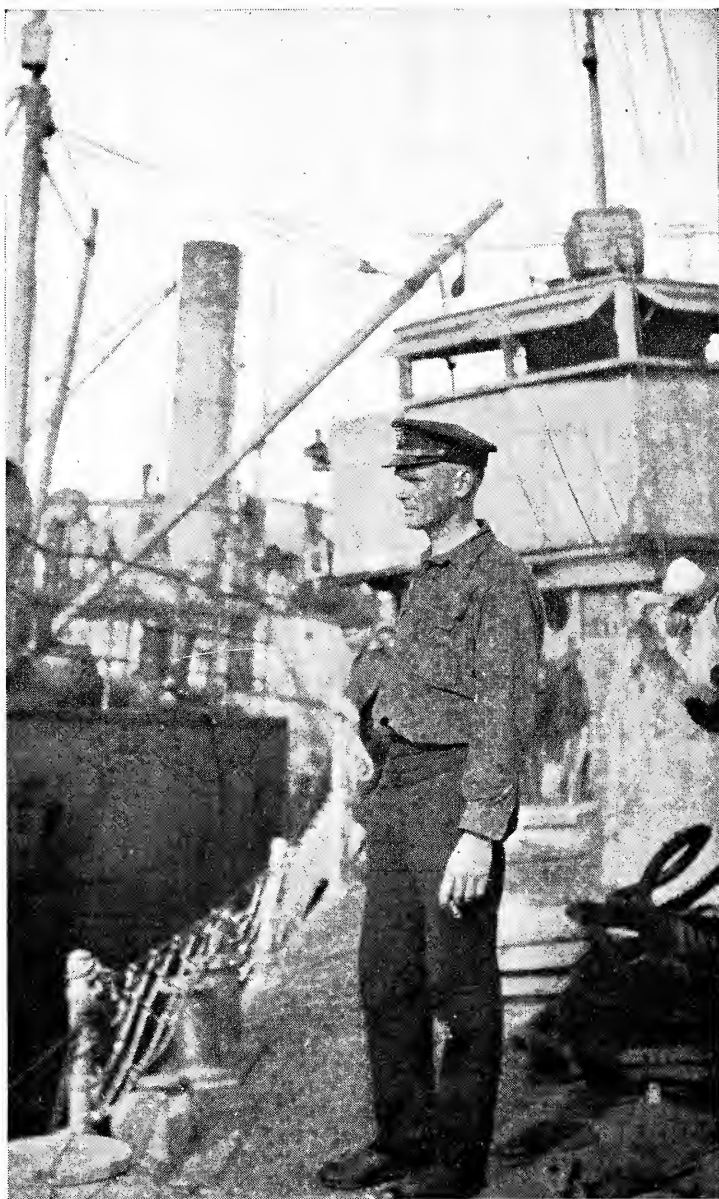
### ASHORE AND FULL OF BUSINESS

A group of our gobs, hearing of a gin-mill around the corner at Royan, France, on Aug. 18, 1918, set out to find it. They probably succeeded.



### THE BEST FRIENDS IN THE WORLD

Our experiences in France taught us the value of French friendship. Here we see a liberty party from the Reid fraternizing with French sailors at Royan, Aug. 18, 1918. From this point the visitors went to the bathing beach, which proved quite a breezy affair.



### A MAN OF SENSE AND DOLLARS, TOO

Lieut. Jas. H. Smoth, Jr., of Portland, Me., in civil life automobile manufacturer and contractor, in "uncivil life" "first luff," who dared to smoke cigars on the forecastle.



#### MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE FRENCH

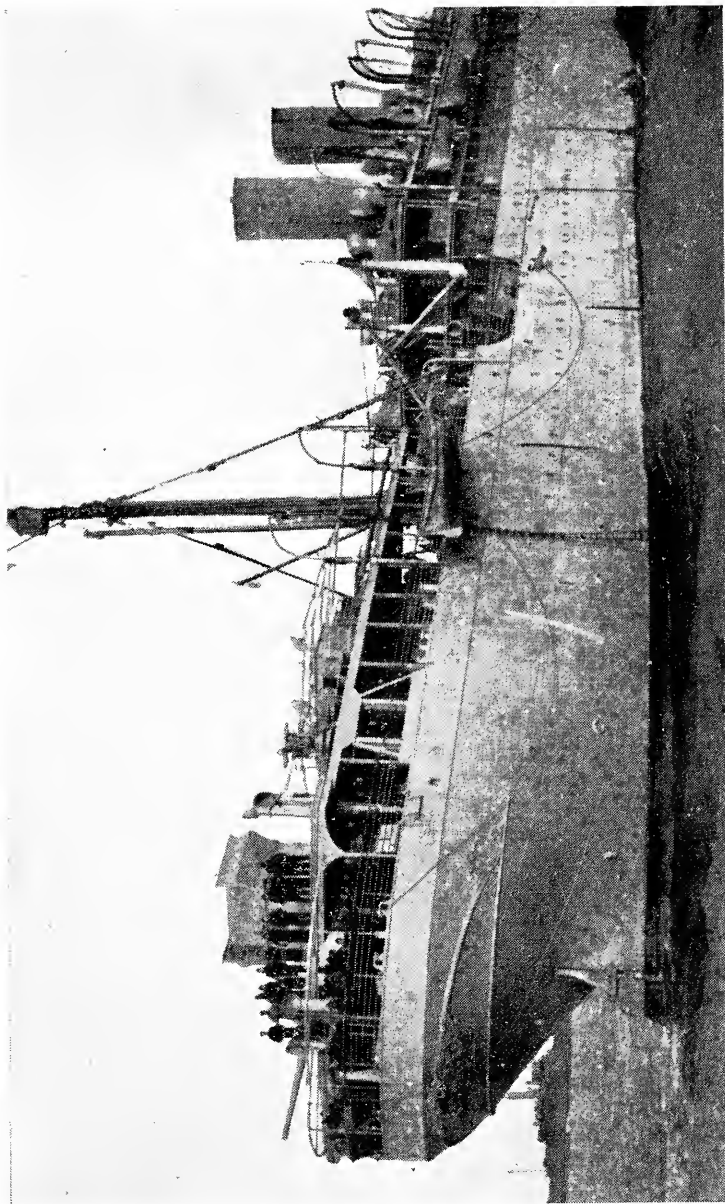
Wilbur C. Biggs, machinist's mate, and Paul W. Gaskins, seaman, digging frog houses in the sand at Royan, mouth of the Gironde river, near Bordeaux, Aug. 18, 1918. The polite little boy in the man's hat conducted a party to the Casino and the Punch and Judy show.



**"BON-JOUR! VOULEZ-VOUS PROMENADE?"**

Rue de Siam, the main business street of Brest, where the gobs bought most of their souvenirs and gathered to tell their strangest yarns.





#### CLOSE-UP OF A GERMAN SHIP SERVING UNCLE SAM

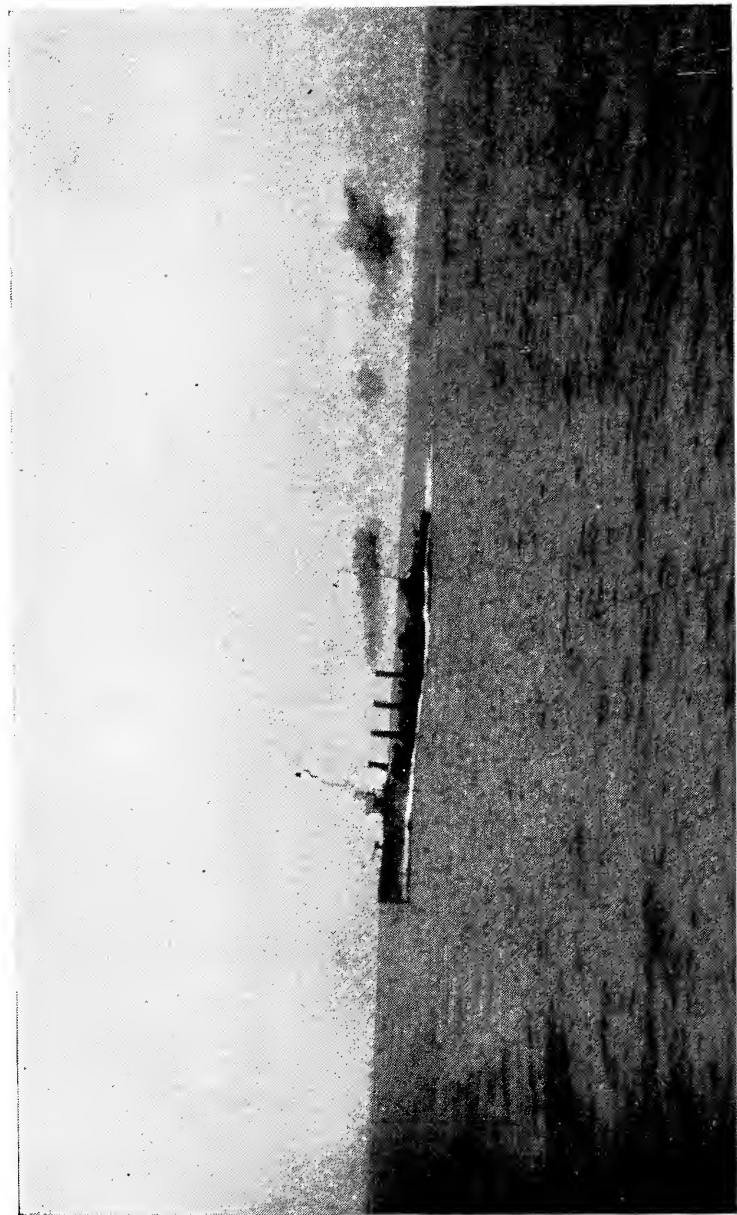
The Aeolus (formerly Grosser Kurfurst), with after gun crew on Dec. 28, 1917, at Quiberon Bay, France. This vessel was flagship on the above date and carried the Reid, Lamson and Flusser into a storm. She was in dry dock when the Reid left Brooklyn, July 2, 1917.





### OUR LEADING BARITONE

Dave Curran, boatswain's mate, used to sell automatic fire extinguishers, but he has been advised to put out high notes in Grand Opera.



#### A GAME LITTLE SEA WASP—"RED MIKE'S" BATTEAU

The Destroyer Preston kicking out 18 knots going to the Azores from Bermuda in July, 1917, in company with this vessel as flagship. During their two months in the Azores the Preston and the Reid steamed practically all the time together.

that Reid was allowed a star on forward smoke stack for damaging submarine U-48 ("Pen-March Pete") on March 18, 1918, and Clarence M. Stanley, fireman, painted the star on in 30 minutes. Liberty at 4 P. M. and for supper the ship's cook prepared a Brunswick stew.

September 23—Crew up at 4:25 A. M. coaling ship. U. S. Ss. Sylvan Arrow and McDougal stood in; Manchuria, Burrows, Sigourney and Cushing out. Captain Davidson returned aboard from hospital. Coal at base reported low. At 4 P. M. Reid, Lamson, Flusser and Monaghan left Brest convoying Harrisburg and Plattsburg westward. Heavy seas and compartments receiving water.

September 24—Continued rough and many of crew were sea-sick, especially New Navy men, who went on diet of lemon drops. J. A. Lynch, machinist's mate, snapped out of bunk and hurt knee on stanchion; Paul H. Schaiblein, gunner's mate, sleeping on forward compartment deck, unable to stay in bunk. Taking waves over the forecastle; wardroom a sight. Officers' soup spilt four times on top of galley range, and galley deck two inches deep in water. Probably sharpest short blow experienced yet, rivalling Cardiff storm. Storekeeper Hines was heard to remark: "I've seen waves come over that forecastle that no human man could stand up under." **Allied drives continued.**

September 25—Calmer, and began to talk to east-bound convoy, which was 17 hours late. Crew aired bedding on deck. Nearly 1,000 miles west of base, setting record. Cushing, Burrows and Reid left convoy and formed scouting line, going slowly to kill time. Cushing asked if Reid had enough fuel; answered yes. Cushing's short course plan put us with convoy at 5:45 P. M.

This convoy carried nearly 40,000 American troops, probably the largest number so far escorted, and the ships included the Pocahontas (flag), Finland, Patria (French), Henderson, Konigin der Nederlanden, Martha Washington, Calamares, and three others; the destroyers Sigourney (flag), Harding (91), Wadsworth, Benham, Porter, Reid and five others; the Battleship New Hampshire and a cruiser of unknown name, perhaps the Huntington. At 11:30 P. M. the New Hampshire and the cruiser turned back toward the United States. **Bulgaria proposed armistice to Allies.**

September 26—Sea smooth and weather variable. Transport signalled over to ask what Reid's star was for. Replied that it was awarded for bagging submarine. First trip to sea with star on stack. Held target practice, with good score, then rejoined convoy.

September 27—At 2 A. M. Finland and Henderson collided. Finland lit up like a church and destroyers flashed red lights. Convoy sped up for fear of torpedoing. Damage small and Finland and Henderson soon underway and rejoined convoy after daylight. A small sand-piper blown out to sea in storm alighted on deck and was chased by seamen and mess attendants; finally perched on Lieutenant Smith's cocoa matting on forecastle, Lieutenant Gale from bridge ordering seamen and mess attendants to give the bird a chance. Porter, ahead, shot several "ash cans" at suspicious wake, and explosions were heard and felt through skin of ship. Crew piled out from below decks to participate in the excitement, but nothing was seen. At 11 P. M. Sigourney warned Benham to put out light. **Hindenburg line broken in the west.**

September 28—About 10 A. M. tied up at Brest with convoy and destroyers. A lot of dough-boys hung over to port to admire our star, causing perceptible list. John S. Watters, Jr., Lieut., USN., and Paul F. Shortridge, Lieut., USN., reported aboard for duty from England. Von Steuben and Warrington stood out. Manuscript of book for crew was returned this date from Washington with word that book could not be considered for publication during progress of war. At 9:16 P. M. started coaling ship from Coal Collier Blanchette.

September 29 (Sunday)—Continued coaling ship from Blanchette, and finished about daylight. America, Agamemnon, Flusser, Roe, Cummings and Tucker stood in. Lamson came alongside Reid. Cold and raining. Jesse James Neville, machinist's mate of Rabun Gap, Ga., this date caught the wrong liberty boat (Henderson's) returning from liberty, and on passing within 100 yards of Reid, jumped overboard and swam to his ship in his blues; was pulled onto fantail by shipmates. **Bulgaria surrendered to Allies.**

September 30—Louisville out; Stewart in.

October 1—Macdonough, Stringham (83) and Patterson (36) stood in; Sigourney, Winslow, Porter, Jarvis, Wadsworth, Ericsson, Warrington, Nicholson and Conner stood out. Shoved off Paris party of two men, and one man to Morlaix. Commanding Officer raved when approached at midnight by yeoman requesting information as to progress of Will Mulholland's permanent appointment as chief water tender; commanding officer made a move as if to inflict condign punishment, but changed his mind, pulling coverlets over his head and going to sleep instead. **St. Quentin recaptured by Allies.**

- Oct 2—At 6:30 A. M. underway with Lamson (flag); 15.5 knots; going west to meet incoming convoy. At 1:15 P. M. went to general quarters and investigated pronounced oil slick; patrolled at 18 knots and secured on failure to develop anything interesting.
- Oct. 3—Early picked up convoy. At 9:50 Agamemnon and America with destroyer escort passed dead ahead.
- Oct. 4—Steaming ahead of convoy. At 10:25 P. M. sighted lighthouse two points on starboard bow. **King Ferdinand of Bulgaria abdicated the throne.**
- Oct. 5—At 4:10 A. M. entered breakwater at Brest and tied up to Flusser; Lamson to Reid. Liberty 1 P. M. to 10. P. M. At 7 P. M. Flusser stood out.
- Oct. 6 (Sunday)—Little stood out. At 10 A. M. Reid started coaling from British Coal Collier Ellind; put on 165 tons.
- Oct. 7—Drayton, Flusser, Burrows, McDougal and Sigourney stood in.
- Oct. 8.—Flusser towed to Ellind to coal. Erricsson, Jarvis and Nicholson stood out.
- Oct. 9—At 6:30 A. M. underway with Lamson (flag), steaming southwest at 15 knots. Sea calm and weather pleasant. Lieut. Osgood started a new "reform": put yeomen to work doing paper work at sea, trying to pull battleship stuff by compiling Ship's Order Book. **Cambrai recaptured by British.**
- Oct. 10—Smooth sailing. Ran upon two British trawlers on way from Lisbon to Falmouth, one with green sail rigged out, which appeared to be firing on object. Reid held general quarters. Trawler skippers denied they were shooting, but declared they had seen submarine Sunday night,

- Sept. 29. Commanding Officer yelled stereotyped "Good-bye and good luck!"
- Oct. 11—Flusser joined. At 6 A. M. picked up convoy of 16 ships from States mostly bound for Bordeaux; Espiegle (French) senior ship, and Yacht May also present. Radio shack reported several submarines, but none in our course. Making ten knots. Commanding Officer explained to landsman on bridge uses of annunciator, pelorus, ladder to searchlight platform, the wheel and such nautical things. Rough most of the day; wind 2-5. Left ships bound for Bordeaux and with Lamson proceeded at 11 knots toward Brest with Oil Tanker Maumee; seven submarine positions reported, with four submarines sighted, but none near us. At 10:30 P. M. ship on port side (Maumee) flashed breakdown lights. At 10:55 P. M. Maumee turned off running lights and white lights and slowly dropped astern.
- Oct. 12—As before with convoy; now making 9 knots.
- Oct. 13 (Sunday)—At 3:45 A. M. Maumee again showed breakdown lights; turned left and crossed Reid's stern. Smooth sea. At 8 Reid took soundings; sand and gravel bottom at 25 fathoms. At 2:25 P. M. Aphrodite, Noma, Corsair and seven vessels of convoy turned astern and Lamson rejoined Reid. **French recaptured Laon.**
- Oct. 14—At 7:05 A. M. sighted rocks and Pen March Light abeam. At 9 A. M. entered Brest and moored alongside H. M. S. Throstle. At 10 A. M. paymaster paid crew. Liberty.
- Oct. 15—Crew started coaling at 6:30 A. M. from Collier Throstle. Kenmoor, Armagh, Little, Bell (95), Monaghan and Nicholson stood out; Arizaba, Siboney and Stringham in. At 10 P.

M., J. Sweeney, engineman, first class, reported loss in seamen's compartment of 800 francs and a \$50 bill in pocketbook. Poker players looked nervous until Sweeney found booty stuck in his own sock. **British captured Lens.**

Oct. 16—Little, Sigourney, Jarvis, McDougal, Cummings, Burrows, Wadsworth and Warrington stood out. Rumor says all German submarines will be called in to bases Thursday, Oct. 17, and crew hopes to capture a "lame duck" in Bay of Biscay.

Oct. 17—Cushing, O'Brien, Stringham, Sigourney, Cummings and Drayton out. Looks like complete German defeat in 60 days or earlier. **Ostend, Lille and Douai recaptured by Allies.**

Oct. 18—Tucker stood out and Tug Hubbard in.

Oct. 19—Mt. Vernon left dry dock with starboard side sufficiently patched to make it back to States. French tug sunk inside breakwater in collision with American destroyer, with loss of one man. Little, Benham and Nicholson stood in; Vedette out. **Bruges, Belgium, recaptured by Allies.**

Oct. 20 (Sunday)—Destroyer work slackening up a bit; Reid has been lying in port a week, the longest in a year except when disabled. Underway at 3:30 P. M. with Tucker as flagship and Roe, Monaghan and one convoying Oil Tanker Maumee westward at 10 knots. Four radio decoders now working, which gives four hours on duty and 12 off. At 9:40 P. M. Tucker fired two green rockets and convoy changed course. **Belgian Coast cleared by Allies.**

Oct. 21—Smooth and uneventful. Only one submarine warning so far, off Lizard Head; probably a U-boat making its way back to base. At 9 P. M. left Maumee. Reid's position astern of Santore.



- Oct. 22—Continued pleasant and crew held general quarters and drills, after joining convoy at 5 A. M. Now 22 ships in convoy. Conner joined. Just before dark seven British destroyers appeared and took 14 ships toward England, 8 remaining with American destroyers. One submarine reported; a straggler off Pen March.
- Oct. 23—Weather sunshiny and crisp. Opened ports and played phonograph, and crew lolled about deck. One ship lagging behind and Reid with it; 10 knots. Passed Benham and Mt. Vernon, bound for Boston. Arrived at Brest 3:30 P. M. and made liberty. Harvard and Stewart stood in; Truxtun out.
- Oct. 24—Roe and Harvard stood in. Sigourney out. Wadsworth went alongside Plattsburg, then out.
- Oct. 25—Murray (97) and Preston stood out. Feltore towed out of French Navy Yard after discharging cargo of locomotives for American Army. Von Steuben and Agamemnon stood in with Stringham, Cushing, Benham, Nicholson, Parker, Worden, O'Brien and Drayton. **Ludendorff resigned as chief of the German Army Staff.**
- Oct. 26—Report said America had been sunk at pier in New York by German sympathizer, and that Austria had surrendered. Vedette stood out; Bell and convoy stood in.
- Oct. 27 (Sunday)—Prometheus diving party came aboard and examined Reid's propellers; one blade supposed to have been bent. Parker and Monaghan stood out; Northern Pacific, Benham and Flusser stood in. Westward-Ho stood outside of breakwater. Harvard out. Reid moored alongside Macdonough. Lieut. Comdr. Comfort B. Platt reported aboard for duty. **Austria sued Allies for peace.**

- Oct. 28—At 11:05 P. M. crew started coaling ship. **Italians crossed River Piave; Austrians in full flight.**
- Oct. 29—At 9 A. M. Lieut. Comdr. W. S. Davidson was detached and left the ship for the States, and Lieut. Comdr. Comfort B. Platt, formerly in command of the Harvard, succeeded to command. At 9:30 A. M. Sigourney (flag), Reid and six other destroyers left Brest with convoy of 10 ships headed west, at 12 knots. Reid zig-zagging ahead of convoy, five miles. **Serbs reached the Danube, going strong.**
- Oct. 30—Rough weather; secured motor dory to prevent loss. Still five miles ahead of convoy; no submarines reported. **Turks granted armistice.**
- Oct. 31—Continued rough. Several officers seasick and chased seamen off gravity tank. Smoke sighted on horizon. Now 750 miles west of Brest. At noon left convoy and maneuvered; caught it again. Made contact with eastbound convoy, escorted by Battleship New Hampshire and others, and turned back toward Brest. **American drive on West Front turning German Army retreat into rout.**
- Nov. 1—New Hampshire left convoy and turned toward America. In this convoy were Pocahontas (flag), Hospital Ship Comfort, a Brazilian ship, an Italian (Duc D' Aosta) and four others, all with troops except Comfort, which had Red Cross nurses. Escorted by Little, Lamson, Monaghan, O'Brien and Reid. Passed a French ship and a British ship at noon which dipped to us, and we returned the salute as soon as a quartermaster could run back aft. Storm hit ships in afternoon, probably second worst in 15 months. Reid's engines went dead five minutes, due to water in engine room, and crew was ordered to

deck to stand by with life preservers; motor boat wrecked; wardroom furniture smashed, books and clothing scattered around deck. Keen competition among New Navy officers and men for places on gravity tank, with an occasional Old Navy sailor horning in. "Pork Chops" Brown and Coppersmith Denning continued chewing tobacco and swallowing the juice. An officer declared he would try for a shore job if he ever made port.

Nov. 2—Storm continued and drove Comfort away from other ships, and Little was detailed by Brest to find her. Coal low; only 95 tons at 4 P. M. **British captured Valenciennes.**

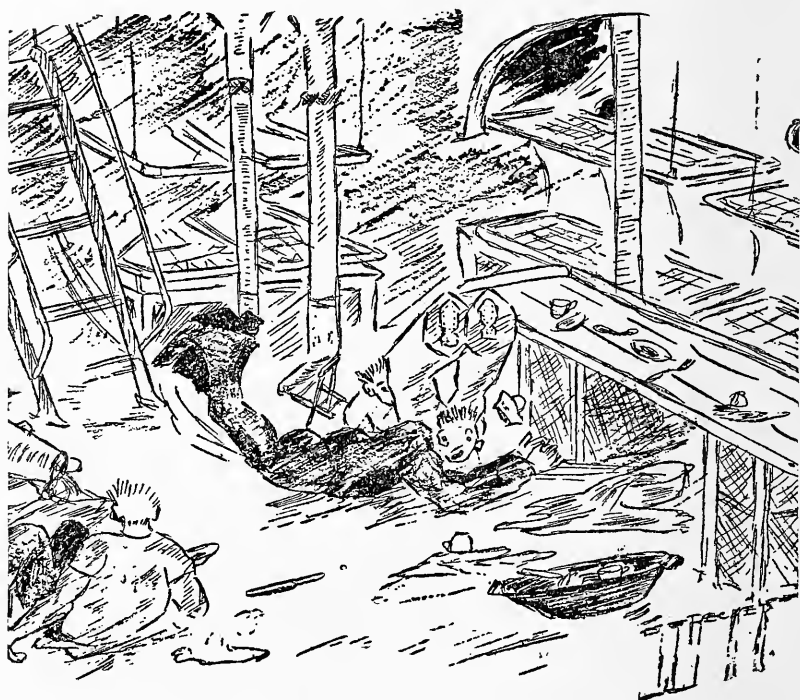
Nov. 3 (Sunday)—Weather more settled. Pocahontas, Sigourney and Reid together. Little trying to reach Comfort by wireless, but without much luck. Comfort hove in sight at 1 P. M. and took position. At 2:30 P. M. tied up in Brest, and crew made liberty. **Austria surrendered; mutiny at Kiel.**

Nov. 4—Rough inside breakwater. Fire ashore one block off Rue de Siam; Frenchmen in shiny brass helmets fought fire unsuccessfully for two hours; doughboys then arriving, without helmets, put fire out in ten minutes. **Versailles armistice agreement adopted.**

Nov. 5—Reid and Lamson towed to Coal Collier Throstle. Macdonough stood out. At 2:15 P. M. Roe stood out for United States, with homeward bounder flying in the breeze. Reid was ordered this date to haul down submarine star awarded Sept. 22, 1918 for damaging U-Boat 48 on March 18, the reason being given that rival claims for honor had put the matter in controversy. **Full powers given Marshal Foch by Allies; President**


**Wilson fired his last shot at Germany through the medium of a note.**

**Nov. 6—Coaling from dock at 7:30 A. M.; 255 tons. No liberty. At 5 P. M. went alongside French Schooner Alsace. Lamson, Stringham and Porter stood out. American Army reached Sedan.**



## Chapter IX.

### THE ARMISTICE IS SIGNED

HE Reid and a half dozen other Brest destroyers were at sea when the armistice with the Germans was signed. They received first definite word of it through a French message; then came an American message saying enemy submarines were not to be fired upon unless they committed overt acts. When the news was received aboard, the sailors broke into a mighty cheer. During this period we took a "rest"—three whole days at Bordeaux, and nothing to do.

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Nov. 7—Left Brest at 7 A. M. for Quiberon Bay. No submarine warnings. Arrived Quiberon Bay at noon. Picked up Steamer Euripides and steamed out to sea. Weather a bit rough. **Bavarians proclaimed a republic.**

Nov. 8—At 1 P. M. left Euripides and turned back toward Quiberon. Sighted French patrol boat on starboard bow. At night burning side lights (screened) for first time since leaving the Azores.

Nov. 9—At 2:30 A. M. arrived at Quiberon. Passed convoy of four ships putting to sea. At 9 A. M. swung ship. At 1 P. M. underway for Lorient, up the coast. At 2:30 P. M. arrived at Lorient, where had liberty at 3:30 P. M., and returned to ship at 9 P. M. **Gen. Foch received German peace envoys. Kaiser Wilhelm II fled to Amerongen Castle, Holland. Prince Max of Baden resigned. People of Berlin staged mock revolt.**

Nov. 10 (Sunday)—At 6 A. M. Hubbard came alongside. Capt. Platt (the "Little Corporal") tried to turn around in narrow channel; stern stuck in mud and steering cable broke. After

hour and a half got off again (at 12:30 P. M.) and arrived at Quiberon at 2 P. M. Underway at 4 P. M. convoying U. S. S. Freedom (formerly the Iroquois) and British Steamer Ulysses. Smooth sea; making twelve knots. **British reached Mons.**

Nov. 11—Continued smooth. Held fire and collision drills. Received during morning a submarine warning from Lake Nereide (French?), with position given as 49-38 N., 01-39 W. Steering west true. At noon received wireless from Brest in French: "Hostilities cease 11 November beginning 11 A. M. Bretagne patrols continue with convoys in progress." This message was repeated to American Destroyers Reid, Truxtun, Taylor, Cummings, Bell and Drayton, all of which were proceeding on duty assigned. As it was read below deck the sailors cheered wildly, for it looked good to them. At 2:35 P. M. sighted two-masted schooner. At 3 P. M. sent farewell signals to Freedom and Ulysses and turned back toward Brest.

Nov. 12—At 1:30 A. M. wire to Truxtun from Devonport Station said: "Armistice is signed. Hostilities to cease forthwith. Submarines on surface are not to be attacked unless their hostile intentions are obvious." Arrived Brest 8:30 A. M. Dozens of French patrol vessels standing into Brest. At noon a French salute of 42 guns was fired. French ships flying all flags gaily; American ships flying flags as usual. Bands of Frenchmen, mostly sailors, paraded at Brest throughout night, shouting and singing; they were much more intoxicated than ordinarily, and the women of the shops joined in the celebration. Some American sailors and soldiers paraded with the French.

Nov. 13—Isabel, Benham and Preston in; Smith

## THE ARMISTICE IS SIGNED

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- and Benham out. Taylor and Lamson in. From 9:20 A. M. to 9:20 P. M. Reid coaling ship from Collier Ellind.
- Nov. 14—Tucker and Cushing out. Smith went to coal lighter to coal and Flusser went alongside Ellind to coal.
- Nov. 15—Hospital Ship Comfort stood inside breakwater and moored. O'Brien stood out. Preston finished coaling.
- Nov. 16—Truxtun stood in. Reid held captain's inspection of ship. Capt. Platt assigned three junior (civilian) officers to clean out whaleboat and scrape motor boat.
- Nov. 17 (Sunday)—Cushing stood in. Lieut. Comdr. E. S. R. Brandt, of the McDougal, commanding temporarily while Capt. Platt went to Paris for a week.
- Nov. 18—Drayton's motor boat caught afire near landing and gasoline tank was in danger of exploding. Coxswain of Pometheus liberty boat lost his head trying to tow motor boat. Passing small boats threw fire extinguishers to motor boat crew and after fifteen minutes fire was put out. Long Beach, which was beached on rocks off Pen-March in fall of 1917, put in after repairs in dry dock, having been almost continuously out of commission. Little and Stringham stood in, Wanderer out.
- Nov. 19—Murray (97) in. Warrington out. Comfort to outer harbor.
- Nov. 20—Conner, Bell and Warrington stood out with Comfort. Broad Arrow and Lamson stood out. Glacier and Terry stood in.
- Nov. 21—Captain's inspection of crew. Caldwell in; Taylor out. Lieut. W. H. Osgood detached for treatment at naval hospital, Washington, and was cheered by crew.

Nov. 22—Winslow, Monaghan and Little stood in; Fairfax (93), Stringham and Jarvis in. With French pilot aboard Reid got under way at 11 A. M. for Quiberon Bay; 15 knots. Anchored at 6:15 P. M. at Quiberon. Capt. Brandt refused to grant liberty, saying we were standing by on five minutes notice. Tied up for night. Squally over the bay.

Nov. 23—Under way at 7 A. M. piloting Hospital Ship Comfort out of harbor. Sea smoother. Left Comfort in an hour or two and hit up 20 knots for Brest, Capt. Brandt declaring, "We don't want to hang around out here all day!" When off Pen March, 40 miles of Brest, 80 miles of Quiberon, Flag radio sent us back to Quiberon to pick up Stewart's motor boat. Reid's motor boat was made ready to go after Stewart's motor boat, but gasoline machinist could not make Reid's motor boat work, and had to bring Stewart's motor boat to ship with Reid's whale boat. Standing by on five minutes notice. Rolled in for the night.

Nov. 24 (Sunday)—Under way at 7 A. M. for Brest at 16 knots. Increased speed to 23.6 knots, then trimmed to ten knots on entering channel to Brest. Moored alongside port side of Prometheus and Tucker at noon. Expended 120 tons of coal on this trip, and cost at French Government's minimum price of \$20 per ton would be \$2400, not to mention wear and tear on the ship. Crew members ashore on liberty saw Algerian prince whose left arm and fingers of right hand had been cut off by Germans. He begged to go back to the front and cut off some German heads. Capt. Platt back from Paris with influenza, and Lieut. Comdr. Brandt reported for duty aboard McDougal.



Nov. 25—Little, McDougal and Preston stood out with two British transports. On returning at 9:30 P. M. from liberty in Brest in tug and small boats, the American sailors were hooted and jeered by crowd of French (mostly small boys) on bridge above. Several shouted "Americain no good!" French boys threw nut hulls and pebbles and spat upon sailors, who kept quiet. U. S. S. Nancy (otherwise known as a coal lighter) came along-side Reid with coal.

Nov. 26—Crew coaling ship from Nancy. Censorship lifted and sailors wrote a lot of love letters home. Wilkes, Beale and Sigourney stood in; Kimberly (80) out. Ensigns Brown and Murdoch notified of advancement to "jiggy jig." The leg of A. J. Lerner, quartermaster, second class, was injured this date by coal bucket striking it, but did not prevent him from continuing the evolution of coaling ship.

Nov. 27—Tucker stood in. Capt. Platt was sent to hospital for treatment for influenza.

Nov. 28 (Thanksgiving Day)—Lieut. Comdr. Vance D. Chapline, of the Fairfax, reported aboard for duty as commanding officer. Crew called to deck while mess cooks set up for chow, including roast turkey brought by the Plattsburg. Crew up at 6 A. M. and were granted 10 A. M. liberty. DeKalb put in with mail.

Nov. 29—At 4 P. M. departed for Bordeaux with Lamson and Preston on recreation trip. Reid flagship first time since May 25, 1918. Rough at start, but soon piped down. Picked up Mallory about midnight off Ile d'Yeu, making 15 knots.

Nov. 30—At 3 A. M. a lone steamer nearly ran into Reid. Blew him away with six toots on the whistle. At 1:30 P. M. arrived at Bordeaux after trip up Gironde River. Crew impressed with size

of docks and amount of material standing in rain. Had trouble finding anchorage, and steamed aimlessly around for a while. French pilot tried to come aboard in pulling boat, but Reid outran him. Pilot dropped back astern. Capt. Chapline bawled through megaphone at Lamson captain: "I don't know where to go. Anchor anywhere you like, but just leave room for me." Members of crew began to whisper of Capt. Chapline, "That little devil is all right; he don't claim to know it all!" Overnight liberty granted crew, and everything possible was done to impress Bordeaux with the fact that the Lamson, the Preston and the Reid had arrived.

Dec. 1 (Sunday)—International complications threatened when three members of crew, given 48-hour leave, went in direction of Spanish border and ran afoul of "intelligence" (not intelligent) authorities at Hendaye, France, the gateway to Spain in the Lower Pyrenees Mountains. Rumor started by irresponsible persons said three members of crew tried to capture "Pen-March Pete" at Ferrol, but this was denounced as a pure fabrication.

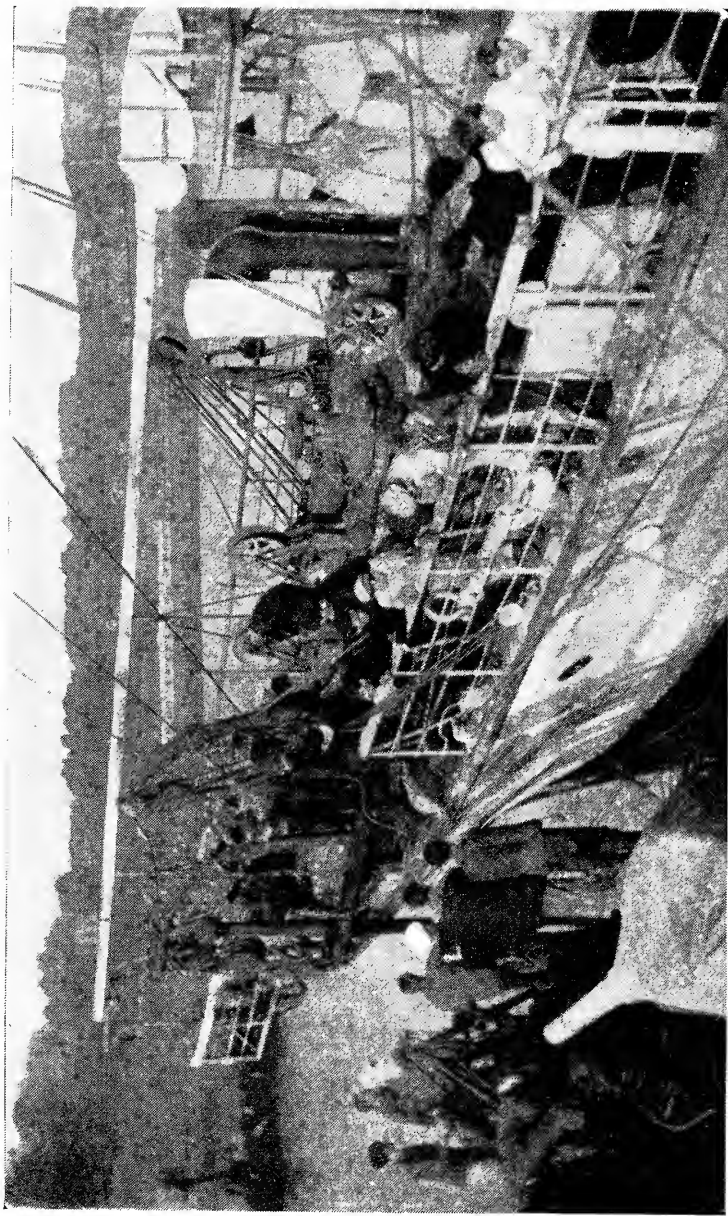
Dec. 2—Heavy fog continued to grip Bordeaux and to gum things up for near-sighted sailors on liberty.

Dec. 3—Crew roused out at 6:30 A. M. and at 10 A. M. lifted anchor and sailed for Brest. Tide strong and whisked Reid against a coal-lighter, propeller guard punching hole in it, then by backing on the engines we managed to nestle snugly up against the Danish Steamer Alf-Kobenhaven, whose sea cook shouted in tones none too soft: "What the hell you doing? Ha' you never run a boat before?" Shoved off from our new-found friends and tied up to dock to wait for fog to lift.



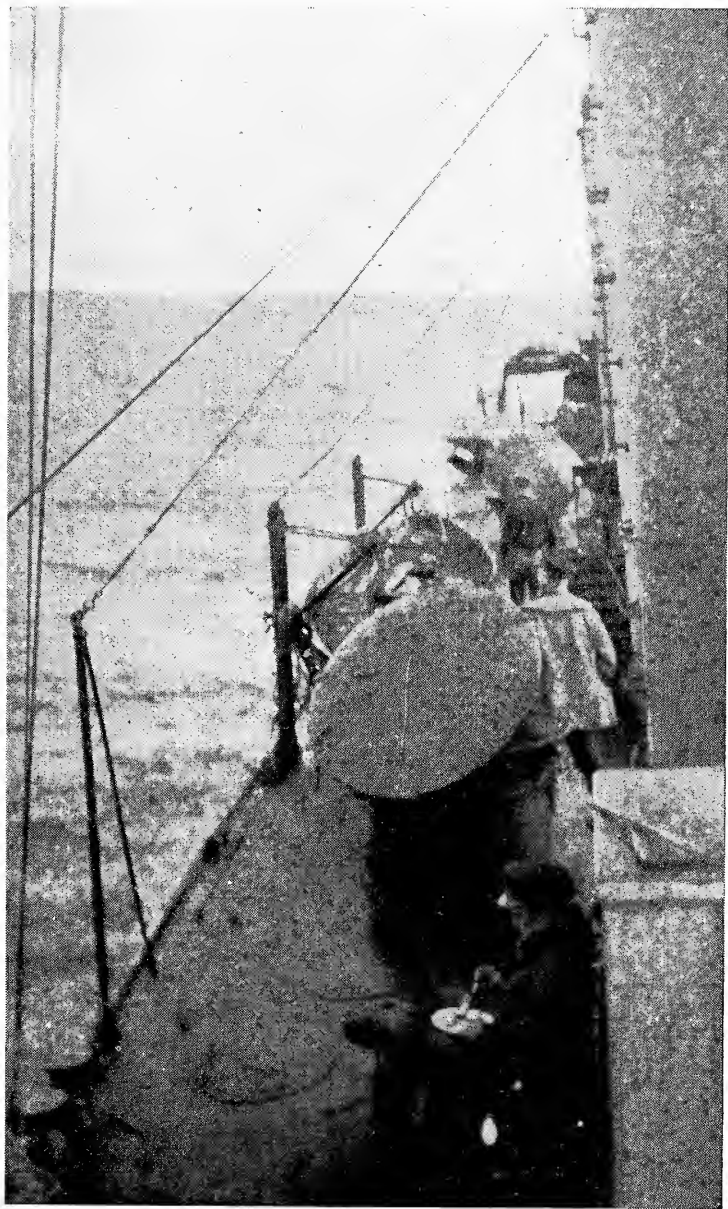
### A LIFE FULL OF COFFEE AND ROLLS

Here is one of the latter, and a luscious one of 45 degrees, too; taken Dec. 23, 1918, between the Azores and Bermuda in the height of a blow.



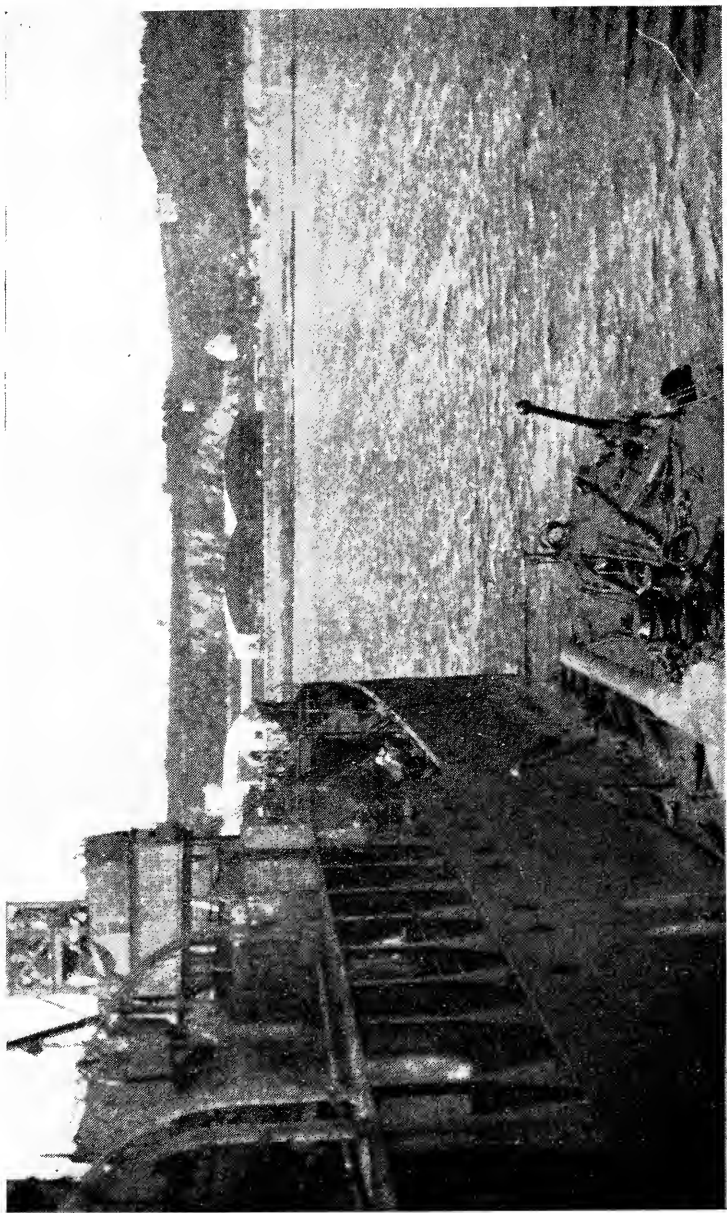
### THESE "LIMEYS" WRECKED OUR LIBRARY

On Dec. 8, 1918, the Reid was lying alongside the British Cable Layer John Pendar at Brest, and our British sailor friends came over to see us. One of the visitors was given several books, and his companions came back and took all we had.



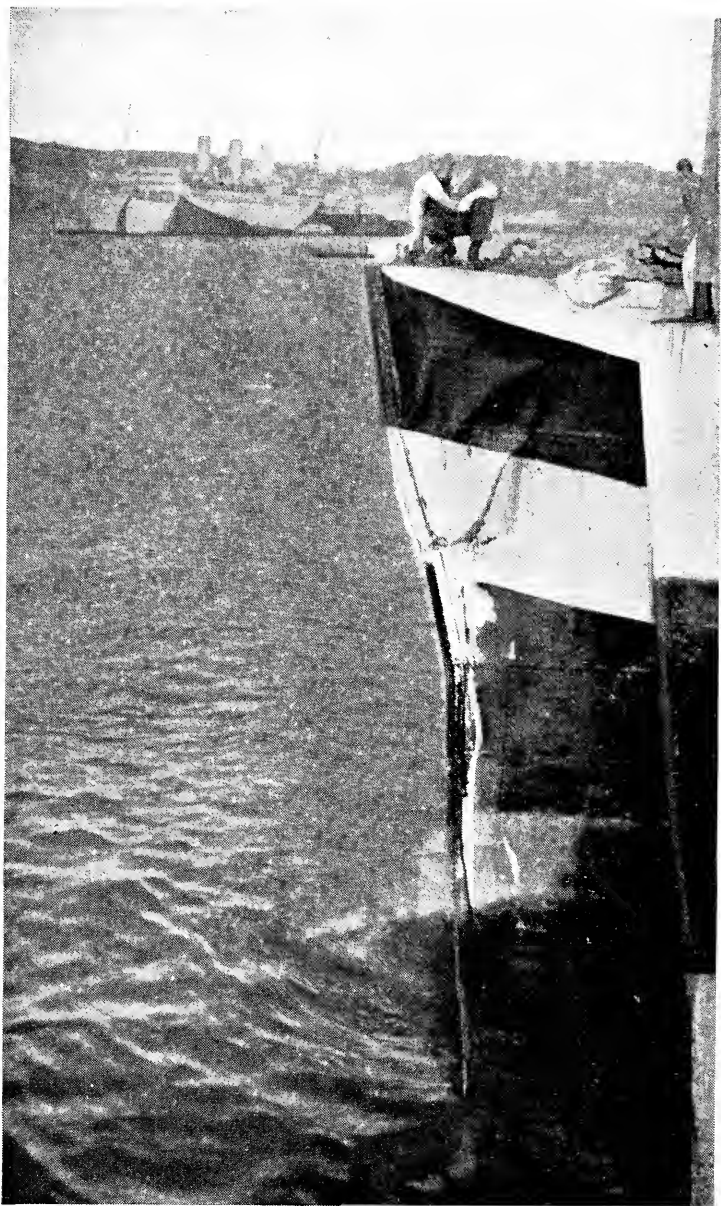
### DEFYING HIS "SECRETARY OF INTERIOR"

Officers are not supposed to get sea-sick, but since sea-sickness is an obsession of mortals, why not officers as well as gobs? Lt. J. S. Watters, Jr. says there's a reason.



#### A FAMOUS COLLIER GIVES US COAL

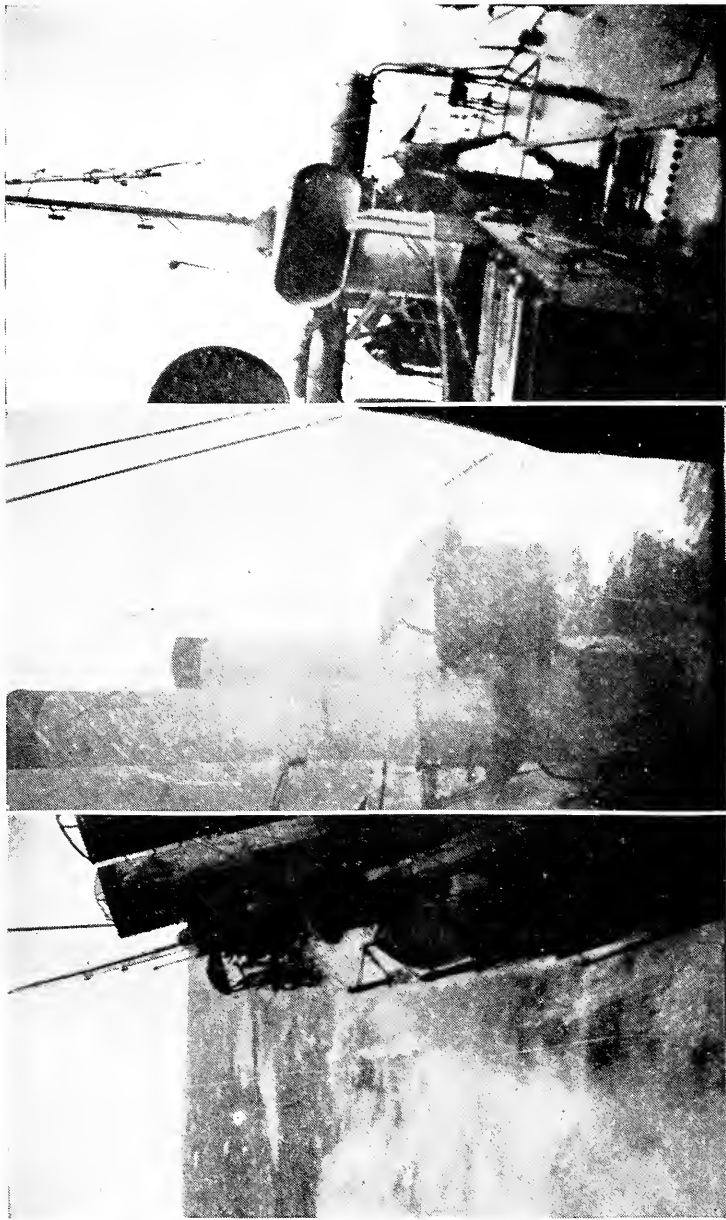
The Astoria (Frieda Leonhardt) was lying in Charleston when we left; later it was used to carry coal between Cardiff, Wales, and French ports. The American Airship Station is seen hard by. From a picture taken Sept. 11, 1918, shortly before she left for Germany.



### A JOHN BULL SOUVENIR

In the swirling tide of the Gironde River near Bordeaux on Dec. 5, 1918, in a fog, a British steamer backed into the Lamson, with this result.

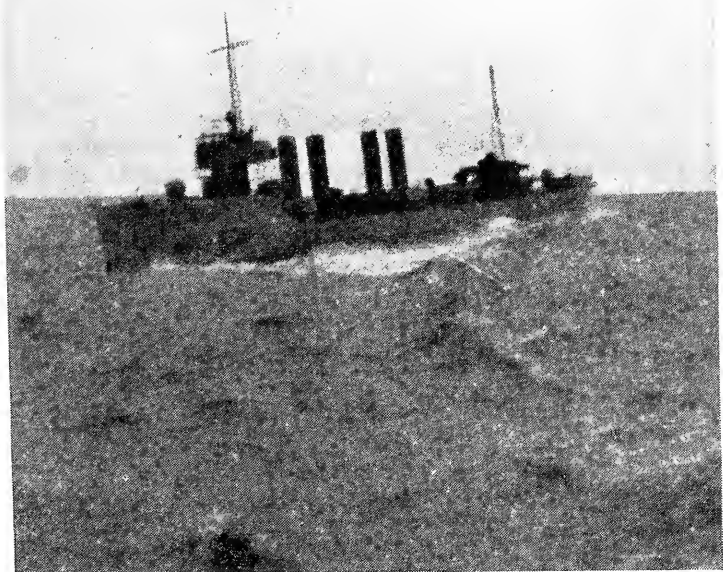




## DESTROYER DECKS HAVE THEIR DANGERS AS WELL AS THEIR THRILLS

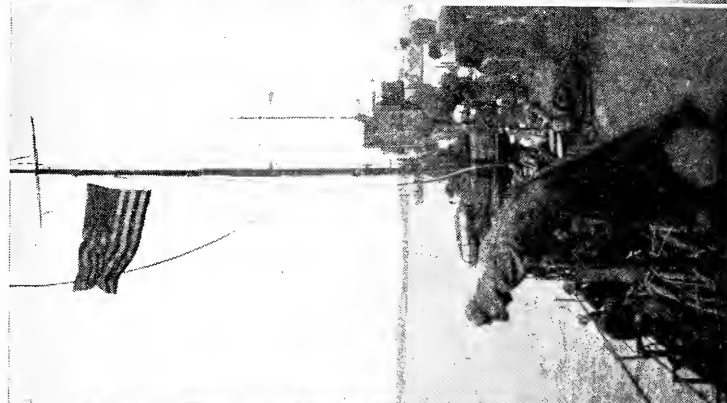
Three pictures taken Dec. 23, 1918, near the Azores, the third picture showing our mainmast snapped off and wireless down. In this storm the Whipple (accompanied by the Reid) lost a chief quartermaster and the Wenonah a reserve lieutenant, swept off by waves.





### THE REID IN A FRISKY HUMOR

Here is our destroyer, mates, in one of the few snaps obtainable of her underway. Taken by J. A. Chappell, CMM., U. S. S. Flusser, between Brest and the Azores.



### CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS 900 MILES FROM LAND

The end pictures show members of the crew fishing for seaweed and reading fiction on Dec. 25, 1918, when hard-tack proved a feature of our noon meal. In center is the Flusser at Grassy Bay, Bermuda, Dec. 29, shoving off for Charleston.



### A "CLOSE-UP" OF OUR ENSIGN

This flag was broken out especially for our homeward journey. The flags we usually carried were about  $2 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and several lasted through the war.



#### A GAME LITTLE DESTROYER, LOW IN COAL, ACCEPTS A TOW

From the Azores to Bermuda is about 2,000 miles, and in order to get across, the coal-burners were forced to carry deck-loads of coal. The Reid towed the Whipple 400 miles (40 hours at 10 knots) beginning Dec. 26, 1918, to within 100 miles of Grassy Bay, Bermuda.



### OUR "HOMEWARD-BOUNDER" AT HOME

From a picture taken in a mist Dec. 31, 1918, as we passed Fort Sumter, Charleston, S. C., and entered the navy yard via the Cooper river.



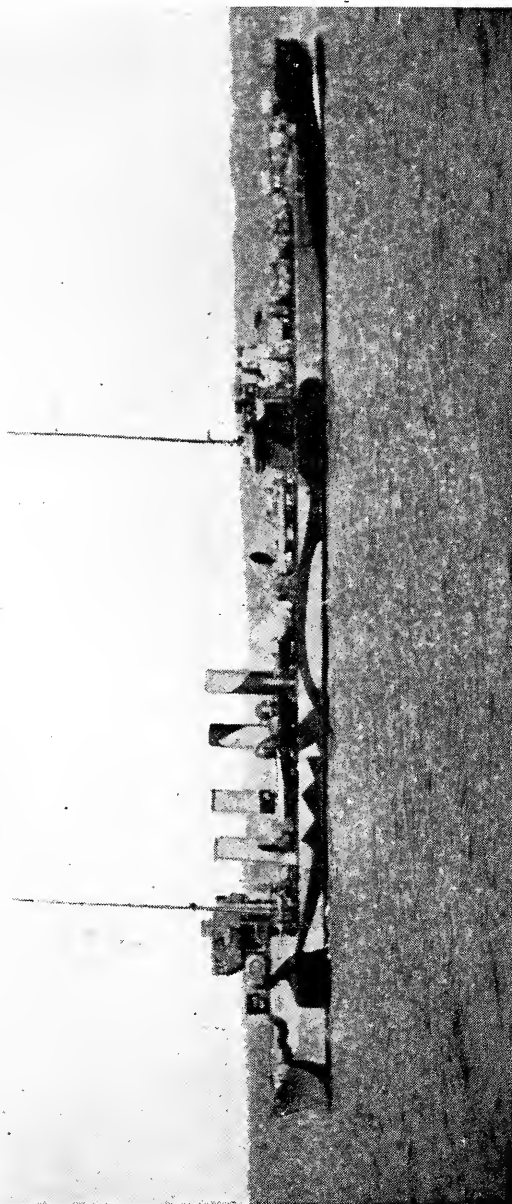
### THE CREW THAT BROUGHT HER BACK

Here we have part of our complement as they appeared at Brest in November, 1918, shortly after the armistice with Germany was signed. We went to Europe with about 100 men and at one time we had 121, which made sleeping difficult and eating a joke.



### OUR DEPENDABLE CHIEF MACHINIST

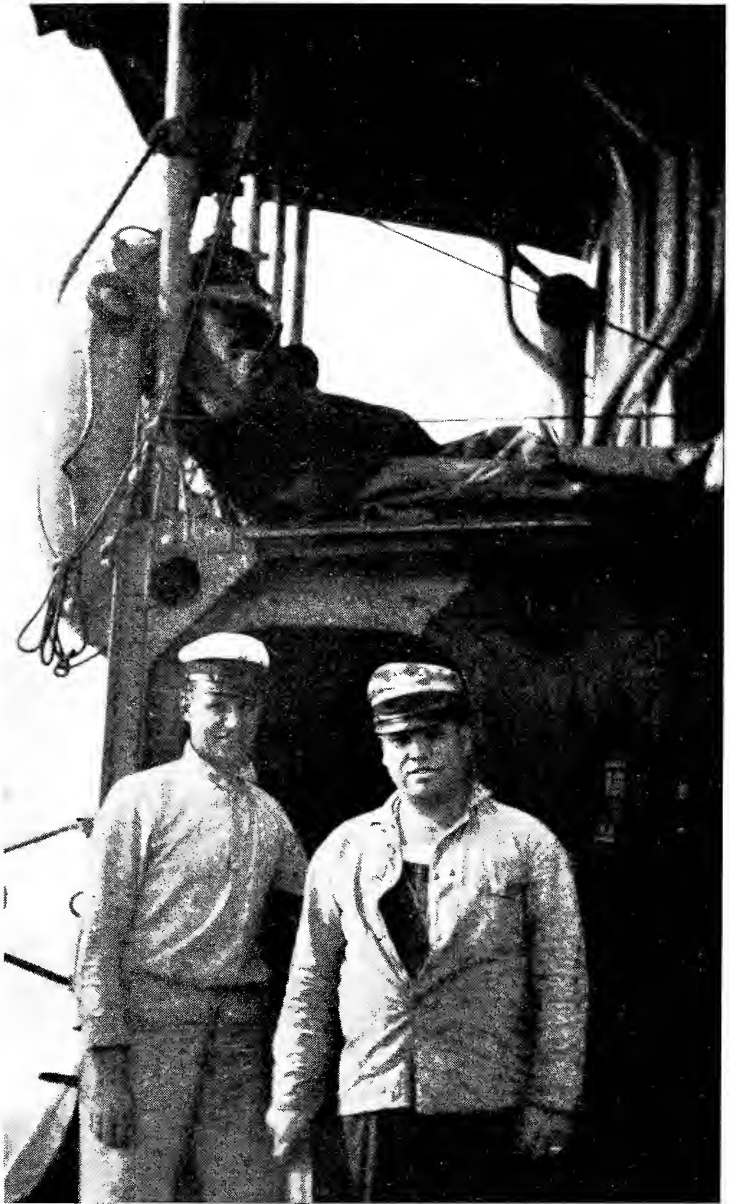
George Ziemann, of Oshkosh, who pulled us out of several storms, and two-thirds of John Sweeney, always good for two black eyes on St. Patrick's Day.



#### A WIDE-AWAKE DESTROYER: THE CUMMINGS

After the Cassin had been torpedoed off Queenstown, the commander of U-58 went hunting the Cummings. The Fanning, protecting the Supply Ship Bridge, turned the tables on the U-58, capturing her crew, aided by the Nicholson.





### NINE MORE DAYS TO GO

Gunner Frank W. Kluge and Chief Water Tender Will Mulholland on Nov. 2, 1918. In background, a sailor fallen from the grace of the gravity tank.



### IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME AGAIN!

A group at the engine room hatch admiring the scenery as we steamed up the Delaware River to Philadelphia. The natives gathered and cheered us wildly, as at Charleston; no they didn't, either! Nor did we get into the grand fleet review, but *ce n'est rien!*

Underway at 3 P. M. and at 5 P. M. stole up on Panther at Pauillac and moored alongside. Preston and Lamson anchored nearby because of danger of breaking Panther's anchor chain, due to strong tides.

Dec. 4—At daylight, fog clearing a bit, shoved off down Gironde River with Preston and Lamson toward Royan. Soon anchored again because of danger of getting out of channel or running into banks. "Lying to" waiting for fog to lift. Ship anchored at Royan wirelessly Bordeaux she must have ice and water at once or fresh meats would be lost. Capt. Chapline opined that we might spend Christmas fog-bound at Pauillac.

Dec. 5—Anchored all day in fog. Supplies running low. Crew doing little but writing letters. Ringing bell on the forecastle every two minutes. Just able to make out lights from Lamson and Preston. Lamson skipper yelled through megaphone to captain of British steamer anchored hard by: "Is your anchor slipping?" Captain replied "I think not." Capt. Chapline yelled to Lamson, "Where are you going?" Lamson replied, "I am going to new anchorage. A steamer just backed down on me."

Dec. 6—At 3 A. M. fog lifted and three destroyers got under way, Lamson with smashed bow plowing up a lot of spray. Arrived Brest 4:30 P. M. Smith's stern chafed Reid's bow and nearly punched hole in yeoman office.

Dec. 7—Crew coaling ship. Heard we were due to have sailed today for Azores, but orders changed.

Dec. 8 (Sunday)—Crew finished coaling ship at 3 A. M. Lieut. Comdr. Vance D. Chapline was this date detached to resume duties on Fairfax, shoved off and was given a cheer by the crew. Lieut. Comdr. Wm. D. Chandler, Jr., formerly

commanding Destroyer Macdonough, assumed command. At 2 P. M. liberty party shoved off and Leviathan stood out toward states with our Christmas packages for the home folks. British Cable Layer John Pendar, said to be second largest of its kind, engaged in laying big Franco-American cable, lying alongside, and her crew came aboard and we gave them practically all our library books.


Dec. 9—At 8 A. M. Flusser, Stewart, Truxtun and Whipple left for the States via Azores with homeward bound pennants flying. Ships in harbor gave departing vessels whistle solo and cheers. Paymaster paid crew Christmas money, and crew went ashore and settled its bills with the French, hearing we would leave Brest Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1918.

Dec. 10—Ensign Leven Jester, U. S. N. R. F., a Yale man who won a commission on a yacht from rank of seaman, reported aboard for duty. He got along well from the start, due to his knowledge of seamanship.



## Chapter X.

### HOMeward BOUND

HE "Good old U. S. A." took on a new meaning for the men when it was announced that we were to leave at once for home. The sailors paid their bills ashore, told the mademoiselles goodbye and offered a hand to raise our homeward-bound pennant. We spent a pleasant week at Ponta Delgada, Azores, on the return, and renewed many friendships there; then we spent a day in Bermuda, and arrived at Charleston Dec. 31, 1918. On New Year's the band of the U. S. S. Savannah woke us up with patriotic airs, and we could almost forget that we had missed Secretary Daniels' widely-heralded Fleet Review in New York.

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Dec. 11—Underway at 7:45 A. M. for Ponta Delgada, Azores, with Lamson and Preston. Smith rammed by a tug and condition of her bow keeps her at Brest for repairs. As three destroyers passed out of breakwater Smith's crew on deck gave us a loud cheer. Prometheus crew failed to cheer, but two or three waved farewell to friends. Cummings opened up whistle and soon twenty destroyer whistles were tooting a symphony to the majority of the old First Division of Coal Burners, which had been the first to arrive at Brest. French mademoiselles of Old Brest weeping copiously at the coal dock. Making 20 knots; rough weather. Following queer course of 1170 miles which misses presidential party on George Washington.

Dec. 12—Stormy and rough all day, and New Navy Officers and gobs broke out the lemon

drops. Coppersmith Denning smoking a vile pipe and telling tiresome yarns in forecastle. Slowed down to 16 knots.

Dec. 13—Not so rough. Off our course at night. At midnight changed course to southward.

Dec. 14—Lost islands early in morning, then went south and sighted St. Michael's at 10 A. M. Making 12 knots now so as not to frighten the natives. Passed cities of Lagoa and Fail de Terra at foot of mountain. Tied up with Lamson and Preston at 2:30 P. M. Tonopah, Flusser, Stewart, Truxtun, Whipple, Christabel and others in harbor. Crew made liberty at 4 P. M. and went around sampling the wine, and visited the Hotel Appetite and the "Hole in the Wall." Our Portuguese friends very glad to see us, but have raised prices since 1917. Banana price the same, 10 cents a dozen; also pineapples, two for two-bits. Orion Cafe supper now \$1; same at American Cafe,—all the galinhas (chicken) a sailor can eat, and all the wine he can drink.

Dec. 15 (Sunday)—Christabel stood out; Truxtun shoved off from Reid to collier. At 8 A. M. diver went down to Truxtun keel to make examination. Reid moored between Preston and Stewart; Lamson next to Preston. *Diario dos Azores*, a daily newspaper, announced on bulletin board assassination of Dr. Sidonio Paes, president of Portugal, in attempt to restore monarchy. One of Reid's gunner's mates given scalp massage by shore patrol and a fireman captured when they imbibed too freely in mouscatelle. Met our old college chums Rolando Viveiros, Augusto S. and Luiz Moreira, Evaristo Ferreira Travassos, Henrique Machado Avila and Waddington Resende. Jacome Torrao escorted a party of Reid men to the Azorean Musical Club's

club rooms, and put on a stringed instrument concert that was a wonder. Vedette stood in.

Dec. 16—Day broke clear and sunshiny. All flags ashore and a ship half-masted for the assassinated President of Portugal. Machinist George Ziemann arranged with native chauffeur to provide four automobiles Tuesday, Dec. 17, for trip of 20 gobs to baths and hotwells of Furnas, at rate of \$5.20 apiece on account of prohibitive price of gasoline. Senhors Avila, Manuel Antonio de Vaz-ioncellos and Antonio Monez Feijo used their good offices to beat down the price.

Dec. 17—Chauffeur Jacome Luiz Tessorara took station at Catholic Church with four automobiles, awaiting arrival of Reid party, but the trip to Furnas was disapproved by Capt. Chandler, who gave no reason for his high-handed action. Members of party kept out of sight of automobile drivers all day long. Gentle breeze sprang up and night proved wonderful for sleeping purposes. Wenonah, Druid, Arcturus, Sequoia and Francis L. Skinner stood out.

Dec. 18—Sky overcast. Warm; thermometer about 60 degrees. Two mine layers stood in. Crew and natives putting coal on deck for long trip to Grassy Bay, Bermuda; 260 tons. Services held ashore for the late President of Portugal. Crew begged "comical steward" to buy some cheap fruit, but his lordship said one of the officers said we couldn't afford it, so the crew went and bought its own fruit. Beans and "red lead" for breakfast. Had only one feed of fruit in week, with fruit plentiful and cheap. Crew began filling up lockers with pineapples and oranges for long trip to Bermuda. Senhor Avila told group of sailors at Cervejaria Cosmopolita of American attempt to build railroads in the Azores, frustrated by

British agents and interests at Lisbon; also of desire of Azoreans to obtain independence under American protectorate. Shawmut and Aroostok stood in. Aroostok and Shawmut stood out.

Dec. 19—Beans and "red lead" for breakfast. Preston flew homeward bounder and stood out; same with Stewart; same with Lamson. Jarvis, Cummings, McDougal, Burrows and Isabel stood in. Continued coaling. At 1 P. M. Repair Ship Dixie stood in and Coppersmith Denning went up in crow's nest trying to sight old shipmates. Finished coaling at 4:43 P. M., having taken total of 293 tons aboard, part of it on deck. At 5 P. M. flew homeward bounder and followed Preston and Lamson and Flusser toward Bermuda. Steaming astern of Flusser, SOP, and starboard beam of Whipple. Reid to stand by Whipple if her coal gave out; Flusser by Worden; Lamson and Preston by Stewart and Truxtun. Steaming at 12-15 knots, separately by groups at times.

Dec. 20—Smooth sailing. Using coal supply from deck. Decided to steer southerly course to escape storms and to cover 2400 miles in nine days. Moonlight, cool and pleasant.

Dec. 21—Whipple had condenser trouble and Reid slowed down to eight knots to stand by her. At 9 P. M. made out steamer heading in southwesterly direction. At 9:35 P. M. made speed 16 knots to avoid collision with steamer. At 9:37 crossed bow of steamer, distant 300 yards, then resumed standard speed.

Dec. 22 (Sunday)—Began getting rough; wind 3-4.

Dec. 23—Storm continued. Compartments flooded and in hapless condition; yeoman office littered with forms and papers, but happily dry. At 11 A. M., while waves were very high, Whipple



signalled, "Man overboard." (It was Chief Quartermaster Lee, swept off by a wave). Reid circled and presently sighted two buoys, one flaming, dropped by Whipple, but saw nobody with them. After an hour Capt. Chandler signalled Whipple, "Do you see anything? If not, suggest we go ahead." No reply to this suggestion, and search continued another hour, when search was abandoned. Tip of Reid's mainmast snapped off and was secured; aerial down temporarily, but rigged it out again. Intercepted wireless message from Wenonah saying she had just lost overboard Lieut. (jg) Reuben Orey, U. S. N. R. F., of Somerville, Mass. Report went to Washington via Cruiser Wheeling at Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

Dec. 24—Smoother and pleasanter, but still disagreeable. Oranges and pineapples from Azores making life worth living for crew. Worden, escorted by Flusser, broke down, lacking water. Steamer O. K. Luckenback was steaming on parallel course and was asked by Flusser if she could give 5000 gallons of water to Worden. Luckenback did not answer for three hours, then offered to tow Worden 700 miles to Bermuda; offer accepted.

Dec. 25 (Christmas Day)—Calmer. Bunch playing poker in forward compartment. Sun came out and crew celebrated Christmas by fishing for seaweed and reading around chart-house. Had mackerel with tomato sauce for dinner; spuds with jackets on, apricots, white bread, butter, beans and pumpkin pie which was no good. Forced to break out hard tack when bread gave out. Sighted Flusser and Worden laboring astern. Radio message told of plans for big fleet review in New York in which all destroyers pres-

ent would take part, and of decision of Allies not to strengthen Russian garrison. At 7 P. M. sighted light three points forward of port beam; light disappeared and we could not find it again. At 10:55 P. M. Worden stopped; Flusser, Reid and Whipple also stopped. Mighty slow business for Christmas Day.

Dec. 26—Choppy sea. Flusser ordered Reid to give Whipple 15 tons of coal. Capt. Chandler wired back that Reid had sacks for only four tons, and suggested the advisability of taking the Whipple in tow. Lamson, Preston, Stewart and Truxtun nearby but out of sight. Flusser waiting with Luckenback to take Worden in tow. Reid took Whipple in tow about noon. Her chain broke. She went ahead an hour and Reid caught up after some difficulty in taking up broken 9-inch line with capstan. Made line fast again and proceeded at 12 knots, 500 miles from Bermuda.

Dec. 27—Flusser wired Reid to take on enough coal at Bermuda to make New York at 20 knots, plus 50 tons reserve, so as to arrive Dec. 31 if possible, in time for big fleet review Jan. 1, 1919. Towing Whipple now at 9 knots, waiting for other vessels to catch up. Wireless told of death of "Hobey" Baker, Princeton '13, star hockey and football player, in aeroplane accident; also of plans to entertain homecoming destroyers in New York. Raining.

Dec. 28—Raining hard 12-4 A. M.; then drizzling. All hands up at 6 A. M. to haul in towing line when Whipple was released from tow. Arrived Grassy Bay at noon. Preston went on beach in trying to cut through narrow channel. Tug rushed to pull her off. Crew started coaling at 3:20 P. M. British Cruiser Gloucester (?) in

dock. Cruiser Wheeling called for alphabetical list of Reid's crew and list of officers. Beef from shore 35 cents a pound; ice one cent a pound; bread 9 1-2 cents. Officers went ashore.

Dec. 29 (Sunday)—Crew continued coaling at midnight. Showers. Finished coaling at 9 A. M., having taken aboard 178 tons, as ordered by Capt. Chandler, chief petty having advised only 150. Old Dr. Felts gave crew change-of-climate pills. Overcast and damp as Flusser, Lamson and Reid departed. Preston still stuck on mud bank. New York orders changed at 11 A. M., and going to Charleston instead. Deep groans from certain members of the crew. Hoping to make port for New Year's.

Dec. 30—Rough all day. Making 15-20 knots. At 9:50 P. M. Flusser dropped out of column and fell behind, making 15 knots to save coal.

Dec. 31—At 4 A. M. sea piped down, and balance of day was smooth. At noon out of our course and followed coast to south. At 1 P. M. sighted Cape Romain Light and Wreck of the Hector. Lamson plowing up sea ahead with damaged bow, Reid next and Flusser behind. Saw mirages thought to have been land. Flew homeward bounder just before passing Fort Sumter and entering Cooper River. Passed U. S. S. Comanche and passengers cheered. Light rain showers; foggy. Scared up a wild goose in course. Tied up in Navy Yard near U. S. S. Savannah at 6 P. M. Thirty-six hour liberty granted sections rating liberty. Lieuts. Brown and Murdoch filed applications for discharge, and commanding officer passed the buck to headquarters at Washington. Many members of the crew also prepared to commence to take the necessary steps to gain their freedom.

# Life Aboard Ship



It is not often that a ship can boast of a sailor who, in addition to doing his regular work about the deck, can find time and inclination to write vividly and grippingly of the things he does and sees day by day; but in Timothy Brown the Reid had such a man. "Brownie" wrote from the Azores Islands and France a series of "Dear Family" Letters to his homefolks in Madison, Wis., that contain the best material of its kind we have been able to find, and we take pleasure in presenting it here after saying a few words about "Brownie" himself.

"Brownie" had graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1911 and from Harvard Law School in 1914, moved away to Milwaukee, and was enjoying a good law practice when war for us was declared. His friends urged him to go into intensive training to become an officer, but "Brownie" declared he wanted to get into the game quickly so as not to miss any experiences or opportunities for useful service, so he signed up with the recruiting officer at Milwaukee as a second-class seaman. From there he proceeded to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he got his first touch of the life, fighting his way with the rest of the sailors into the chow compartments, but without any broken bones. This was aboard the Receiving Ship Prinzess Irene (later renamed the Pocahontas, and used to transport troops abroad), from which ship, on or about June 8, 1917, "Brownie" went to become a member of the crew of the Reid.

Having previously dined with tramps and kings, it did not upset "Brownie" in any respect to join a submarine destroyer of the so-called "Dungaree

Navy." He could either get along in peace with the crew or use his fists; and he could tell many Annapolis dudes a lot of things about seafaring they never heard of before. As a sailor he was always first to rouse out of his bunk in the morning, always lowest in the stifling dust of the coal lighter when the crew were coaling ship, and always the last to ask a hand on anything he could do for himself. He was advanced rapidly to the places of seaman, coxswain and boatswain's mate; and then he stood the second best examination in a European port for advancement to temporary ensign as a regular of the establishment, and after seemingly unnecessary delays he received his commission, in June, 1918. "Brownie" did not consider that he had quite reached Heaven on moving his duds from below to the wardroom, but ordered the same size hat he had always worn, and continued his interest in his shipmates. He was advanced again, to the rank of lieutenant (junior grade), with which rank he finished the war voyage with the Reid and was discharged so he could resume the practice of law. It is unnecessary to say that as an officer his orders were promptly obeyed with spirit, and when he left the ship he was given the glad hand by the entire crew and three rousing cheers. "Brownie" exemplified the spirit of patriotic young America in the war, and it remains for some author who wants a good subject to take a hint from "Tom Brown at Oxford" and write fully of "Tim Brown at Sea."

While mentioning "Brownie" in this connection, it is appropriate to state that we had numerous lads aboard ship who accomplished little less; that we sent one of our quartermasters, Richard W. Hubbard, of Tennessee, and David T. Sanders, a boatswain's mate from Maine, and former student at Yale, who received most of his experience on the

Yacht Guinevere, to the states to receive commissions after a course of study; also that Frank W. Kluge, chief electrician, and Emil George Ziemann, chief machinist's mate, put on the gold lace of "bolo men" and moved to the wardroom from the chiefs' quarters back aft. It is also appropriate and we gladly mention the contribution which "Brownie's" good mother made to our happiness in the gift of phonograph records, books and magazines; and now, "Brownie", tell our families like you told your own how we lived on the Good Ship Reid!

### TELLS OF ODD INCIDENTS.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,  
August 20, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

This has been a big day, for another mail came, with many letters and papers for the boys. I have read my letters and made a start on the rest. I am so glad to hear from you all. Your letters are so much more interesting when you are at home than when you were shooting around foreign ports.

Things are going along well. We have the most delightful temperature, both for working and for sleeping. We don't get more than our share of rain, but it usually comes down just after we have spread out our bedding to air. The place where we stay mostly while not at sea is attractive and most picturesque ashore, while the harbor life is always interesting, and the boats of the inhabitants are so well kept that it is a pleasure to see and watch them. There is one little schooner in particular that is a perfect joy and she is not a yacht, but a cargo boat at that. An old man owns and runs her, and spends his time shining and rubbing her up, except a few times a day when he crawls into his dinghy and sculls himself around the harbor, or ashore for a bottle of red wine. He is known to us as Robinson Crusoe, and fits the part to a nicety, but Friday must have got away from him.

Speaking of schooners, we passed one the other day with her name, "Bom Jesus," painted in big white letters on the stern. The crew stared and one man exclaimed, "Bum Jesus! What a hell of a name!"

Funny things keep happening. For some time no one seemed to have a taste for spuds, and the same dish of them, boiled with the jackets on, came down from the galley for several meals. Of course in their many journeys they get rather dilapidated. One day they didn't appear. We asked the mess cook where they were and he said: "They done wore out." I guess they did. Anyway, our appetites returned and we are now eating a new lot.

The old boat rolls quite a bit and pitches like a hobby-horse, but I will start a letter and tell you how glad I was to get a fine lot of mail day before yesterday. I have been busy ever since and this is the first chance I have had to write.

A couple of nights ago I saw a beautiful sight at sea. The sea was full of sportive fish and phosphorus. We would plow along and the sea would get all milky, and gradually lighter and brighter till a whole school of fish would come to the surface, and then—how the fire would flash! And we kept running from one school of porpoises to another, and you bet they made some fireworks, and I could trace their paths way below the surface by the white trails they made as they plunged along. I never saw anything just like it, nor do I expect to.

Night watches are always quite interesting anyway—at least the start of each and the finish of each are. The boatswain of the watch comes down and wakes you. There is no light at all, or at most one very heavily shaded, so you dress in the dark and go up on deck. It is dark there, too, except for the stars, but there is quite a little activity—men coming off watch and others going to take their places pass each other, hanging on to the life lines—coal heavers, all tired and grimy, coming forward to the wash room with their pails, towels and clean clothes; engineers trying to rub off some of the oil with handfuls of waste; and deck hands all bundled up in pea-coats or oil-skins and wearing life-preservers. There is a little crowd around the galley where the new watch gets a cup of "jabber" (coffee) and a sandwich, and the old watch stops to take a smoke and discuss something that has been sighted, a submarine lying in our course ahead, or to kid the unlucky one who reported a "light" that later turned out to be the moon. Then the ship quiets down for another four hours, and those who have been relieved go below, where it seems warm and stuffy after the cool night air; and they get undressed (some of them) and pile into their bunks. Pretty soon someone

## 70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

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starts to talk in his sleep, but not enough for you to learn his secrets, for he is mixing Portuguese with his English; and you try to find some way to lie so you won't roll around or out of the bunk; and the cups and dishes clatter in the mess lockers and something slides off the range in the galley and bangs on the steel deck like a giant hammer in the establishment of Vulcan; the ship's cook swears and the sea thunders on the bulkhead next to your ear; then the sun comes down the hatch along with the boatswain, who shouts, "Up all hammocks! Arise and shine! Where do you think you are—at home on a furlough?" You take a wash, the mess cook brings down the beans and you go on watch again.

I am not leading the bloodthirsty life you might imagine. In port my life is about as hazardous as any of Bernard's boatmen, and at sea, standing watch in the crow's-nest and leaning up against a mast is not as dangerous as leaning against a lamppost at home, for here there are no runaways, or building material to drop upon me. You have no doubt been reading some of the newspaper stories back home, and imagine that we go around with a blunderbuss in one hand and a belaying pin in the other, with a cutlass between the teeth, looking for Germans equipped with even more terrible and scientific weapons; but while we would be glad to find the German and hit him with anything we could reach, the fact remains that we find little opportunity to imitate Captain Kidd. Our existence is almost pastoral and idyllic in its serenity.

I am still feeling fine. Lots of love.

TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

### GREATEST LIFE IN THE WORLD.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,  
September 2, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

A quiet Sunday in port gives me a chance to start a letter. My clothes are washed, but frequent rain squalls keep them from drying on the line back aft. I usually go to sea with a locker full of wet clothes, so it will not be any surprise to me to get under way. It is always fun to start out to sea again, though, wet clothes or not, and it is fun to come back to port, too, and get a good night's sleep with no rolling and the air ports open and work enough to give you a real appetite. Then we stay in long enough that I am ready to move; so you can see that things are arranged



just right. The only drawback is that sometimes we go to sea with the decks and compartments dirty, and that is bad, because there is never a real chance to get cleaned up properly while we are under way. On the big boats work goes on pretty much as usual, but with us, about all we can do is to stand watch and look for trouble until we come in again. We are not usually rushed in that way, though.

Somebody bought three rabbits for mascots the other day and they have a box on the fan-tail near the firemen's compartment. I don't know as rabbits are very good mascots for a man-of-war, but if association with the "black gang" doesn't make them tough, it will soon kill them, so my worry is purely academic. Our Executive Officer has ordered the rabbits put off the ship, saying, "Who ever heard of trying to raise rabbits on a destroyer?" but I suspect the real reason is that they got into the ice box the other day and ate a plate of lettuce that had been reserved by our wardroom steward for him. Speaking of pets, another sailor bought a puppy for two dollars, but after lugging it around for a few hours, part of the time slung by the legs over his shoulder, he traded it to a bum-boat man for a ten-cent watermelon that he could carry on the inside of him.

There is another boat in the harbor somewhat larger than we are, and today she had a concert on board by a local band. "Hail, Columbia!" sounded pretty good from where I sat. As they were to windward, we could hear pretty well, till rain drove the band below. Mr. Mendelssohn's battle song was also rendered with spirit. The other pieces did not fit in with anything I had heard before.

It is mighty nice here this evening. I have had a good bath in my pail, had plenty to eat and enough pulling trips in the wherry to enjoy the grub, and now I feel just tired enough to be contented. My clothes are scrubbed, today was pay-day and I have no anchor watch to bother about. *C'est la guerre!*

A good breeze comes in through the port, and outside is a harbor full of ships with many foreign flags and a sprinkling of our own. On the other side is a little town full of low buildings with bright-colored walls and roofs and picturesque country on the steep hillsides behind. The boat rolls just enough to be rocking me to sleep. My friends are sitting around writing and reading or playing cards or acie-deucie, a game on a backgammon board. I'm glad nobody raised me to be a soldier! And maybe we will be

broken out at midnight and pitch around outside for a week, and the soldiers in their nice, muddy dugouts will say, "God pity the poor sailors on a night like this!"

Lots of love,

TIMOTHY.

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### A POET IS DISCOVERED ABOARD

At Sea, July 29, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

Today is Sunday—warm, and not too much wind to be in comfort anywhere on the ship. I have stood my morning watch, washed my clothes, eaten a good dinner, and am now waiting to go on watch again, from 4 to 8 o'clock this evening. Then I will take a bath and sleep until 4 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Yesterday I saw a beautiful bark going along with a 15-mile wind on her quarter. She was one of the most wonderful things I ever saw. Do you know the names of her sails? I do. I enclose a drawing I made of her.

Our regular routine still keeps on; stand watch, sleep, scrub clothes, make the ship tidy, eat and loaf; study if you are ambitious and wakeful at the same time. In port, of course, there is more work daytimes getting ready for sea again, and less standing watch. In the gun drills I am still being shifted around to see which one of several jobs I can be most useful at. Lately I have been acting as "talker." He stands on the bridge, does some of the work figuring out the range of the target, and hollers the result to the guns, via the speaking tubes. The position calls for one whose voice carries clearly over the tube and who can figure without being rattled. I don't know how long I will be tried out there. The last one on the job was not able to make himself understood clearly, so they are trying me.

The other day I asked to take the wheel and was allowed to do so for a while. I did not steer a good course and found it was quite a trick. The ship swings around and yaws a good deal, and of course you can't feel her, as the wheel only controls the steam steering engine. I think it must take some practice to learn just when to act to keep her steady. The stunt, of course, is to keep a "lubber's line" on the binnacle opposite that point on your compass card which is given you as your course. I am going to try again and get what practice I can at the wheel, so I will be better than I am now when an extra man is needed there.

The last time we coaled, we did so from lighters, and one of them was an old square-rigger. She must have been very



#### UP 40 FEET TO THE CROW'S NEST

This point of vantage was used to sight things from afar and to knock sea-sickness out of "New Navy" men. Seaman Timothy Brown, author of "Dear Family Letters", is shown taking his post.

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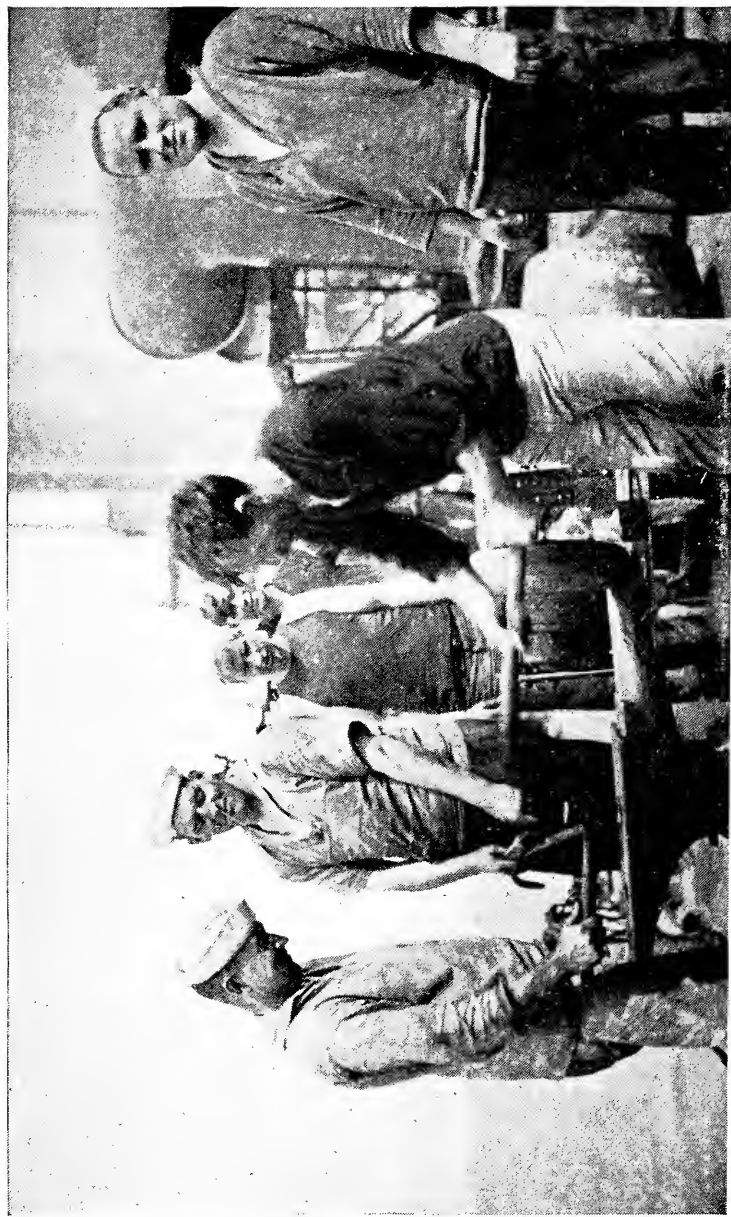
**"ALL THE PARIS PARTY, UP ON DECK!"**

Whenever temporary disabilities made it necessary, we shoved off parties for Paris, and here is a group eagerly waiting for word to get under way. In contemplating our good time however, you are requested to turn to pictures on storms and coaling ship.



**"TOM BROWN," PLEASE TAKE A BACK SEAT!**

"Tim" Brown will fill your place! Here's "Tim" as he looked after shedding the garb of a gob. We raised a racket when he left for home.



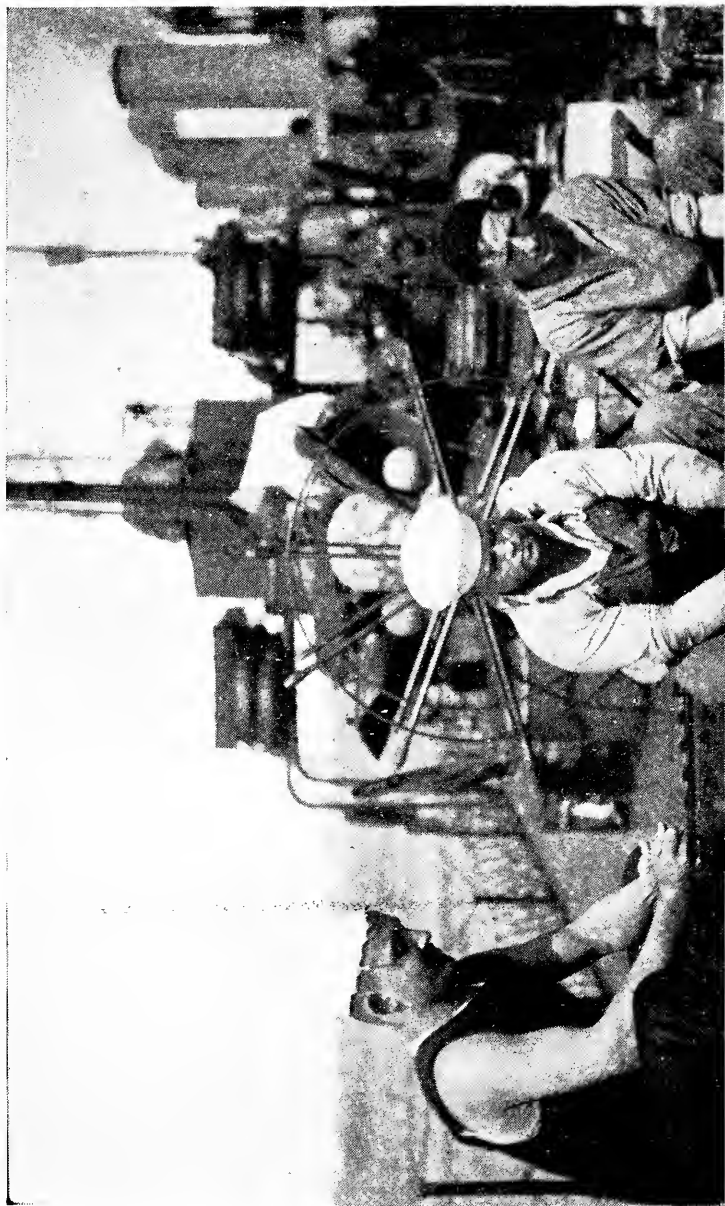
### ALL HAIL THE DOUGHTY BLACKSMITH AT HIS FORGE!

The big boy second from the left is Robt. L. Baber, of Virginia, a power with the sledge and a favorite in Old Brest. "Pork Chops" and Sweeney surround the anvil, which the "chorus" reserves to throw overboard with worthless officers and gobs.



### NO TWO ALIKE, ARE THERE?

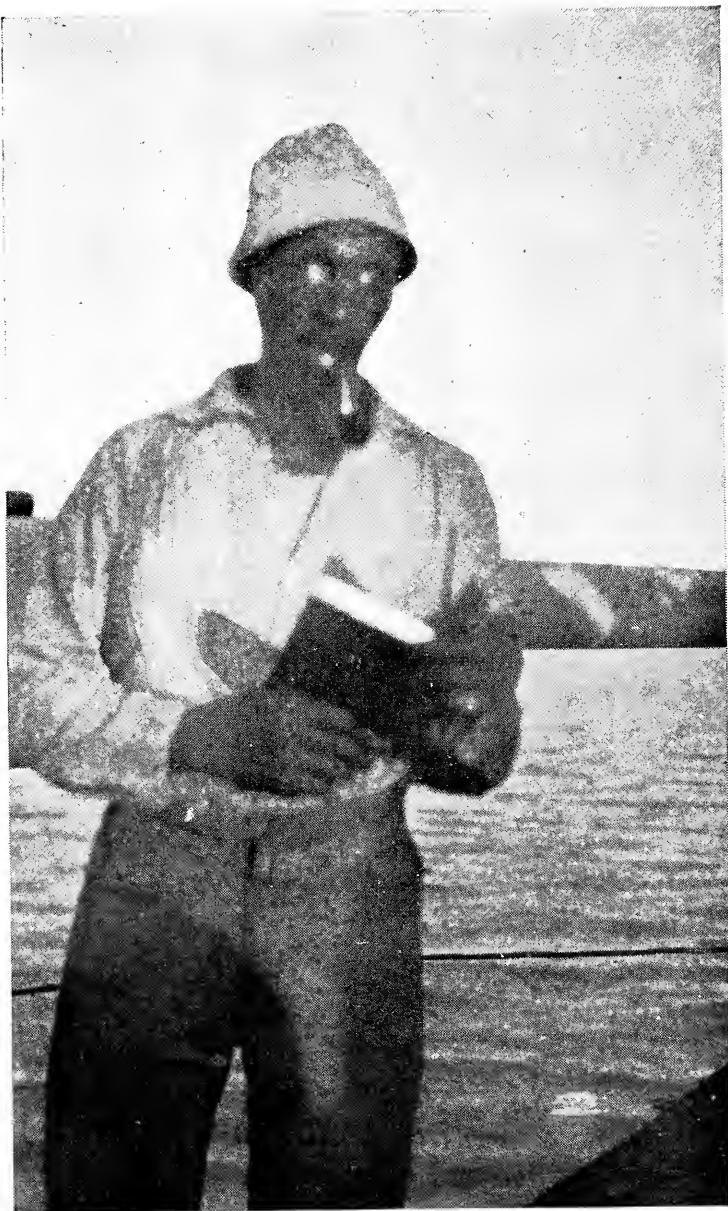
We often wondered (but didn't care much) what the battleship sailors thought of us for wearing so many styles when admirals were not around!



#### A MODERN DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

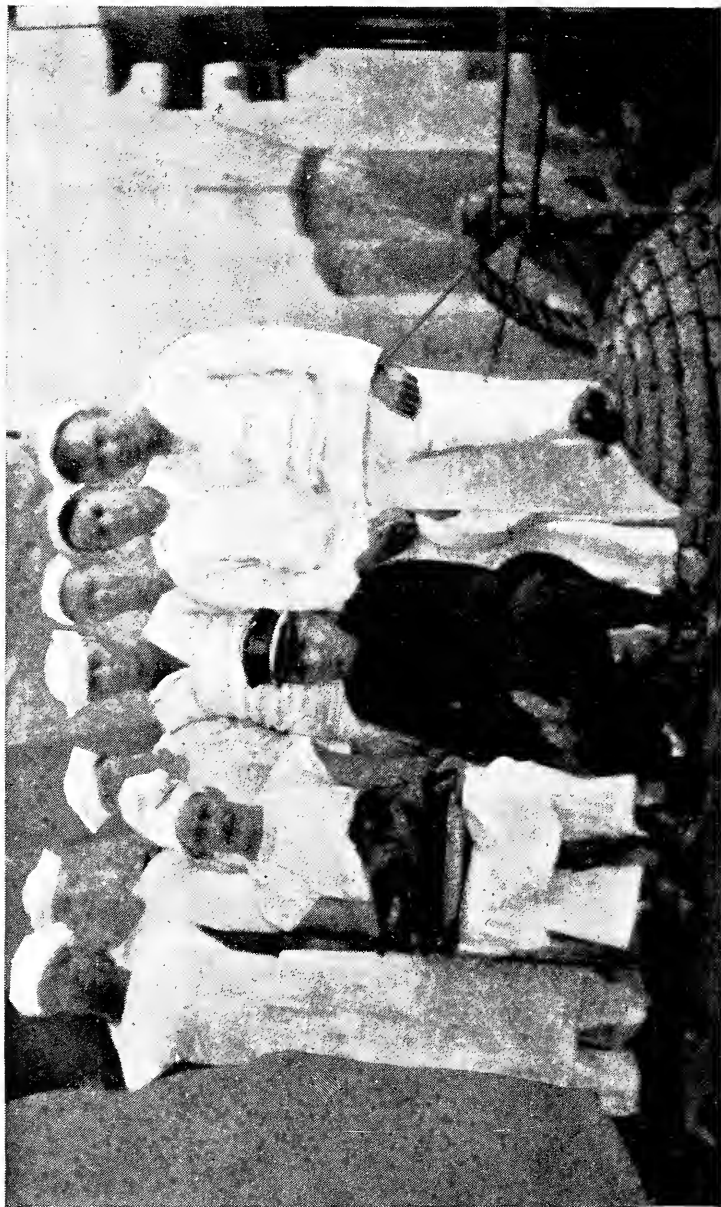
Since nobody in the outfit holds down the rating of "washerwoman," each man scrubs his own clothes. This training is great to develop self-reliance, and the recipient feels at an advantage when Money and Manhood clash. A scene on our fantail at Brest.





### OUR "FIRST LORD OF THE GALLEY"

A sea-cook of scholarly attainments who won his spurs (or heels) in the Battle of Santiago. In fighting trim he referred to mess cooks as "automatic boobs."



### THIS DAY THEY PUT ON ALL THE TURKEY AND THE DOG

Lieut. Irving R. Gale (better known as "Nemo"), one of our civilian officers, having come from Dartmouth College and the leather trade, saying grace with mess cooks and ship's cooks to a fine bird on Thanksgiving Day, 1918. We had never had such a meal, and haven't since.



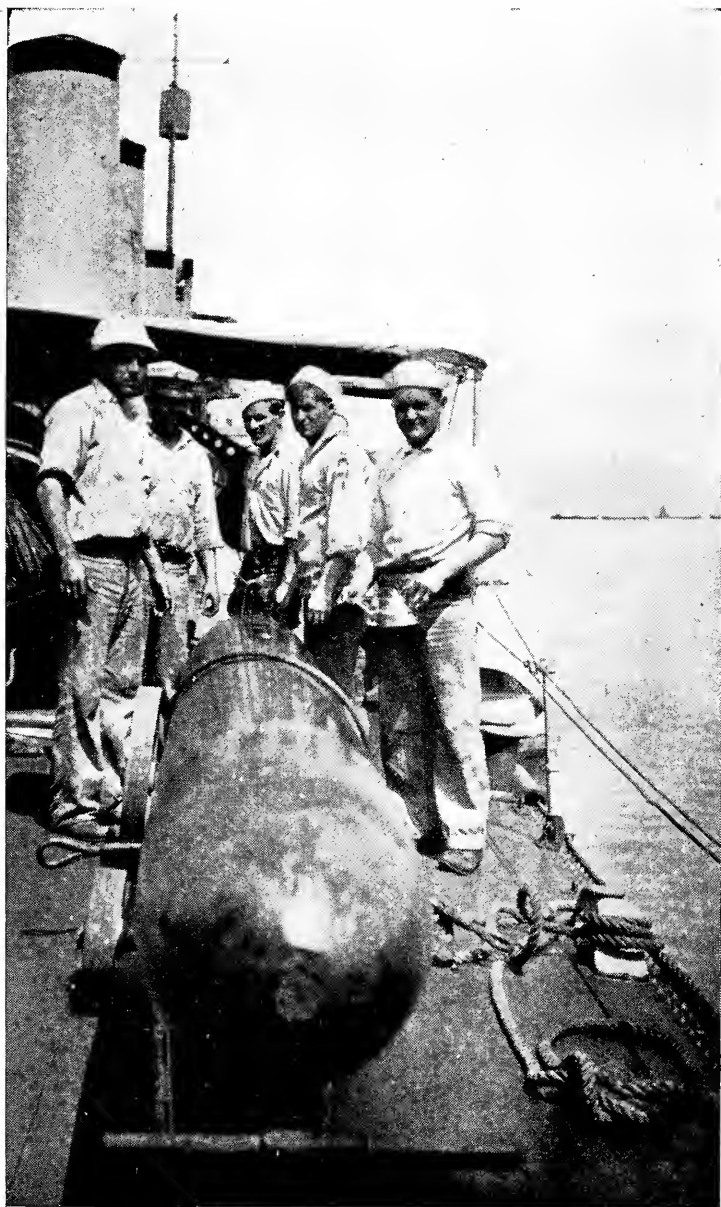
## TWO GROUPS OF JOLLY TARs

Top: Haerer, Haas, Goodnight, White, Hauser, Michalo, Wilcox, Scott, Hoffman. Bottom: Scott, Cooper, Reilly, Felts, Larner, Hemphill, Thistle, Mignery, Irvin and Curran.



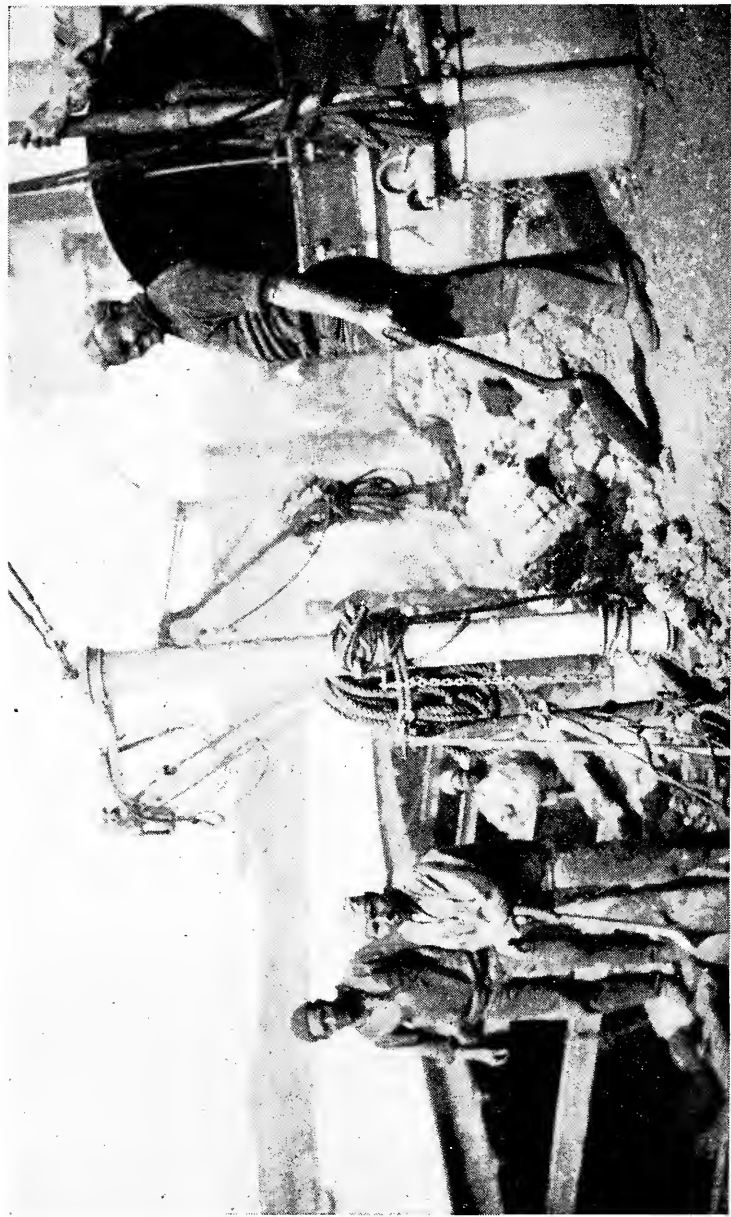
### OUR "BLACK GANG" IN A HAPPY FRAME OF MIND

This bunch might well be mistaken for a college glee club on a tear, but in reality it is our aggregation of coal heavers and water tenders enjoying a short period of rest on deck; date, Apr. 25, 1918; place, Brest, France. Note the "instruments of torture,"



### A SOUVENIR FOR THE KAISER

The "presentation committee" is composed of "Rosy," "Muggsy," "The Count," "Watty" and "Andy." Ponta Delgada, Azores, August, 1917, just before we left for Queenstown.



### COALING SHIP, A LUXURY NEVER ENJOYED BY THE OIL-BURNERS

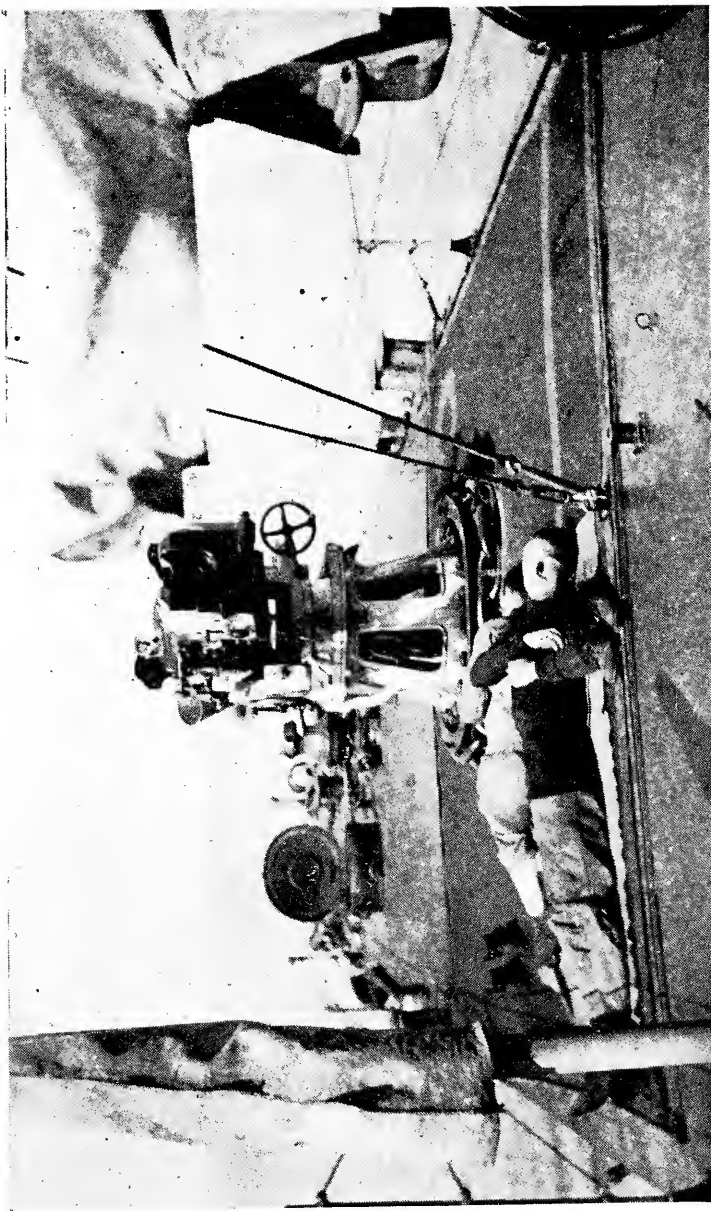
W. J. B. Hill, a water tender, seen in the foreground, would not swap places with the dustiest minstrel man on earth. Say what you will about chinquapias, match stems and goat-power for lawn-mowers, but it was coal and gobs and dcughboys that won the war.





### A COUPLE OF BUGS AND NUTS AT SEA

Seamen "Danny" Hughes and "Rag Doll" Cavannaugh, painting the side one day, went adrift, but by excellent seamanship (using boathook and handkerchief) got back.



**SLEEP, SAILOR, SLEEP,—THY CARES FORGET IN DREAMING!**

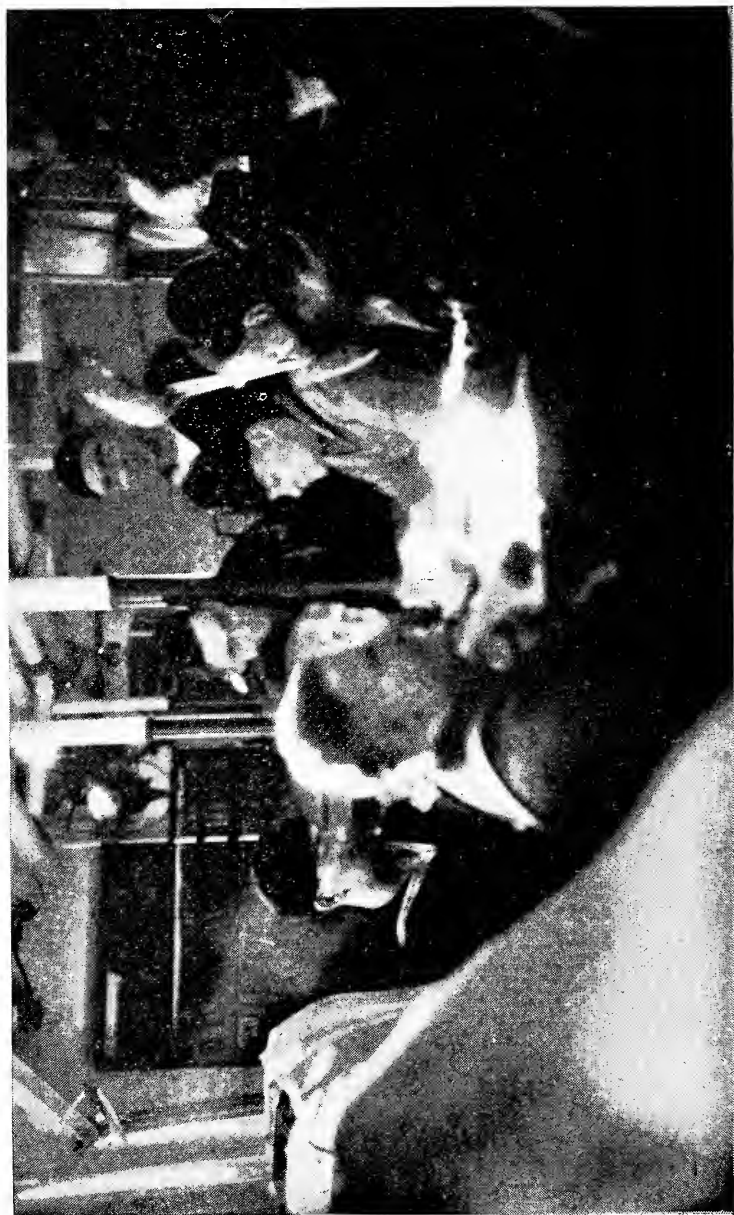
Exhausted sailor men are accustomed to seek repose wherever inviting nooks are available, and here we are gazing upon Daniel M. Lamb, a quartermaster, and J. J. Lynch, a ship's cook, at sea on the cocoa matting of the forecastle. The gobs are so comfortable that the officers on the bridge leave them undisturbed.





### SPIRIT OF SEAMANSHIP

Hats off to John Chisholm, the champion paper-weight of Mississippi, who used to cut queer capers as a mess cook on the seamen's compartment ladder!



### THIS IS THE LIFE IN THE FORECASTLE!

Should Jack of Forecastle Fame peek down below decks after working hours he would see the gobs at their games of chance, or he would hear a champion story-teller spinning yarns of things that could not be on land or sea.

handsome once, and still has the remnants of an elaborate figure-head, and a most beautiful sweep to her bow. She made me think of an old actress who had turned property woman when she got old, and was trying to help the new generation make a good performance.

I got a scare the other night. I was on watch, and there was a lot of phosphorus in the water. Suddenly, from about 50 feet away a white streak shot through the water toward our side, right below where I was standing. I guess it was a large fish. I thought it was a torpedo, for I hollered, "Hi, look at that!" The officer of the deck asked what the trouble was and the bo'sun's mate said, "Brown got a little scared about a fish, sir." Brown was more surprised than scared, but if I had had time I would have been a good deal more scared than I was. I will be scared next time, too.

We have a Maine Yankee for one of our cooks. The day he came aboard he told me he was a brick-layer by profession, and was a poet in disguise. I thought my disguise was probably about as perfect as any one's, and to prove it I borrowed the yeoman's typewriter and hammered out a poem. One of the men posted it on the bulletin board, where it was received with more appreciation than my efforts have always had, much more than it deserved. The men said, "Brown has written a good piece; have you seen it?" and the officers asked the yeoman to make some copies. People look at me as though I was the three-legged boy, and quote parts of it around the deck. I have sworn off now lest they say that as a sailor Brown is a good poet.

Sailors have a wonderful fund of information. It is simply inexhaustible. Bullen noticed this when he went to sea on the Cachelot, and it is still so. They have told me that the British West Indies is that part of South Africa that the English took from the Boers. That piece of combined geography and history is hard to beat. It makes arguing difficult. The specialists are certainly posted in their fields, though, and are extremely kind and good-natured in giving their time to explain things to me, when I can think of a question sensible enough to ask.

The man who knows the sea and sailors and ships is John Masefield. I have often wished that I had along my copy of his verses, for they just hit things, and being so appropriate it would be easy to learn the whole lot of them by heart.

I am having great times. Just now I think of all the fun I have had sailing and at football games and all the good picnics and parties I've been to, and when I get home I'll

certainly have something more to remember that doesn't happen to everybody. I wish I could tell you where we are and what we are up to. I think you would all be proud to have me here and would tell everybody, and your insides would clasp hands, as mine do.

With love to all,

TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

### COALING BY NATIVES APPROVED

Ponta Delgada, Azores,

August 5, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

The last time I had liberty I took a long walk out from the town where we stopped and saw something of the country. The inhabitants were well brought up and took off their hats as we passed. I took the walk with George Ziemann, one of our chief petty officers, who is from Oshkosh and of course knows the people I know. The walk was extremely interesting, but we went too far and had to hit up a stiff pace to get back to the ship on time. That was four days ago, and my shoes are lame yet. The shoes will soon be forgotten but I shall always remember the walk.

The last two places we have called have been made pleasant by the fact that the coaling has been done by local talent. I am convinced that that is the best way, for the natives are wonderfully fast. Of course I do not sit around and watch them do it. There are always plenty of things that need to be done, and which ordinarily we do not have time to do. Cleaning the side was the latest one of these odd jobs. The cleaner stands on a guard rail at the water line, four or five inches wide, reaches up to the deck with one hand and hangs on to the tiller rope, while with the other hand he dips a swab into a strong solution of cleaner and cleans the side of the dirt and the grease that has been accumulating for centuries. A companion quickly rinses off the solution so it won't take off the paint, too. This preparation takes the dirt off your hands even better than making bread does.

I was surprised to notice the other day that, even though there was a fairly heavy swell, I wasn't conscious of the motion unless I paid particular attention to it. I suppose that means I am getting my sea legs. I hope so, for the walk convinced me that I had lost my land ones. Another thing I realized yesterday, for the first time, was how commonplace things have become, which a little while ago would

have seemed strange enough. For instance, as I was taking my afternoon nap on my favorite couch (an ammunition chest on the port side of the fo'castle) I was awakened by a shout from the lookout, and peering between the range finder and No. 5 gun, I saw, two points off the starboard bow—(deleted by censor).

Doesn't that sound romantic? But it needs a good loud yell to wake me up. Just the same, there is a romance about the sea that has grown on me.

I have not been disappointed about my anticipations on it. Of course there are bound to be times when I won't like it for a bit, but I am sure that after I am through here I will often be homesick for the feel of it. We have been lying near a good-sized English bark and I have got a lot of pleasure in trying to puzzle out her rigging as well as I could. I would surely like to make a voyage in her and see if the romance of sails stacks up as well as the romance of the sea has done.

With love,

TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

PREFERRED TO ENLIST AS "GOB."

Ponta Delgada, Azores,  
August 11, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I will start another letter without any idea of when you will get it, and add to it from time to time until I get an opportunity to post it. I last wrote and mailed a long letter covering about three weeks' time, a couple of days ago, which I hope reaches you safely.

Things are still going well with me. We are somewhat shut off from news, even war news, and I wonder a lot what is going on. Of course, things that occur in our own little district filter down to the crew with many modifications on the way. Information of this character—rumors from the wardroom, etc.—are tales brought from shore and are known as coming "straight from the scuttle butt."

I saved a lot of papers to wrap things in, and now I am going over them again with the greatest attention to detail.

Today I went over the list of people from the state who are at Ft. Sheridan and was surprised to see how many I knew from the state at large. Before, I had read only the Milwaukee and Madison lists. My friends certainly came across in pretty good style. It tickles me when I think of them trying out at Ft. Sheridan and maybe not getting com-



### A MIGHTY MAN WAS OUR "FIRST LORD OF THE GALLEY."

When it came to opening cans, our ship's cook was without a peer in the "Dungaree Navy." He specialized on hot dogs and canned salmon, and his word was law even with our "Comical Steward." Well heeled, he could stand up in any kind of a storm.

## LIFE ABOARD SHIP—"DEAR FAMILY" LETTERS

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missions, and anyway, having to wait a long time for an army to be raised, while I struck luck and am busy almost at once where I hope it is counting, and am getting my training as I go. I'll bet that in the long run I'll be of as much use this way as if I had held off for the more high-sounding job so many advised me to wait for. I am lucky in another way, and that is, being on a destroyer where there is a real fo'castle. On a battleship, of course, the crew's quarters are more or less all over the ship. Here we are all together just like in the books, and it is really a good deal of fun, and is surely an experience to be remembered. If the food is a little bit slow in coming down, the more exuberant members gather around the ladder and yell swear words at the cook up through the hatch, while all the rest pound their plates with their knives, and howl like hyenas. It is also like a bear pit at the zoo.

We have a funny little mess cook named Chisholm, aged 17. He is just out of short pants. It is great to see him come down the ladder with dishes of food in both hands. He sits on one rung and shifts his feet, one at a time, to a rung lower than the one he is standing on, then slides his seat until he bumps on a new rung. He can come down pretty fast that way, and as he hops down with both hands holding up dishes with a pleased smile on his face, he looks more like a performing dog than anybody has a right to.

Many of the boys are getting their heads shaved. They look like small-town cut-ups, but in spite of that the epidemic seems to be spreading.

Today I had work of the kind that I like,—splicing and whipping lines and fixing up a wind screen for one of the lookout stations. It is fun to sit up high somewhere and swing your feet and fool with a nice piece of line. The trouble is that the work to be done is nearly always just to lee of a smoke-stack and the Black Gang usually seize the opportunity to work up a smoke screen or blow a tube.

I hope father is missing hay fever this year. I haven't had any yet, but it may be a little early!

As ever, TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

**SALARY RAISED \$2 A MONTH.**

Ponta Delgada, Azores,

August 12, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I will write just a line and get it off as soon as I can in the hope that it will catch a mail which I expect will go home. A ship came today bringing letters.

## 70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

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Yes, I am a seaman now. No, it doesn't bring any noticeable change in duties. On these little boats we are all more or less utility men. The only difference that I know of is an increase of \$2 per month in pay, and we haven't been near a paymaster since I was rated! I appreciate the promotion, though, as a certificate that my work has been cared for satisfactorily.

With love,

\* \* \*

TIMOTHY.

### GETTING OVER SEA-SICKNESS.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,

August 15, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

My interest still keeps up and I see new and interesting things every day. I have seen a good many armed merchantmen of various nationalities, and notice that they have their flagstaffs very far forward so as not to interfere with the fire of their stern-chasers. It looks queer at first to see the colors any place except the stern. Most of these ships carry pretty good sized guns and look quite adequately protected, assuming that they are able to see the submarine at all.

I have not been sick in the crow's nest or anywhere lately, nor have they dug up new jobs to make me ache in new places, so I guess I am getting broken in. There is a little too much water coming in through the port, so I will have to secure things and go on deck and write some more later.

With love,

\* \* \*

TIMOTHY.

### HOW WE ACTED AT SEA.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,

Sunday, August 18, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I have not had much time for writing the last few days, not because there has been nothing to say, but because work has taken up even more time than usual. As we get further into the war, things tighten up somewhat, and lately we have had to work Saturday afternoons and Sundays the same as the other days in order to keep the old boat where she belongs. Every time we go into port there is a lot of coaling to be done and little things to be fixed up.

As soon as the coaling is over, cleaning ship, scrubbing the sides, and sometimes painting is necessary, and we are on the go now to such an extent that we have to put in our



spare time as well as our regular working hours in order to get finished by the time we have to get out again. Often we move at short notice with the work half finished, and have a rush to get things stowed and secured for sea by the time we get outside. There is always a little thrill about going out unexpectedly. Of course in the crew we don't know anything, and that makes it more exciting when we hear the cry, "All hands—get under way!" Sometimes it comes in the night; then the petty officer of the watch comes down the ladder with a flashlight and shakes each man. We dress in the dark (those who have removed their clothing or parts of it), then get on deck, where there is always a little light from the sky, swing in the boats that are trailing astern while we are in port, secure all loose objects around the deck, then all up on the fo'c's'le to assist in the ceremony of hoisting anchor and getting it aboard. By that time the "black gang" (firemen and machinists) have the engines turning over, and out we go. Our turbines run so smoothly, and I am so interested that usually the first I know of our being under way is when we leave the harbor and meet the swell of the open sea. As soon as the anchor is secured, those who have the watch as look-outs are posted, and the rest after the odds and ends are cared for turn into their bunks again.

The first couple of times we had alarms I was pretty wakeful after getting under way, but now I can go back to sleep quickly and be glad of the chance. Those who have the watch go to various points on the ship—in the crow's nest, if it is getting light; the bridge, out on the fo'c's'le if the seas are not coming over; and keep a sharp watch for anything at all which may appear on the water. Turtles, porpoises, bits of driftwood, oil, etc., are all reported as well as sails and lights. The moon first appearing, is nearly always reported as a light by some alert lookout. Submarines are apt to be most any place these days, and it would be foolish not to take every precaution, not so much for our own safety, but in order to get the sub before she can submerge.

Sometimes we see something that looks like a periscope, and then there is more fun. The men go to quarters and the ship goes at it. It tickles me the way we don't try to sneak by, but go to anything that looks like trouble. Of course that is our job, and it is a good job. When the object turns out to be a bit of wreckage or other harmless thing, there is a curious feeling of mingled relief and dis-

appointment. By relief I don't mean relief from being keyed up. I don't believe any of us have anything but regret at losing out on a chance to improve our batting eyes.

In the place where we now are, they have the best little cakes (especially the cocoanut with pastry rims), and when I get a chance to go ashore, which is something that doesn't happen often to a deck-hand, I eat myself full at a place conveniently situated so I can see the harbor. Bum-boats also come alongside with most of the fruits I would get at this season at home—melons, pineapples, plums, grapes, and others that I am not used to, and they all taste good, and so far nothing has poisoned me.

My friend "Nick" Carter, who was with me on the Irene, is still with us. He is a mighty man with the swab and is always cleaning up the place, of his own motion, and always with the swab, and always in good humor. I know if we are boarded by the Germans he will make for the swabs instead of the cutlasses, of which we have a liberal supply, and the gunner's gang has to polish them. I feel that this duty will finally devolve upon the deck force. Still, it is more like a book to be shining a cutlass than a stanchion. Hines, one of our seamen, says to shine stanchions is against regulations, because the wear of the emery paper weakens the "structure" of the ship. Still, we do it. Some folks think the Dungere Navy is not very regulation. I sometimes think so myself.

With love,

TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

### ADVENTURE IN A ROYAL GARDEN.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,

September 3, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I got this note paper ashore in a box with the name "Roosevelt" on it. The Americans seem to be in favor here, and I believe Teddy stopped on his way home from the land where no lion did his duty. A fort and hill are named after him, which seems to be more than fell to Mr. Christopher Columbus when he visited an island hard by.

I am still having a great time. Yesterday I made a liberty with Battey for a few hours in the afternoon. We had a pretty good supper in a restaurant, the change of cooking bracing us both up considerably. After that we took a walk and came to a place with a high wall and a gate. It looked like a park inside (the people here are noted for their villas and gardens), but an old gentlemen in livery would not let

us in. The wall stood in the way. Battey was in the newspaper game on the outside, and his training encourages him to butt in as a matter of business or out of curiosity. Mine as a lawyer make me remember the rights of property and the law of trespass, but when he scaled the wall I couldn't let him go alone, so I hopped over too. We got into a much prettier part that way and walked down a fine drive to the gate, but when the old man saw us he was crazy with rage, and came running up and grabbed us each by the elbow, and started us up toward a pink palace. When we got there he rang a bell and told the maid all about us. She went and brought a good-looking, well-kept gent whom I whispered to Battey we had better show respect. Evidently the owner of the villa had been called away from his supper, for he had a napkin tucked under his chin; he said a few things to the watchman and waved us out. The keeper jabbered all the way to the gate, evidently playing for a tip by telling us what a narrow escape we had had, and we jabbered back. We could not understand a word he was saying, and he fared little better. We thanked him for showing us the place and introducing us to his boss, and passing him a European penny with a hole in it, came away. When we got down the hill to the town we bought postcards and asked the proprietor of the Cafe Cosmopolita where we had been. Our friend said we had visited the estate of the Marquis Joaquim Correa, which was the erstwhile stopping place of an old king of Portugal. I bet the king would have laughed to see us. Battey is well over six feet, built like a pair of newspaper shears, and the gate-keeper was shorter than I am.

Still no mail. We expect some daily, but I am afraid we won't be in port when it comes. We have had two mails since leaving the states. A couple of ships came in today, but they were not "ours".

Many happy birthdays, mother! Wish I could be with you to celebrate.

With lots of love,

TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

### GREAT FUN PAINTING COMPARTMENT

Ponta Delgada, Azores,

September 11, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I write this on my lap till the mess cook finishes cleaning the table. I've been pretty busy lately, for besides the reg-

ular daily work I have been working some on the study of navigation, as I had already written you, and a week ago our Chief Boatswain's Mate, ("Stump"), told me he had recommended me for coxswain, the next step after seaman. He broke the news in the classic phrase that he was "putting me up for a crow,"—the crow meaning the eagle which is a prominent part of a petty officer's rating badge. I was immensely pleased and very much surprised, for, while I thought I was qualified for the rate of seaman when I got that, this new rate presupposes a knowledge of work belonging purely to the navy, and I didn't think I knew anything about that. However, I studied up pretty hard so as not to fall down on the bo'sun, and when the time came I took the examination and was told yesterday that I had passed creditably; so now, as soon as some kind of office paper is made out, I will be a petty officer of the lowest grade and will have to acquire an authoritative manner. I know you will not be as surprised as I was at the promotion, and Aunt Millie and Uncle Frank will think I should be admiral by now, but I will be more pleased than any of you can be so as to make up.

Life grows more pleasant all the time. The last time we were at sea we discovered some whales,—two, loafing along on the surface, and amused ourselves by trying to sneak up on them, as we were not in any hurry. Twice we got so close that I thought surely we would hit them. We leaned over the side and could look right down into their nostrils, or spout hole, or whatever it is, and the surf would wash upon their backs, and all of a sudden they would notice we were there and would hump up their backs and disappear right under our cut water. It was a long time before they got scared or tired of us. It was a most interesting experience for us. If I had had a brick to throw I could have got one for you to put in a tub in the yard. There I go talking like a landsman again! "Irish confetti" is the proper name on our ship for bricks!

For the last two days I have been painting our compartment and the wash room. It is a mean job, especially the overhead, in between the pipes and wires and deck beams, and the paint runs off the brush and down your arm; but there is something sociable about slapping on the paint with a bunch of fellows, and it was pretty good fun. Afterwards we had the phonograph on deck, and sat around on boat cradles and buckets, with the phonograph in the center on a keg of sea stores, and we heard all the latest music of last

year. Somebody has named the phonograph the "Agony Box," but we would not be without it for all that. After the music I had an anchor watch, and after that a bath in my pail, and washed some clothes and turned in at midnight, with nothing to do till the morrow, and a fine night for sleep.

We are still without mail and have no idea when any will reach us, or whether the department has forgotten where we are. All of us are anxious to hear from home, and the speculation on when the mail will come takes up almost as much time as discussion of things we have eaten or expect to eat when we get back home. Beer, properly cool, seems to get the most votes, but ice is scarce when you get away from the states. Having lived a while as a struggling lawyer in Milwaukee, I am considered somewhat of an authority on this subject. Alas! the poor sailor can't get beer at all now at home, and this reconciles many to an extended cruise.

With love,

TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

### "JENNIE" DRAWS THE COLOR LINE

Brest, France,  
February 10, 1918.

DEAR FAMILY:

We got in yesterday after an unusually pleasant trip. We had a little rain the first day, but except for that the trip was a rest for us. Part of the time we ran close to the beach, and as there was a heavy ground swell, we saw some wonderful surf, but we wouldn't care to go swimming off some of the rocks we saw the waves breaking over.

In the afternoon after we arrived I made a liberty, and of course the first thing I did was to go around to one of the restaurants for something to eat. I was late for dinner, but "Jennie" (the French girl who keeps the place) said she could cook some "uffs" (eggs) and coffee, and as I was the only customer, we had a great visit. "Jennie" knows all my shipmates and the place is a regular hang-out for them. She wanted to know when the batteau came in, and when I told her she said she guessed she would be rushed that night.

"Jennie" is fast learning to draw the color line, which is very necessary if she wants to keep a select trade. It is also based on her own feelings, apparently, because while I was eating she confided, "You know, sir, that one American neggo came here and ate eggs and did not want to pay

for them?" I asked her if she finally made him pay, and she replied, "No; I just said, 'If you do not want to pay, please go out and never come back. I do not want to see you again. I do not like neggoes.' And he does not come back. He was very mad and I was much pleasure." While I was there several burly blacks applied for sustenance, but she blocked their entrance in a manner that made me understand Verdun. After I had eaten enough to last me until supper, I hunted up a barber shop and got a very good shave from the man in charge; a man-boy, I might say, because he was only 15 and still in short trousers.

After buying a picture showing the deportations from Lille (buying it out of a window filled with gay bottles of Vin Rouge), and then promenading a bit, hunger began tugging at my vitals again, and I went to the cafe brightened by the presence of "Germaine." There I had steak and eggs and much conversation. Next I went to the Y. M. C. A. and had a row with the lily-fingered "canteen lizard" behind the counter over the prices he was charging me for some stuff, said prices being in excess of the ones in the advertisement he referred me to. After he had hollered enough, I went out and invested in a large bag of peanuts (the French call them cackowets, or something like that), took them to the cabaret near the dock and handed them around the audience generally, including the proprietor of the place, the barmaid and some of the fellows from our ship. At 9 I returned to our batteau; the quartermaster felt of my blouse, but he passed me when I told him I had only a few peanuts in a large bag. You can certainly have a big liberty here on a few francs, simply by wandering around and talking to people.

The French dictionary reached me safely and is a great help. I looked it over thoroughly while at sea, and one of the first things I noticed was the sentence, "Do you love me?" A gob who was peeking over my shoulder asked how to say "Give me a kiss." Now, I was surprised at this gob, for he is a perfectly law-abiding individual,—one whom the French refer to as "serieux"—but I went ahead and looked as he took out his pencil and an envelope. Believe me, it was not there, so hadn't you better send me a different kind of book? Perhaps I should write Mr. Funk, Mr. Wagnalls and Mr. Vizetelly about this!

I see they have published news of the sinking of the Tuscania in the Paris papers, so I suppose they have also at home. I hope no one we knew was lost on her. It isn't the

soldier's game to be drowned, although it is all right in a way for the sailors. This event ought to have the effect of making the Americans mad, so that all will want to come over to get even.

Today is Sunday and we are lucky in being in harbor that all can attend church. Just think—no coaling to do and little of any kind of work except mending and writing letters home! Some of the fellows say they believe President Wilson's stand against Sunday work is a good one, and they wish he would consider the other days in the week. This outfit is not perfect, but it happens to be the only one we have, and I like it. I would not advise anybody to choose it rather than the army because he might not be able to stand our special kind of grief at all, but if one likes sea lore he can get it on one of the gadgets, and I think it is the very place for me.

With love to everybody,

TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

### TRYING TO SPEAK FRENCH

Brest, France,  
March 18, 1918.

DEAR FAMILY:

Having reached port in safety, tied up, taken a very enjoyable bath in my bucket and helped to get a coal lighter alongside, I still have a part of the evening left to write you. I have much more time than news, although that is the fault of the censor, and if I do not tell all I know, at least you may comfort yourself by reflecting that the Kaiser is going to be left just as much in the dark as you are, and that it all goes to help win the war, along with raising pigs and saving cigarette stubs and putting on overcoats instead of more coal.

I was in great hopes of finding mail waiting for me today but had no luck. I am beginning to expect the box of phonograph records you sent by express, as this is about the length of time it took the other box to come. I am looking for the tin box that Mother said she sent some time ago.

We just had a very nice run and the ocean looked like Fourth Lake again, although it does not always do so. Weather is very much more pleasant in the spring than the winter, and there is quite apt to be a friendly sparkle in the water and warm sun on the back of your neck, instead of the solid gray sea and sky for weeks at a time. Even when it is rough the ocean does not seem to be as forbidding as it was

a couple of months ago. I read in one of the last Literary Digests that you sent a letter from some one who evidently belonged to the forces we have been working with, as it dealt with a storm that we were in, and they ended up in about the same locality that we did, when the weather cleared. That was a regular blow, and the ocean did not remind me of anything we have around home at all. I wrote you about being washed overboard at the time, and I got a good idea of the power of water in other ways, too. For instance, a wave came and sat down in our wherry and when the water went away, the wherry did also, all except stem, stern board and strip of the gunwale, while another small boat was reduced to a lot of loose lumber but stayed with us. Every ship that was in it had quite a lot of repairs to make, but some way destroyers seem to be pretty tough and nothing really happens to them. This time at sea I got a chance to read part of "Pincher Martin," which I received on my birthday, and was much interested in it, although I did not consider the story a masterpiece. To tell the truth, I think that people who are not familiar with life on destroyers would appreciate it a good deal more than I did, for although the story is very accurate as to life on board, reading about that is not as much fun as living it. The conversation of the various sailors, judging by the examples given, is very different from that of our boys, both in manner and matter. It is a trick to produce conversation so it sounds life-like. For sailors, it seems to me that Connolly, who writes the stories about the Gloucester fisherman, does it about as well as anybody, at least in his earlier writings.

The substitutions that have grown up in the navy for regulation terms are peculiar, and some of them are pretty apt. Others don't seem to have any reason for them at all. As you know, every sailor is a "gob." If he is to be distinguished from a marine, who is a "leatherneck," he is called a "flat-foot." Reason unknown to me. A coal-passer is a "heave" and one who has worked up in that line to be a first-class fireman or a watertender is an "educated heave." Anybody in authority is "the man." A further designation is made in references to commissioned officers. They are the men with the shiny shoes. A warrant officer is known as a "bolo man." This, I understand, dates back to the Spanish-American war, for on state occasions the said officer used to carry a cutlass and that, of course, was called a bolo as soon as the sailors found out what a bolo was. Naturally food comes in for many nicknames, but they are



neither very nautical nor very permanent. "Sea-dust" for salt is about as typical as any. Various ratings and occupations have time-honored titles. A master-at-arms is a "Jimmy-legs." Maybe your recruiting officer at Madison can tell you why. I can't. A seaman who is detailed to issue provisions from the commissary hold is "Jack-of-the-Dust." A carpenter's mate is "Chips," and is seldom called by his own name. "Radio" or "Sparks" will get a radio operator. Destroyers are the "black boats." They were painted black in peace times. If you are in that branch of the service you are in the "Dungaree Navy," because at work we all wear dungaree suits made of overall material instead of the regulation outfits of whites or blues that are compulsory in the regular navy.

I noticed that many of the terms we use are used in "Pincher Martin," or modifications of them; and the traditional reasons given for such appellations are the same, thus showing that our service has had a growth practically parallel to that of the British Navy, although I suspect the enlisted men would deny all similarity.

This war is apt to bring in a lot of new terms. Our language across the water is undergoing a very extensive remodeling, as I have said before. Everybody uses the most outrageous hash of mispronounced English, French, Spanish and Portuguese tongues that you ever heard, and new effects in verbal camouflage are desperately striven after. When one of our liberty parties returns from the beach after talking near-French for a few hours and still thinking in that argot, it is most amusing. As far as I can see, it is an even break, too, for while none of us talk pure English any more, none of the inhabitants are talking pure French. Quite often a compromise is reached by the natives trying to learn some English noun, getting it wrong, and then the Americans taking up the French mispronunciation. For instance, "chicken" and "poulet" are no more. "Shicken" is the recognized way of ordering, and the slang meaning of chicken also seems to have filled a long-felt want in the French vocabulary. When we first got here the French were suffering from English influence and were saying "Compree?" for "Do you understand?" and "Comprenez-vous?" (I think that is correct.) Now they say mostly "You savvy?" which our boys brought with them from Vera Cruz and Tampico, although "savez" is good enough French, as well as Spanish, but not the way it is pressed into every sort of duty. As you are not here to profit by the instruction, I guess you

will find all this lesson in war-vocabulary pretty tiresome, so I will close.

I hope you are all well. I am still feeling fine. After coaling ship tomorrow I shall feel still better, provided the day is nice.

Lots of love,

TIMOTHY.

\* \* \*

### ENCOUNTER WITH A SUBMARINE.

Brest, France,

March 26, 1918.

DEAR FAMILY:

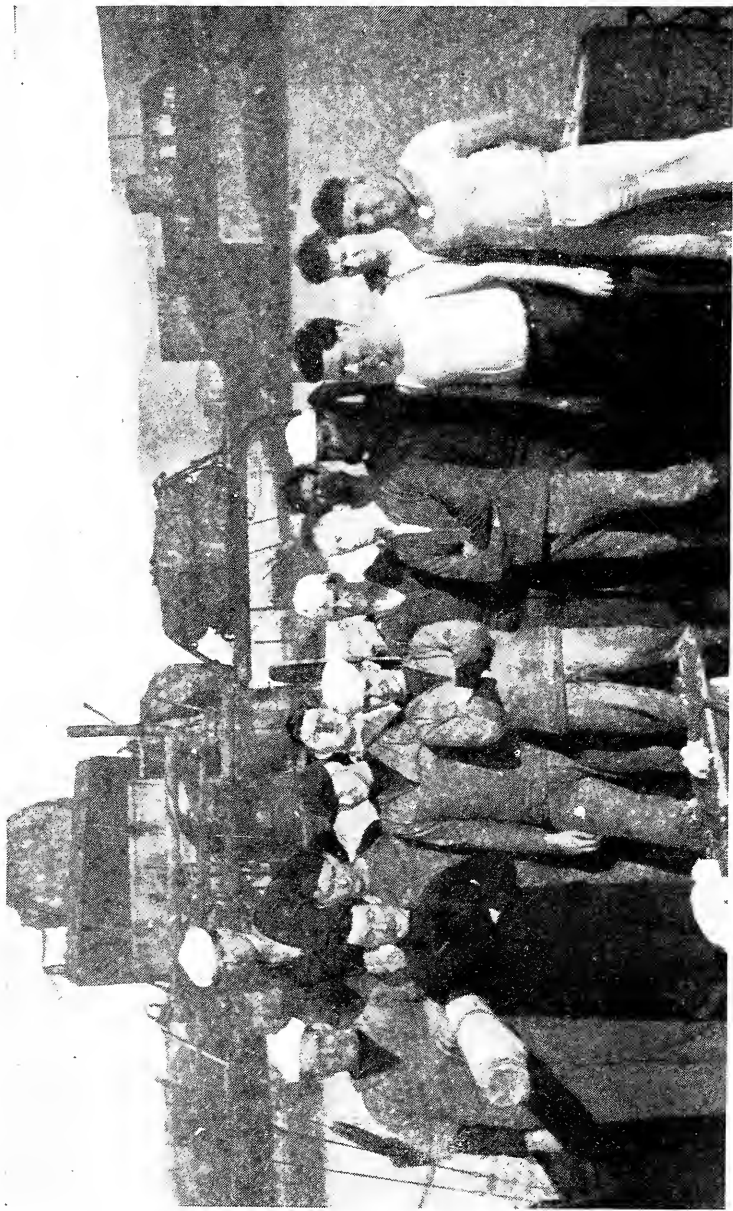
The papers say the Germans have at last started their spring offensive and are running a side-show to boot by shooting at Paris with a gun that carries 75 miles. You are reading all about that now at home and of course are getting a lot more information about it than we are. I hope the offensive will be over soon, with good, big losses for the Germans and not too many for us. I wonder if the Americans will be shifted over to help out. It must be quite an anxious time at home until we know just how things are coming along.

I am going to tell you about a little fun we had the other day. We had been pretty well out to sea and were looking for land on the way home and wondering if we would be in time for liberty. It was going on toward noon and the watch was being relieved. The fellow who was to relieve me was just as slow as ever, so I was still on deck when the officer of the deck leaned over the railing of the bridge and told me to have the fo'c's'le gun manned. I started down to the main deck, passing the word to the boatswain of the watch, and hollered the order down the fo'c's'le hatch, and then got the little board I use in the talker job, and went up to my battle station on the bridge. From there I could see the officers all looking out over the water in the direction we were going; and looking the same way, I saw the smoke of a steamer on the horizon, and between us a low shape in the water which I knew to be a submarine. She was several miles off, but her conning tower and wireless masts showed plainly. In the meantime, the general alarm bells had been turned on and the word passed to the engine room and the fire room that we would want lots of steam; and I was pretty busy taking the reports from the different guns as they were made ready for action, and testing out the voice tubes to make sure that whatever orders I might have to pass would be clearly heard. Naturally I could not keep my eyes on



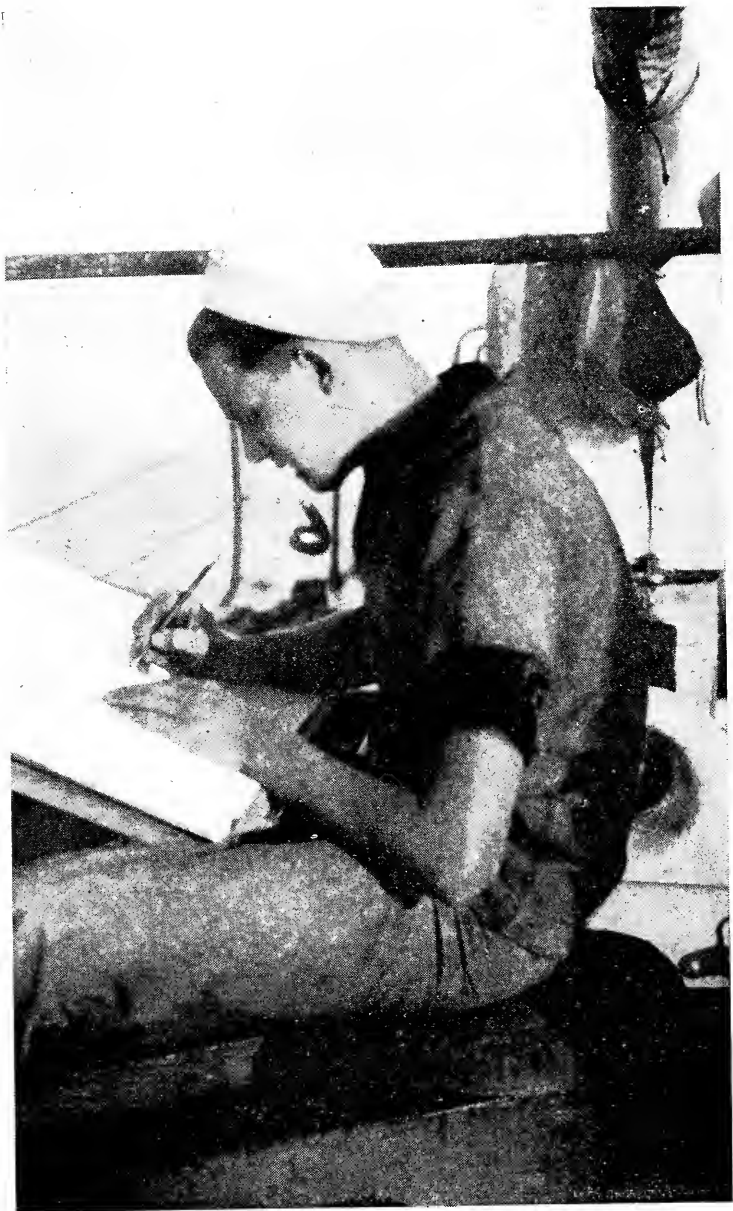
### NOT AS FIERCE AS HE LOOKS

Albert S. Denning, coppersmith, was one of the highest-paid petty officers in the Dungaree Navy. He lived in the forecastle and he kept it lively.



### REBELS ON BOARD SNAP OUT OF IT FOR THE KODAK

Our Dixie lads engaged in many hot arguments with the Yankees over the merits of Southern and Northern cooking, but it remained for a Tennessean to knock the Yanks cold with this: "The best eatin' in the world is fried chicken and honey—Oh, boy!"



**SEAMAN, MESS COOK, Q'T'RMASTER, ARTIST**

Sergius J. Becker, of New Orleans, who drew clever book sketches, and who left to accompany Admiral Mayo's party on its missions to the capitals of Europe.



### THEY SWEAR BY BOSTON BAKED BEANS: A GROUP OF YANKS

There is one principal reason why Northern cooking is superior, according to Seaman John Thomas Cavanaugh, our "comic valentine" (standing behind bird cage), and that is because Southern cooking is too greasy. After making this remark, Cavanaugh went to roost in the crow's nest.



### HE LEFT US TO FOLLOW "RED MIKE"

Lieut. Henry Rawle, who became executive officer of the Preston under Capt. Magruder; in civilian life a manufacturer, he corrupted our wardroom with celluloid collars.



### TWO COLLEGE MEN WHO HELPED TO SWAT THE HUN

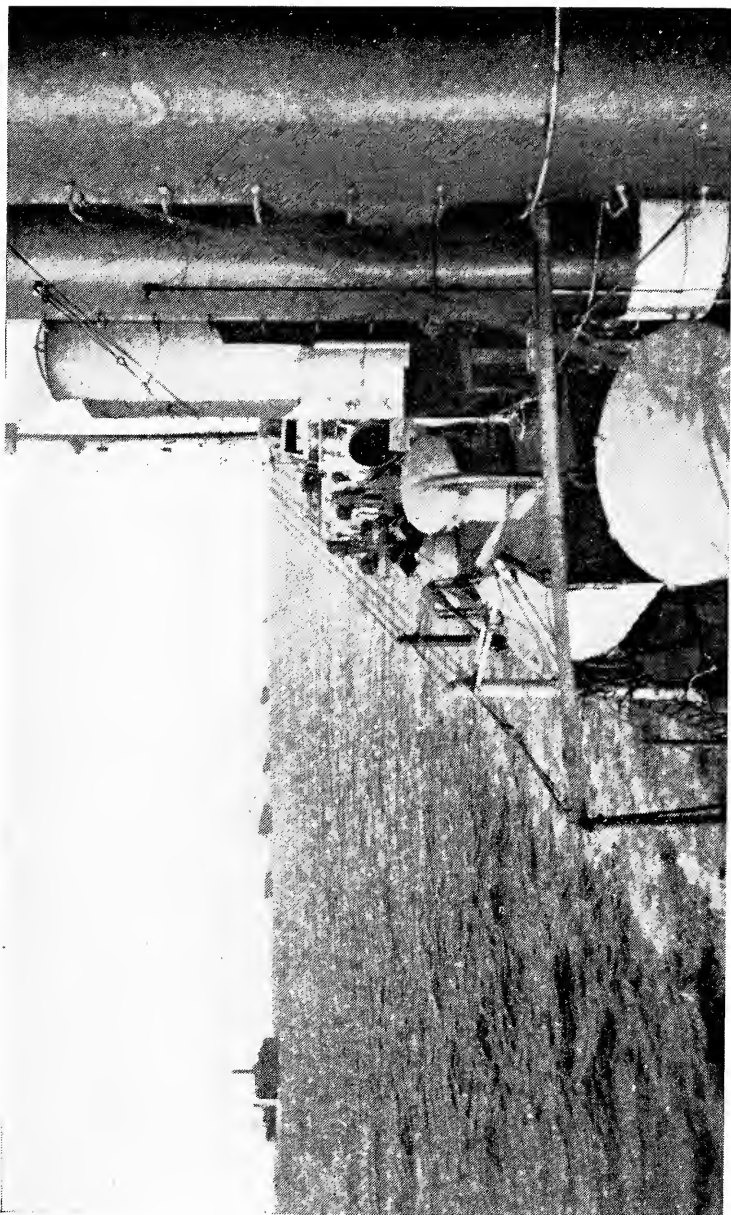
Lieut. Laurence C. Murdoch, a former pitcher on the baseball team of the University of Pennsylvania, erstwhile censor and in charge of commissary, and Lieut. Jas. H. Smith, Jr., who drove an ambulance at the front, then took charge of our deck force, paint locker, etc.





**"YOUR TWO AND RAISE YOU TWO!"**

A quiet little game like the ones Mr. Osgood, the alert executive officer, used to raid when the crew's mess needed the money.



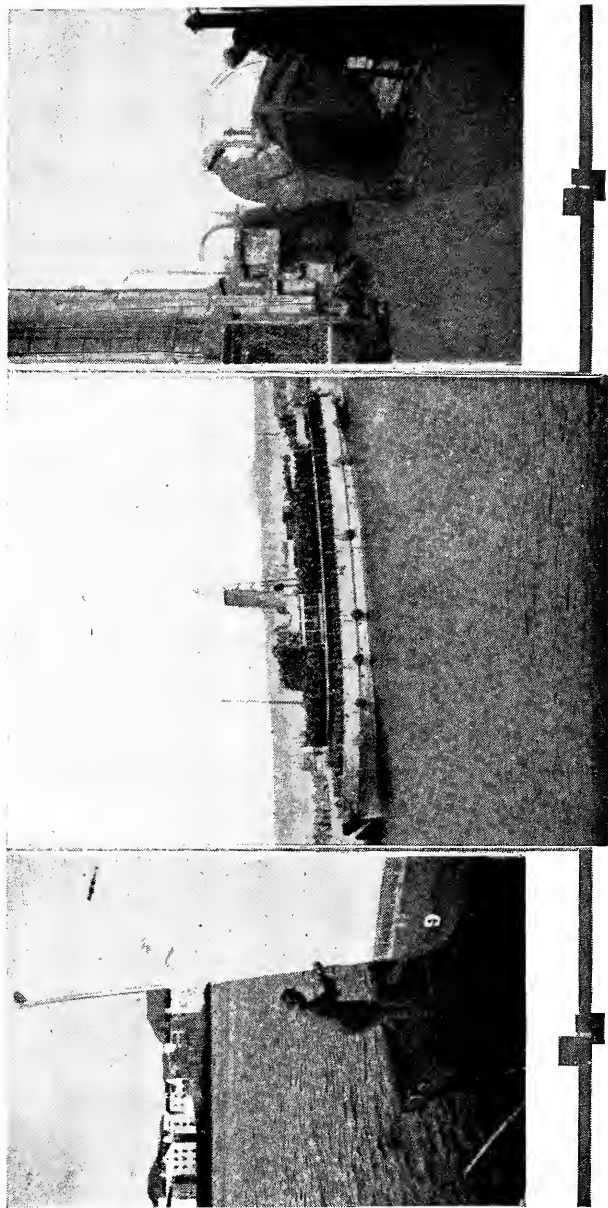
### A TYPICAL CONVOY SCENE ON THE FRENCH COAST

The Reid in position escorting munition ships into Quiberon Bay, winter of 1918. Aided by sister destroyers, yachts and French vessels, we often escorted convoys of 35 ships. Submarines occasionally sank three or four vessels out of the same convoy.



**THIS IS NOT AN ESKIMO—**

It is only Geo. E. ("Possum") Johnson, gunner's mate, diked out in a full rig of storm-proof, wind-proof, fool-proof clothing furnished by Uncle Sam.



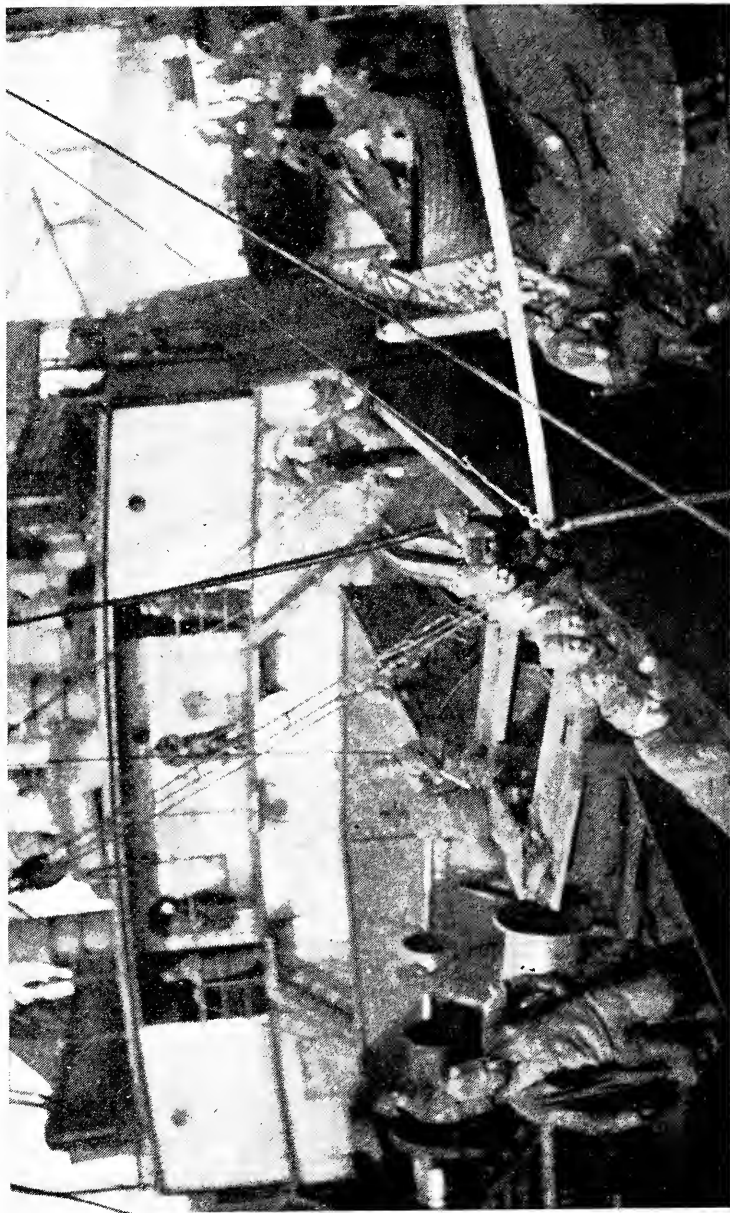
### A VIEW IN THE AZORES AND TWO IN FRANCE

At left is a bum-boat man at Ponta Delgada with pineapples, oranges and laces shifting berths around Preston's bow; in center is tug filled with American soldiers about to make landing at Brest; and on the right is a junior officer scrapping a motor boat for Capt. Platt.



### WHICH IS WHICH?

Homer Evans, oiler, is caught in bad company on the coal dock at Brest (being of Irish descent himself) and is warned to stay aboard.



#### AIDING THE ALLIES TO WHIP THE KAISER!

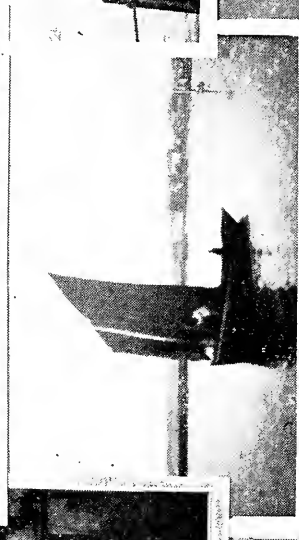
German prisoners (on collier alongside Reid at Brest) were supposed to help us coal ship, but on account of the politeness of their French guards never worked hard enough to get up a perspiration, and were sleek and fat. Successful army drives also made them haughty.



**HERE'S YOUR LINK, MR. DARWIN!**

Two of our galley aristocrats in a protective coloration and personal adornment scheme that suggests the evolutionary course of gold braid. "New Navy" men, do not smile!





#### FOUR VIEWS TAKEN AT LORIENT, FRANCE, NOV. 9, 1918

A "frog-eater" painting his galley top; scullers giving us the once-over; an old fisherman hoisting sail, and Arthur B. Stedman, seaman, in civil life a banker and broker of Hartford, Conn., who made good as "Jack-of-the-Dust" in charge of the commissary hold; salary, \$36.50 per month.





**RANGE, 3,500 YARDS; COMMENCE FIRING!**

Capt. Davidson is here seen manning his favorite weapon, the sextant, with which he used to shoot the sun and the horizon full of holes.



### MAKING SEA LANES SAFE FOR SHIPS

Hundreds of munition ships plied along the French coast during the war, and toward the end most of them were American. The illustration shows the Lamson (18), a destroyer with a war record, in position with convoy, steaming in business-like fashion for St. Nazaire.

the submarine all the time, and it took advantage of my duties elsewhere to fold up its wireless apparatus. When I got another chance to take a peek, it was starting to submerge. Our captain did not think it worth while to try a shot at the thing at the range we would have to use, and it went under, although all of us "concentrated" to hold it up. I was awfully disappointed, for I had hoped that perhaps we had found one in some kind of difficulty so it would have to stay on the surface and maybe put up a fight before we took it. When it went under we estimated the distance it was away and then made for that spot at high speed, timing ourselves, and a little before we reached what we judged was the proper place, we dropped one of our "ash-cans" (depth charges), which exploded with a most satisfying shock and a kind of thud and sent up a lot of water. The depth charges sound just about like dynamiting fish at home, or it used to, on calm Sundays when the game wardens were away, getting out the vote. A couple of minutes later we ran through the oil slick which floated on the spot where the submarine had submerged, and we dropped another mine there, then cruised around and dropped two others in localities that appeared good; and soon another ship (a yacht) came up at full speed on getting the good news from our signal, and she added a "can" of her own. Much to our disgust, we didn't see any of the oil and wreckage that all the stories mention. Evidently "Fritz" forgot to cough out any through his torpedo tubes! After some running around in circles, we came on home, arriving several hours later. We found that our wireless had had a wide circulation, for as we came by the other boats in the harbor their men hung over the rails and hollered, "Did you get her?" to which we replied, "Sure!"

I couldn't see much justification for that reply, but I made it as often as anybody. We were all a little disappointed, for we wanted that sub for a pet most awfully, and it was hard to go away and leave it without being sure it was "feenesh." As we were about to secure from quarters and I was leaving the bridge, I heard our captain say to the other officers, "Well, anyway, I want you all to take notice that it was the 'Old Man' who found her for you!" None of them disputed the claim, so I guess it was the skipper who flushed our first real sub.

After we were tied up and cleaning up from our trip we had great disputes as to whether we got her or not, and everybody felt good and swore that our ship was a "home."

Then the boys started to brush up their blues for liberty—those who rated it—and to make plans for the evening. I thought I would stay aboard and see if the mail orderly would bring anything off the beach for me, but I had lots of fun listening to the songs and laughter, for by this time the boys had convinced themselves that "Fritz" was surely destroyed, and were planning to try a raid on the Kiel Canal the next time out. One boy who was restricted to the ship for a breach of discipline was even allowed to go along with the crowd when he told the executive officer that he wanted to break the news of the submarine to his girl. When the party returned from ashore at 9 o'clock they were still in high spirits, and the story had grown: An aeroplane had seen the U-boat lying in pieces on the bottom of the ocean. The crew of the Reid wasn't allowed to pay for a drink anywhere in town that night, and everybody accepted our version, except the crew of an envious destroyer which beats off a porpoise attack every few weeks.

Well, the story properly ends here, and the affair was fun while it lasted, but since then we have received information which makes it appear that we shook up all the little von Tirpitzes in the time of their lives. The official report says "Pen-March-Pete" (for such was his nickname) has been badly damaged (undoubtedly by us) and that he has put into a neutral port for repairs.

I understand the families at home are all worrying about the ocean trip their boys have to make to get here. That is the thing that bothers the boys, too—all of them. It seems funny to us, because we know how we have to work to see a submarine at all—one U-boat for sure in nearly eight months in the barred zones—but the doughboys can tell of many attacks on the way over. Attacks of nerves, I guess, induced by being on strange ships and seeing fish kicking up phosphorus in the water, and other things we are used to. When summer comes and it thunders, they will think they are shelled as well as fired at with torpedoes. They feel fine when they get on land, though, and act as if all their troubles were gone; and sometimes they hang over the railings of their transports in the harbor, before they have disembarked, and cheer us as we pass them on the way out. We know they will be heard from at the front when they get the word.

This letter is much too long. Poor family! Poor censor!

Love to all,

TIMOTHY.

# Standing by the Wing Locker

(From the Journal of a Landsman, with special reference to some features of the Azores-Queenstown storm of Oct. 9-13, 1917.)



WE HAVE the speed, the cans, the gunners—the “ambish and the ammunish,” as Rosy, our Italian gunner, put it—if only they don’t see us first and plug us from dead on broadside! I was wrapped in this sort of thought when I heard a lookout call to the bridge, where our officers were busy peeking at the horizon through glasses long and short:

“Sail, ho!”

“Where away?”

“Three points on starboard bow, sir. Looks like a periscope.”

A stiff breeze was blowing out of the southwest, cooler now than it had been since we set out, and our heavy coats felt unusually comfortable as we scampered up the ladder of the seamen’s compartment to the deck. The sea was a trifle more turbulent, bathing our forecastle now and then in a beautiful white spray which skipped across from side to side and was picked up and whisked against the chart house by the wind. On our port beam was a purple glow which lent a peculiar radiance to that section of an otherwise uninteresting horizon, while off in the direction indicated by the lookout, between two and three miles, a heavy fog was gathering fast.

“I can’t see anything,” declared “Port-hole Johnny,” our alert chief quartermaster, straining his minky black eyes through a pair of binoculars.

“Nor I,” returned our watch officer, who had hopped across the bridge from the port side.

“Must be another case of periscopitis,” suggested our engineer officer as he dropped his glasses to his side.

Our captain alone seemed to be hopeful of making out something, for he held his glasses to his eyes and swept them back and forth through a 45-degree arc.

"Hold on," he said. "Seems like I see a small object out there in the fog. Train your glasses again."

All obeyed the order promptly and eagerly.

"I see it now," cried several in chorus, and the skipper shouted to our salty little helmsman to cut her nose two and a half points to starboard, and then he signalled the engine room to give us 25 knots. The steering engine hissed and rattled as the helmsman put her over, the ship's sides creaked ominously, and her vitals groaned as our veteran chief machinist's mate shot the extra steam into the cylinder heads and cut in the blowers on the boilers to make steam all the faster. Our hardworking heaves grabbed their shovels and began feeding in great masses of coal, heavy black smoke rolled out of the four smoke stacks and our propellers whipped the water into angry wavelets that bubbled and boiled like a giant's wash pot, then gradually settled in our wake, a silken cord of gray. Our razor-edge bow cut a fine slit through the sea, sending an occasional wave top sweeping across the forecastle, and it was thrilling in the extreme to feel the ship's tremendous power under our feet and in the very air as we manipulated the devices which had held it subdued. We were traveling twice as fast as a hay-burning locomotive on its way to a North Georgia mountain resort, and I could not help but wonder what would happen if by any chance we should ram a whale. Certainly we would get oil on the water, and perhaps give up some wreckage, too.

Now we heard the general quarters bell clanging, and each Jack Tar scrambled to his regular post. The guns were all manned and the ammunition rushed up from the boxes. Our gunner's mates climbed to the tops of the twin torpedo tubes and perched on their high seats like jockeys ready for a race of geldings.

"Range, 2,000 yards!" shouted our executive officer at a guess, forgetting all about the range finder. "Train on target half a point on starboard bow." The order was repeated through the tubes to all the guns which could be brought to bear, and the men got on their tip-toes quick.

"Tell Ducky to stand by the mines!" ordered our executive officer, snatching a pair of glasses from a quartermaster and sighting the object again. Ducky was the ranking member in our firm of chief gunner's mates. We called him Ducky because of his legs, and he was one of the best men in the game, and had also done some diving in his younger days. Ducky always stayed within earshot of our executive officer, so he made off as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Train the starboard machine gun on the object and begin firing," was the next order. Our machine gunner rammed in a clip of cartridges and peeked through the sight. He could see a dark, slender object sticking three or four feet above the surface, and he became so excited that he forgot to cock the gun. The bunch on the bridge began to squirm as the machine gun man pulled hard on the trigger, but failed to get results. The target appeared to be leaping at us now.

"Fire!" yelled our executive officer, hoping to smash a periscope at the first shot.

"The damn thing won't work!" declared the gunner, fumbling about the breech lock.

A seaman stepped up and announced that she had jammed. The bridge bunch tore their hair at this juncture. You couldn't blame them. The suspense was awful. We either wanted to shoot at the thing or get shot quick. Closer and closer we sped, and must dash by in a minute or two and maybe get a torpedo smack in the ribs.

"Fire the forecandle gun!" interposed our captain.

"Bang!" went the forecandle rifle with a roar that shook us up and made us all feel good. The shell hit the water 400 yards beyond the target and went skipping out of sight.

"Give her another!"

"Bang!" and the second shot hit fifteen feet to the left and sent a slender column of water into the air.

"Cease firing!" ordered our executive officer. "It's nothing but a spar."

Several pairs of glasses were raised, and it was now seen that the object was floating as if it were water-logged at the lower end, or carried a weight of some kind. "Keep away," warned the captain to our helmsman. "The darn thing might have a mine on it." The helmsman cut her sharp to port and we could see the other destroyer racing toward us at top speed. Our lame duck of a convoy with the wooden gun seemed to be marking time. Then she cut zig-zag capers.

As our stern passed the spar we felt a sudden shock of great force. The bow of the vessel dipped low and the fantail went up in the air correspondingly. We held on to the nearest objects and peeked over the sides, looking aft, and could plainly see the propellers spinning like gyroscopes. Quite as quickly we settled down again and a mountainous deluge of water fell astern of us.

"What was that?" asked our executive officer as he leaped across the bridge, upsetting the helmsman.

"It was a can or I'm no sailor," declared a chief petty officer.

Ducky came waddling forward at this point to explain that one of our mines had slipped overboard accidentally and had exploded too soon; said he hoped there would be no board of inquiry; nobody was hurt or to blame. Our officers held a short consultation and decided that a full report of the affair was the least that could be done, and then we got into our course again, and I walked across the deck to ask a seaman what our engineer officer meant by a case of periscopitis.

"Haven't you heard of the new disease?" he asked, amazed at my ignorance. "That's what sailors have when they think they see submarines. Everything looks like peri-



scopes. One fellow has got it bad. You had better keep away from him."

"Is it contagious?" I asked with a trace of apprehension.

"Not always; depends on the condition of your constitution," he replied.

I pinched myself to see how my opsonic index was getting along. It seemed to be there all right, but I was not sure but what I would have the periscopitis before night. Sort of wished I could hitch onto a cloud, but felt it would be impossible with so many grim realities around me.

Presently a seaman they called "The Bird" clambered up the ladder to the chart house and took his post beside us.

"Where the hell you been, 'Bird?'" the other sailor inquired.

"Standin' by the wing locker—where you reckon?" he asked.

"The Bird" used to be a baggageman on a well-known and popular railroad running out of Chicago and had traveled extensively as a land lubber. He was a small man of 27, with heavy wrinkles in his face, due to playing solitaire and checkers late of nights; his eyes were black and beady and close above them his dark hair grew out profusely, giving him a fierce appearance that did not exactly comport with his reputation for humor of the finest and most spontaneous kind. When he started a story or song he was in the habit of squinting sidewise at you and bending his body a trifle at the waist—like a modern Captain Kidd on the verge of shooting up a saloon on liberty, or skinning a frog alive.

"I don't get you," returned the seaman, smiling broadly.

"You been a seaman six months and don't know what the wing locker is?" inquired "The Bird." "Well, I'll tell you, Bubber. The wing locker is the place where you get your wings when a torpedo hits you. You put on the wings and fly away to the nearest land. Your uncle is captain of the wing locker; salute your captain!"

"Fine, but how do you put them on—with wax, like the

wretched Daedalus, or simply with glue?" asked the other, who was a college man.

"That's the big secret. My own invention. Costs only ten dollars to learn, and is well worth the price. First time we get abandon ship drill you stand by the wing locker with me and help me keep the bunch in line."

"The Bird" sprang away to report a cork floating on the port bow. He volunteered the information that it looked like a beer bottle cork, from which it might be inferred that Germans had passed in the neighborhood. The other lookout went into the chart house to borrow a piece of beeswax to strengthen a string, and I was left to my own reflections. My back was beginning to hurt from leaning against a protruding portion of the flag box, and I wondered if it wouldn't be possible to bring enough pressure on my congressman to cause him to introduce a bill setting aside a sum of money to provide cushions for certain places where lookouts must lean or hang in order to detect submarines. It also seemed reasonable that seats of medium comfort should be provided, because it is no easy matter to stand four solid hours on aching feet, and besides, a man can see as far in a sitting posture as in an upright position. However, Chips, our chief carpenter's mate, said it was easier to sleep sitting down, and I guess there's a good deal in that. Maybe that explains why the decks of destroyers are the only flat surfaces thereon.

As I gazed toward the far-off horizon I thought of another thing. Why shouldn't sailors have decently deep pockets to keep their effects in? Maybe you say that after a reasonable time a sailor has no effects, but that is not literally true. I know a lot of sailors that would like to carry a comb, a small looking glass and a pencil except that their three dress blues pockets measure only an inch square each. Why, lots of sailors have more gold and currency than they can carry in two pockets, and of course it is fair to allow the third—over the heart in the blouse—for a handkerchief.

Personally, I carry my money, a nub of a pencil and a wad of note paper in one pocket of my trousers, a ditty box key, a small piece of soap and some twine in the second, and cram my handkerchief into the third. Occasionally I stick post cards and letters in my flat cap—peanuts, cheese and bananas in my blouse, but that is considered very bad form, especially when gold-strippers are around. Sailors are subjected to another grim obsession in respect to clothes,—trousers legs that contain several yards too much cloth in the cuffs and not enough in the waste (we mean waist). This extravagance was practiced when sheep and the entire world were crying for more wool, just to perpetuate an absurd old custom. One excuse commonly offered for loop-legged trousers is that the men can roll up the pants legs easily when making landing parties. Don't swallow that, people of intelligence! In the first place, landing parties for sailors are very infrequent; ask the men themselves. In the second place, no captain worthy of the name would send his men on a landing party dressed in liberty blues; if a scrap was due they would go in dungarees or whites, chopping their pants legs off at the knees if necessary. Should blues by any chance be used, the water would soak through them as through a sponge, and the weight of the water and the speed of the gob would pull the pants legs down around the shins. Then once on land the great pants legs would flap about so as to tangle him up and throw him often, with possibly serious injuries, so that all in all he would be about as fit to fight as a beturbaned, rheumatic old plantation washerwoman.

There is another thing without rhyme—the flat cap. (The Blue Jackets' Manual calls the flat hat a cap and the white cap a hat; everything seems backward in this confounded outfit, so we let it go at that!) The cap grommet makes the cap set on the head like a pie plate, and spreads it out like a sail so that every little gust of wind blows it off, and, since it is round, it goes skipping down the avenue

with the speed of a hoop. The gob goes chasing after it, and of course if officers or civilians are nearby in sensible attire that stays put, that is amusing. Finally we have the thirteen buttons in the front of the pants—ye gods! No. 1 is Massachusetts and the other twelve doubtless stand for the remaining twelve original colonies, for which let us be proud of it and thankful there are not forty-eight! Otherwise we might be inclined to rip the garment slightly up the back. The rig serves at least one purpose—to make a sailor look like something foreign to land or sea.

Rear-Admiral Ralph Earle, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and a humorist beyond compare, started an interesting win-the-war measure under date of March 25, 1918, consisting of an attempt to change the old tight-fitting blouse of officers by vote to a reefer similar to that worn by British officers and American chief petty. In a memorandum to the service, Admiral Earle admitted that it might be hard to understand how a campaign could appropriately be launched through the Ordnance Department, yet he had all the dope and would present it anyhow for the sake of efficiency. Undoubtedly he drew his inspiration from the following verse written by C. McK. Lynch, Ensign, U. S. N.:

### TOO TIGHT TO FIGHT

I've heard it swore in days of yore  
Men went to war "too tight to fight"  
With all their might.

Of Gin and Beer we now steer clear,  
But to the blouse as to a spouse  
Cling year by year,—  
"Too tight to fight."

Last week I crossed the deep  
Too tight to eat or sleep;  
When two points to right  
I spied and tried to cry "A periscope!"  
Alas! my blouse,—I choke;  
We did not float!  
... To win the war we must have the coat!

"As to the present blouse being distinctive," continued Admiral Earle's unfeeling assault on the old order, "such an assertion is ridiculous. During the past summer, Commander Castle spent a day in the Vickers Company Yards at Barrow in Furness, England. Twice during that one day were he and companion officers mistaken for Italian officers and once for Russian officers. Being rather proud of our own service, they did not appreciate these mistakes. Again, the officer in charge of an inland ordnance plant has been taken for a hotel bell boy and never for a naval officer. How many of us have had wraps offered us and received angry expressions when we did not take them or open the automobile door and so on in public places? No one has ever thus mistaken an English naval officer. The Fall River Line and other inland water lines copy our blouse and are more gorgeous than the Admiral himself. The deep sea merchantmen seldom wear a blouse. In a conversation of two army officers recently overheard in the lobby of a theatre, the door-keeper of which wore a high, tight-fitting collar adorned with much gold braid, it was remarked that they had been much confused of late in their efforts to distinguish bell boys and porters from naval officers, but in this case felt more inclined to salute the door-keeper for one than a person in any uniform they had seen."

Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson was quoted as declaring the blouse "is an abomination and I cannot understand how any older individual who is obliged to wear it can stand by it," and Capt. W. W. Phelps was quoted as declaring "Anything to supplant that abomination called the service blouse, or service jacket, or what not."

Such changes will be entirely for the good of the service. And while the changes are being made it might be well to make more distinction between chiefs and galley aristocrats, or, to attain the ideal, to force these aristocrats by regulation to shoulder all the gold lace, braid, epaulets, chevrons and everything remotely akin to them whose strongest appeal is to vanity, mimicry, savagery and prehensility.

These important matters I was pondering deeply when 4 o'clock came and we were relieved from watch. As we left our posts a rainstorm burst upon us. Down shot the mer-

cury to 55, a drop of fifteen degrees almost immediately. Our boatswain's mate of the watch dived into the hold and dragged forth the oilskins, and handed a suit to each lookout. The cold was so penetrating that he went down again and brought out the sheepskin coats for the first time. A high wind blew out of the southwest, driving the rain into the necks of the lookouts with a sharp pain. The sea became choppy, then our slender craft rolled like a gar-fish from side to side, varying with pitches and lurches as we changed course slightly or the sea misbehaved from a different direction. After a while the rain held up, but the wind whipped our loose canvas-ends into shreds. I was quite taken aback to see our comical steward weeping softly against the ice-box as he held on with both hands. Said a case of eggs had gone to the deck from the refrigerator top, and the responsibility would be traced back to him.

"But why grieve over demolished eggs?" I inquired reassuringly. "Nobody is responsible for such things around here."

"They are six cents apiece, and 30 dozen to the case!" he wailed.

A wave lifted us suddenly and I went down on my right hip, sustaining, as they say in Brooklyn, severe contusions and abrasions, as well as a shaking-up that transposed my entire visceral mass. Our chief pharmacist's mate rushed up with a tourniquet, some iodoform gauze and sticking plaster, and asked which I needed worst. I told him I guessed the sticking plaster would do, and I would put it on as soon as the ship got still. He said to come around in the morning to the apothecary shop and he would give me some witch hazel for soreness,—that he was well fitted out to care for the wounded. I thanked him and made my way below to the seamen's compartment and hitched to a stanchion for chow. I call attention to the stanchions because our tureens were tied to them, containing food and silverware, while the rest of the food was in aluminum platters which the mess

cooks surrounded as best they could with their feet and knees. Occasionally a platter would get away from our inexperienced mess cook of the Reserve Force and he would dive across the compartment to nab it, only to lose other vessels he had been safeguarding. The hungry sailors would lend a hand and assemble the chow again, whereupon each man would help himself and eat under whatever endurable circumstances he could find.

Gentle reader, imagine yourself perched on a camp stool with face to port and back to starboard—at the seamen's dining table—trying to steer a bowl of soup safely into your alimentary canal. The ship rolls 45 degrees, and your stool and soup bowl begin to slide at the same time. You hold the edge of the table with your left hand, clasp your spoon down hard into the bottom of the bowl to secure it, then cautiously push yourself to your feet, for the stool threatens to carry you across the compartment in a jiffy. The angle of the bowl now being constant with regard to the relation it bears to the table, the angle described by the ship's lurch spills half your soup. You quickly release your grip on the table edge and take the bowl in both hands to steady it. This leaves the soup suspended perfectly between zenith and nadir, fixed in its relation to the bowl, and altogether incomparable if you do not weaken. Stated another way, the soup will not spill, although it may be getting cold. Yet you must devise some way to eat. Your spoon and slice of light bread have been sliding all over the table, kept from hitting the wet deck only by a wooden flange. Before you can plan your campaign, your feet begin to slip and ere you can blink an eye you have slid four yards across to the starboard dining table, getting your feet hopelessly tangled up in the legs of a prostrate stool, bumping without demanding gangway into a shipmate who turns loose his soup so it fits perfectly down your neck. No apologies are needed; you are too glad that your soup is still intact and you are still existing, but ere you have recovered

from the confusion the ship rolls from 45 positive to the same negative and you rejoin your old friends the spoon and the bread where you left them a moment ago. You set the bowl down like it was a baby, cling to the table with your left hand and go after your spoon with your mighty right, hoping a lapse will come so you can swallow a spoonful and be happy. But the lapse does not come and the bowl goes caroming to the deck. All the while the mess cook has been casting angry, furtive glances at you, and he now calls you harsh names; and everybody who is not your next friend scoffs and asks how you ever pried your way into this man's organization anyhow.

I saw a queer happening which our lawyer and notary public will swear to. A tureen of canned salmon skidded off a nearby locker and hit under the starboard table. The mess cook plunged after it, but missed by a hair. The vessel bounced plumb into the lap of our Irish oiler, who shouted gleefully as he seized it with both hands, "I've got the bloody thing!" I was reminded of a fat football center receiving the ball on the kickoff in the region of his center of gravity, and not knowing what to do with it. The ship's swing-back upset our hero and the salmon slipped away from him, landing on the locker of a gunner's mate and spoiling a brand new suit of liberty blues. I had the misfortune to let a ration of stew get away from me to the deck. There was no use staying below to hear the mess cook rave, so I seized a cold potato between my teeth and followed it madly all the way to the chart house, where I feasted in peace. I was thankful to be alive,—thankful that I had a slippery deck to skate on, a speaking tube to cling to, and an oil-skin coat that fit so snugly about my neck that not more than a quart of briny water seeped in every time our good ship did a smart courtsey to the angry waves. Only a third arm could have made me happier. Every sailor needs one in his business. In the matter of prehensile things evolution has not even started to begin to provide.



The deck continued to be a sort of good-natured juggling-board that regularly teased you, smashed you and exterminated you. In another hour I had contracted "decorations" on my knees that stuck out like hen eggs, and several slivers of perfectly good epidermis had been peeled off my shins; but pains of various kinds convinced me that my heart, lungs, and diaphragm were still working, though in different places than they had occupied before. I had grown so feeble from underfeeding and excitement that anybody could have knocked me flat with a dried herring or an ostrich feather. Perhaps it would be an advantage to go below and try to sleep; but no, it was nearly as unsteady down there and I did not relish the stifling closeness of it. Furthermore, I didn't care to be calumniated by a mess cook while not able to defend myself. After a while he would surely forget, or at least listen to reason.

Along came a wave that catapulted me from one side of the ship to the other, and my head hit our boatswain's mate of the watch in the middle and sent him reeling. He seized me by the neck and looked around for a marlin-spike, but failing to find one, relented and demanded to know what I was doing near the chart house when not on duty. I stammered that I was watching the waves in order to report any submarines that might be hovering near. He shoved me into a corner and tied me about the waist to a bridge upright, saying I was a dangerous person to be loose on deck, and after two hours I might go below. I thanked him, and presently a gunner's mate staggered by, shifting from forecastle gun to quarter deck to test his sights. A steam exhaust pipe hissed steam into my ear, and, oh! those smells from the galley!

I gazed at my shipmate appealingly.

"What are you hitched up for?" the gunner shouted.

"Got the crew's pay slips in my pocket," I replied.

"Good boy! Want any more rope?"

"Nope."

He disappeared and I was free to gaze upon the most wonderful white-caps that I had ever seen. Perhaps they were more than white-caps; they were the tops of waves 50 feet high. They flirted with us, laughed at us, danced about us and occasionally hurled themselves upon us. Hobgoblins and mermaids seemed to be tripping and splashing in a cavernous fairy kingdom, brandishing torches of fox-fire as they came and went, for it was night, and dark. Streaking through this mass of coral castles and gay sea sprites we appeared to be a huge dragon breathing hot blasts of flame from our nostrils and loosing reserve stocks of fire from our sides and tail. The fancy sorties of the waters gave the effect of myriads of subdued electric lights. It was the phosphorus in the sea. Huge fish sped toward us to see what brand of monster we could be, then swished away at right angles or turned tail about as they realized we traveled without fins. Little fountain spouts grew up out of the wave tops and broke into fine rainbow spray. Overhead a hazy white canopy encompassed it all, with now and then a star shining dimly. Professor Paine's peerless fireworks were nothing by comparison. My second self told my mortal self that I was lucky to gaze upon a scene like this, that submarines did not matter, and that I should take a brace if I wished to survive. My mortal self replied to my second self that my fate was a matter of indifference so long as I could have an end of the agony.

It was now time to go below and I unhitched and put the rope coil under my belt for future use. A sudden encounter with a wave sent me to my hands and knees. Bethlehem steel is hard, so I crawled the distance to the ladder and fell to the quarter-deck, then fell down the other ladder to the head of my bunk. Only one light was burning, and it was all wrapped up in black cotton socks so the subs couldn't see us far. I groped my way to my bunk and removed my shoes, this being an old custom with sailors, to rest the feet. Then I stretched out and was ready for a



### **SINK A SUBMARINE, HANG UP A STAR**

On Aug. 9, 1918, the Destroyer Tucker, with 130 survivors of the French Cruiser Dupetit Thouars aboard, dropped a depth charge on a U-boat and sank it.



### A HERO SHIP WITHOUT A PEER: THE DESTROYER SHAW

On Oct. 9, 1918, the Shaw was rammed by the British Liner Aquitania on the way to Southampton via the English Channel. Ninety feet of her bow was cut asunder and floated off, and with the ship on fire Commander Glassford steered her unaided into port.



### TWO OF A KIND IN THE AIR

A French dirigible carrying crew of five putting out to hunt submarines, and in distance, a captive "caterpillar" which occasionally went to sea.



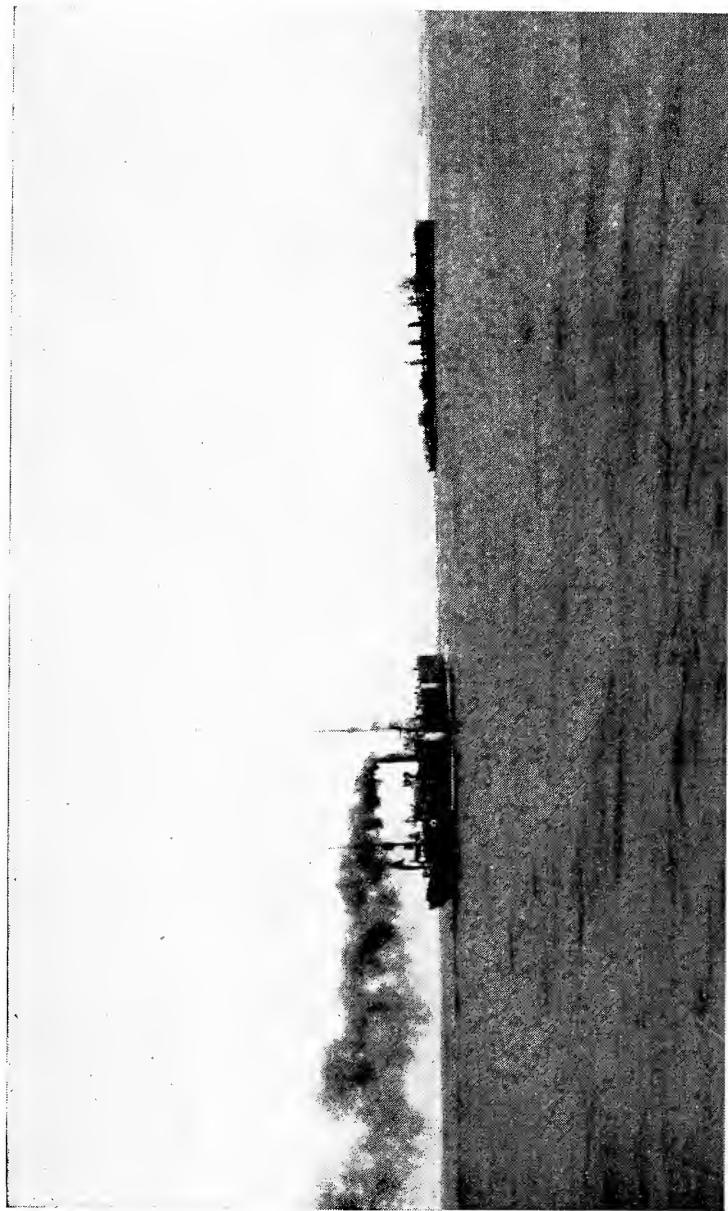
### THE DESTROYER SIGOURNEY (81) SHOVES OFF FOR SEA

This oil burner and flush-decker was one of the latest type vessels to base on Brest, and was flagship in all of her assignments. The Lamson is to the left and the Reid to the right, with crews hauling in the slack of the lines.



### OUR MOTHER SHIP, FIRST PERIOD

For ten months the Panther, under Capt. Andre M. Procter, served the First Division of destroyers in European waters, and many regrets were expressed when she left to base on Pauillac, near Bordeaux.



#### AMERICAN GUNBOAT CASTINE CONVOYED TO PONTA DELGADA

At 6 a. m., Aug. 16, 1917, the Reid and the Preston, patrolling around the Azores Islands, bumped into the Castine, fresh from the States. "Have you any news?" signalled the gunboat. "Submarines making to eastward," we replied. The Destroyer Preston also appears.





### A SURVIVOR OF TWO DISASTERS

Seaman W. R. Guyton, of Defiance, Pa., was on the Tug Rehoboth, swamped and sunk Oct. 4, 1917, and the yacht Alcedo, sunk by torpedo Nov. 5, 1917.



### ONCE TORPEDOED, REPAIRED AND AT IT AGAIN

On Sept. 28, 1918, exactly a year after she was hit by a torpedo off the coast of France, the Finland was escorted into Brest by the Reid and other destroyers, with a load of dough-boys who were too late to get to the front. She made a great war record.



### NOW LET FATHER NEPTUNE RAVE!

The illustration shows the completeness of one of our rough-and-ready uniforms, which protected the gob from heel to hair, just like a Norseman bold.



#### ANOTHER WAR VICTIM: THE U. S. S. NECHES

This vessel was convoyed three times by the Reid and on March 28, 1918, her captain came aboard. On May 14, 1918, she and a steamer were sunk in collision off Scotland, all hands on the Neches being saved and all on the other ship lost.



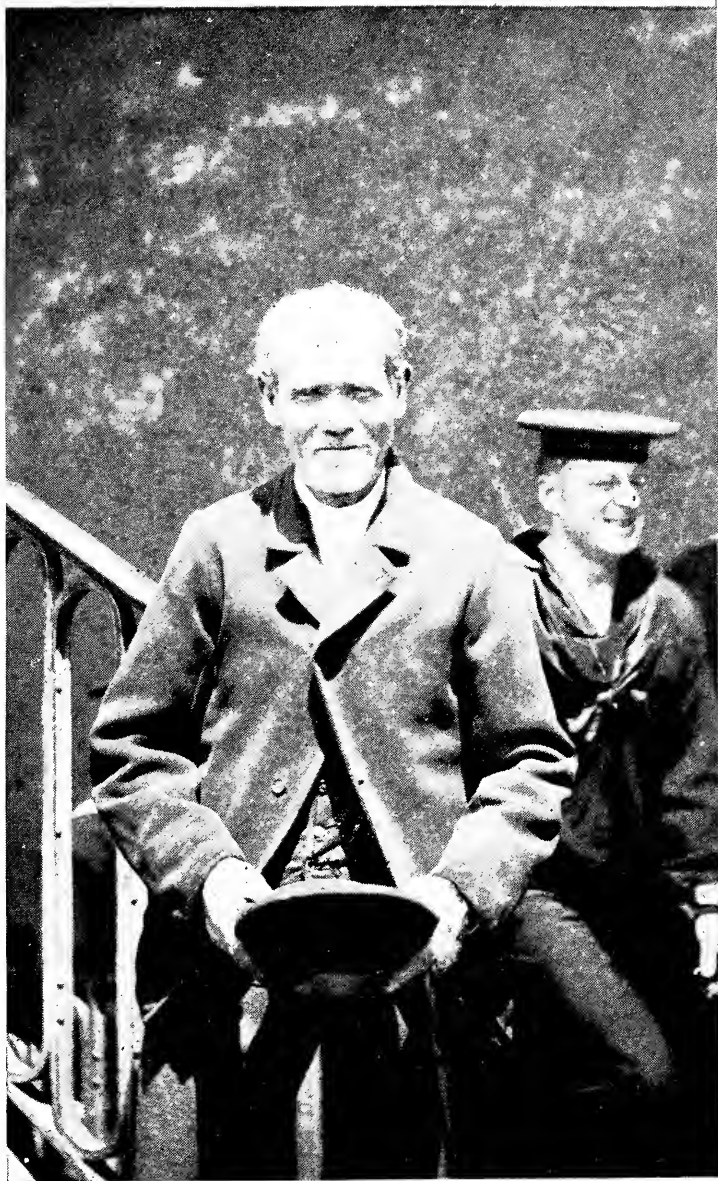
**DON'T LET HIS FIRST NAME SCARE YOU**

Jesse James Neville, of Rabun Gap, Ga., who came to the Reid from the Bridge and who witnessed the surrender of the U-58 crew to the Fanning.



#### THE U. S. S. MONTANAN AT PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

On Jan. 28, 1918, Reid, Lamson and Flusser convoyed Montanan and Amphion out of Plymouth. The steamers were heavily loaded. After midnight on Jan. 29 there were two submarine scares and the steamers blazed away. On Aug. 16, 1918, the Montanan was sunk.



### FROM "CHEESE-CLOTH TO BROAD-CLOTH"

An old Breton Frenchman at Brest whose doleful "Mer-ci, Monsieur; Mer-ci!" was known to thousands of Americans on liberty. He soon became prosperous.

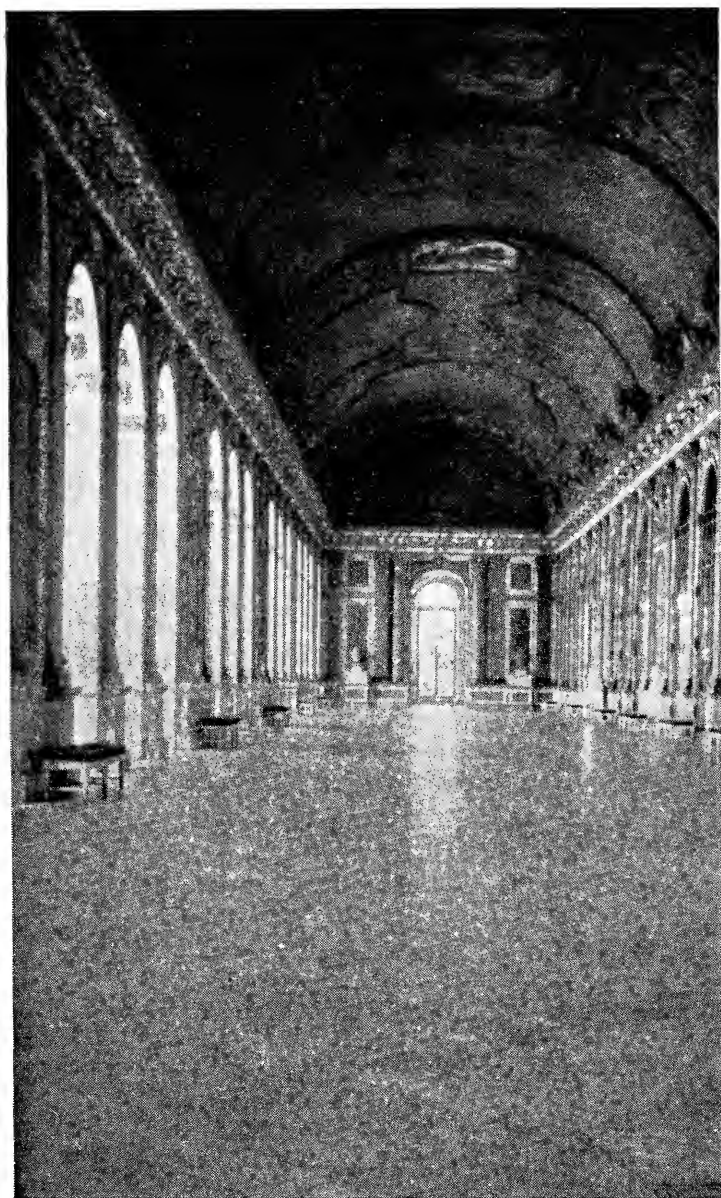




### A CHARACTERISTIC FRENCH SMILE

Mademoiselle is busy nursing her heroic countrymen back to health in a hospital near the Palace of King Louis XIV at Versailles, but pauses for a picture.





### A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE

Hall of Mirrors, Trianon Palace, at Versailles, where the French signed peace in 1871, Emperor William I was crowned and the Germans signed for peace in 1919.



### BROKEN DOWN WITH SEA SERVICE!

One of our doughty firemen (who will be recognized by his shipmates) dons his Easter sox and takes a siesta on an ammunication box.

few hours of slumber. However, the waves continued to pound us and make the night hideous. The machinery creaked and groaned and a leaky steam pipe kept whistling like a peanut parcher. I thought I could hear one or two men snoring, but I could not go to sleep. To stay in my bunk it was necessary to run my arms beneath an elastic strap that goes over the middle of my mattress and under the metal cot. In this position I remained doggedly silent until midnight, when our watch was called again. I was so sleepy that I remembered little of what happened during the next four hours, except that at the end of it I noticed a radio man swinging around No. 1 smokestack in an effort to snag our flying wireless apparatus and put it to rights again. After two or three hours more of misery on the bunk, breakfast time came, with beans and loaf bread as the menu, and I felt sure I would be lucky to stomach a single bean. While I was not exactly sea-sick, I was very much disturbed on the interior. Beans didn't look a bit good to me. They were about as acceptable as fried eggs on the seventh successive day, yet I was forced to eat something or could not possibly stand another watch. Besides, the bean has been considered standard since time began, and to eat it is largely an expression of patriotism and satisfaction with the established order of things. Our sea cook—better known as the First Lord of the Galley—stood up for the bean whenever it was attacked from any quarter. Our comical steward swore by the Irish potato because he could disguise it so easily,—by mixing with salmon, corned beef, soup, hash, salads and other things. However, the sailors do not get salads often; and when they do they always get red pepper and raw onions. Our First Lord of the Galley insists that sailors don't rate much, and lets them know their place whenever possible. He always fed himself well, it was openly charged; ate dessert, peaches and pears in the hold while the crew were eating their beans.

At the table we did not waste much time on etiquette. To

wash your face for breakfast during a hurricane was considered a decided economic disutility; then we didn't care much whose place we occupied just so we got a mouthful of grub. But one thing we always insisted on, and that was for a man to remove his headgear at meals. It didn't make any difference whether a fellow had on any pants or not, but he musn't presume to wear a white hat or a watch cap. Everybody would howl him out of the compartment.

Wednesday continued rough, but Shorty insisted that the deck hands should wash down deck as usual. He claimed that our executive officer would fuss if he saw cinders around the smoke stacks, but Bullard, who used to be captain of a tugboat in the East River, opined that he would never see them. Seemed like all our chief petty officers had out forked sticks for their men. The gunner's mates had to remove gun covers and grease the guns, the heaves were ordered to shovel more coal, and the engine room force to do repair work on the side. Looked like time for the yeomen to get busy, so our other yeoman started shining a brass stanchion with emery paper, while I tied to the ammunition hoist abaft of the seamen's compartment hatch and began to prepare a survey on the eggs that had gone overboard the day before. When we survey things it is first necessary to fill in a form containing a request from our surveying officer to our commanding officer for the survey to be held. This form is heavily signed, countersigned and witnessed, whereupon our commanding officer addresses a form permission or order to the surveying officer, also heavily signed and countersigned. The surveying proper consists of giving the history of the article as far back as it is known—when received, when lost or discarded, cost, characteristics in use, etc., etc. As I was estimating the age of our eggs our junior lieutenant, formerly an efficiency expert in New York who manufactured celluloid collars, some of which have quite a vogue in the ward-room, came along and asked what I was doing. I told him

and he seemed very much interested; wanted to know all about our system, how I worked the job and how it worked me. I explained that the job had been wished on me by our ensign, and that while business methods were new to me I was picking up ideas fast. I was continuing the system which I found in vogue when my predecessor jumped overboard, and really was not responsible for it. He asked a good many embarrassing questions, against which I braced myself and tried to answer.

"Could you tell me instantly how many hen eggs to the egg you have aboard?" he inquired.

"Heavens, no!" I exclaimed, almost forgetting that I was in the presence of an officer. "A good many of our eggs are duck eggs, and there are some guinea eggs, too."

"Could you tell me how old the mackerel is in the hold?" he persisted.

"Not exactly, sir," I replied uneasily, "but it must be pretty old. The crew won't touch it any more."

I gained a little advantage by warning the lieutenant to look out for a wave that was headed our way, but he kept on.

"You could not tell the age of your mackerel or the exact number of your eggs unless you kept a perpetual stock record, could you?"

"I suppose not, sir," I answered, wondering what a perpetual stock record could be and shuddering at the thought that it might have to be installed.

"I guess I had better investigate the yeoman office to see just what you've got, if anything," said he coolly, and our executive officer, who had come up in time to hear part of the conversation, hit us again:

"Two yeomen hammering on typewriters will never win the war."

Our executive officer always considered yeomen a sort of necessary evil, but we had managed by painting the office once to forestall a searching investigation, so that when

the officers came below thereafter they would only sniff contemptuously. I started to say that I was in favor of a more vigorous policy myself; that our side could do a great deal more fighting if we only did less bookkeeping and note writing; and that it would be a distinct public service if we could make reports annually and spend the rest of the time digging for the enemy. A hot siege of correspondence, for instance, had once upset our war plans considerably. Our superiors ashore wanted to put metal treads in our galley, claiming it would keep the cooks from slipping up; but we had tried them once and found that when they got wet they were more slippery than ice, banana peelings or anything you can think of. The correspondence would fill a book; we are carrying it yet. So with countless other musty records which we fear to touch; but at that I suppose we are contributing a bit to the sum total of good, because every ounce of ballast counts heavily when we are leaning at 45-degree angles and higher.

Our executive officer disappeared in the wardroom in time to close the door on a wave, and there reported to our captain that our \$40 chopping block had just been swept overboard. He also said he had investigated strange noises in the galley and found a hind quarter of beef flopping around among the pots and kettles.

"Sounded like the biscuits they cooked last week," drily remarked the captain. "Looks like they never went to sea before,—the way they tie things down."

Luckily our sea cook did not hear that remark, else it might have finished him. His record showed that he rendered valiant service as a coal heaver in the Battle of Santiago, had gradually worked up to ship's cook, first class, and was entitled by virtue of so many re-enlistments to wear more service stripes on his forearm than an admiral. He possessed an originality that extended far beyond culinary affairs. The term "automatic boob" originated in the galley, being applied at every favorable opportunity to all

young mess cooks who ball things up to the dissatisfaction of their superior in rank. However, our First Lord of the Galley had his downs as well as his ups. He had incurred the ire of our chief petty officers by serving out too much cold food, part of which they claimed was raw. In their eyes he was the champion can-opener of the maritime world, and on this particular day they paid him a visit in committee of the whole.

"Look a-here," began the largest of the committee, without saluting, "get busy and send down some hot food. Cook it better. Snap out of your bunk earlier in the morning. No use to get in wrong with the crew. Do you suppose anybody would throw you a life-preserver if you went overboard?"

The chiefs were flanked by a liberal assemblage of quartermasters, seamen, firemen and gunner's mates, including the Captain of the Hold, the Captain of the Wherry and the Captain of the Phonograph. All held on to something as we rocked about.

"I would throw him the anvil," interposed a mess cook.

The First Lord started to say something about "Chief Pettifogging Ossifers tryin' to stir things up;" he said no mortal could do more than heat water under the awful conditions, but he was told to pipe down and deliver the goods. A marked change came shortly. Evidently our First Lord considered the anvil.

The wind had now shifted. It was boosting us from the port quarter, nearly dead astern, raising huge waves that carried us high and let us slide at an angle into the trough of the sea. As the elements continued to harry us I could notice a changing sentiment among certain members of the crew,—mostly the green material. Several expressed the opinion that we would soon break in the middle; it was only a question of time. Others were too far gone to have any opinion about anything, and lay helpless, clutching wherever they could gain a hold. These were attended

by their close friends, who were utterly unable to help. Our lawyer held to a table and scribbled on a pad. He was framing a poor devil's will. The recruits had long since forgotten about the U-boats, and would gladly have swapped our storm for one. A brave lad from the Middle West suggested that it might be well to throw out some ballast—too much water was flowing through the hatches to feel comfortable. He said we might spare a ton or so from the forward hold, which was crammed with smoked shoulders, flour, sugar, lard, assorted jams and jellies, evaporated milk, chipped beef and sea biscuits. Our Captain of the Paint Locker replied that he wouldn't give up any ballast, but that Shorty might, such as leather, bath bricks, soap powder, turpentine, padlocks, boot-topping, snap hooks and cutlasses.

"His rat guards could also be spared," asserted our Jack of the Dust, who helps with the commissary. "Who ever heard of hunting submarines with rat guards?"

A deck hand who has a righteous respect for Shorty passed the buck to the Engineering Department, which he said was about to sink the ship with enough truck to outfit several auxiliary cruisers, and including solder bars, sal-ammoniac, bolts and nuts, brass unions, packing sticks, rat-tail files, tallow candles and flake graphite. None of the department people would give up a pound. The only volunteer was a seaman who said if necessary he could spare a guitar.

Wednesday night our Doc ministered unto the needy, shooting half the crew full of candy pills, and Thursday did not look any better. The storm gave us a terrible pummeling, and off in the distance we could see our convoy struggling like a devil's-horse dashing up a window pane or an ancient dinosaur extricating himself from a hole of mud. Off our port beam the other destroyer lay mastless but grand, behaving like a hobby-horse, but never giving up the fight. My extra store of vitality returned at this



stage of the voyage, perhaps due to the fact that I had eaten two hard-boiled eggs and a sea biscuit, and in an unguarded moment I climbed to the bridge to watch the wonderful scenery. I say unguarded because it is a horrible thing for a gob to loaf around this sacred shrine. It is comparable to doing unauthorized work, or looking cross-eyed at a chief petty officer, or lounging on deck lost in a love story when brass parts are due to be shined. The bridge is reserved exclusively for the commissioned officers, the quartermasters and the helmsman. Anybody else's feet are in the way and are apt to get stepped on. There would be only enough room for the quartermasters if the officers and the helmsman didn't play such an important part. Officers and helmsmen are accordingly allowed a small space, with the further provision that the helmsman must apologize at stated intervals for his existence.

I reached the bridge deck unobserved and was drinking in the glorious sight. It felt fine to be so high where nothing could hit you but a light spray, and I could eat that. I hooked my elbow around a metal support of the searchlight platform. The officers had no good handholds and were slipping about like drunken men on roller skates. Our captain was almost unrecognizable in a saffron-colored slicker that hung down to his heels, and on his head was perched a southwester to match. He reminded me of the old salt who swings an enormous fish over his shoulder and advertises cod-liver oil. They say our captain used to teach school and at little entertainments became expert in leger-demain,—that he could play card tricks and take bowls of gold-fish out of handkerchiefs and rabbits out of silk hats. Maybe he had conjured the submarines out of the ocean. It looked very much that way.

Our Junior Lieutenant appeared to have unusually good sea legs, for he could stand with his arms folded, shifting from foot to foot, stolid and Napoleon-like. Our ensign was staggering under the weight of a life preserver and a

number of coats,—all bundled up like an Eskimo, with nothing of his anatomy showing but his eyes.

Our chief petty officers hanging under the wings of the chart house had not shaved in nearly a week, and looked like they might have made good if given a trial with the modern Captain Kidd. Grotesque figures draped in horse-cloth outer garments topped off with hoods, aviator style, hovered wherever corners were.

My picnic ended there. My unholy presence had been discovered by a quartermaster, a "meal ticket sailor" of the Old Navy.

"What'll ye have, ye rumskillion?" he demanded fiercely. "A punch in the nose?"

I looked for a hole to crawl into. None was handy, so I replied:

"Please, sir, sparrow me; I did not mean any harm."

He turned to get back on course and when he looked around I was gone. But before I left I saw our captain hand our executive officer half of an egg sandwich, having devoured the first half himself. I took the shortest route down,—bridge chart desk to Charley Noble, Charley Noble to quarter deck,—Charley Noble being the smoke stack that emits odors from the galley right under the nose of the searchlight platform lookout. Presently the officers gathered in the wardroom to finish their meal. The chairs were lashed around the table with ropes, and the officers stood shakily spearing at the various articles of food. Our captain was wrestling with a piece of steak—it may have been army mule—and saying he would like to trade it for a baked apple or salmon croquette. Our junior lieutenant was trying to dig into an orange with one hand, while our ensign was yelling into the galley for double-quick on a ham sandwich.

"It is 24 hours since I have slept," declared our navigation officer, yawning.

"I can't remember when I slept last," returned our en-

gineer officer, "but I remember very distinctly having fallen out of my bunk five times. Some voyage, I call it."

That night after chow we began to ship water in the seamen's quarters, until the deck had a good six inches which sloshed from side to side and stole into our lockers, keeping everybody up until nearly dawn. Jolly spirits helped matters as we baled; "The Bird" began to sing,

We are jolly old tars of the sea,—yo-ho,  
It's a jolly old life for me, you know,  
And I'd rather be here with a keg of lagerbeer  
Than bouncing my girl on my knee,—yo-ho!

"You're a cheerful liar!" piped a machinist's mate, and then several joined in the chorus. Our Filipino wardroom steward hauled out his mandolin and began to play. All our lights were turned on so we could see to arrange our things. No submarine could exist in such a storm. The ordinary rules of safety were suspended so we could save ourselves from a nearer danger.

On Friday our chief quartermaster made the following entry in the deck log:

"The storm continued. At 10:20 a. m. the vessel rolled so far to starboard that the water circuit in the circulators was broken, putting the engines out of commission. At 10:30 the trouble was remedied and we proceeded on our course."

Friday night Shorty rushed excitedly into the wardroom to announce:

"Sir, it grieves me to report that we have lost overboard a set of running lights, a bow pudding, a set of oars, a boat cloth, a set of cushions and covers, a boat grapnel, an anchor, 20 fathoms of chain, a bucket, a fire extinguisher, a set of gripes, a set of canopy covers, a deck and boat book, four boat fenders, two double wooden block swivel hooks, \_\_\_\_\_"

"Stop!" ordered our Captain sharply. "What in the world has happened?"

"That ain't half yet," drawled Shorty, who was now reading from a hastily-drawn list, all wet with salty spray. "We also lost, sir, two suits of oilskins, two boat cradles, two flag staffs, twelve vest life preservers, two circular life buoys, two monkey wrenches, a pair of ride cutter's pliers, a cold chisel, six spark plugs, two squirt cans and 24 emergency rations."

"Land save us!" shrieked our captain, throwing his hand to his head. "The motor-boat's gone overboard again!"

"There was one other article," said Shorty, fumbling with his list. "A medicine ball."

"What was the medicine ball doing in the motor-boat?" demanded our executive officer.

"Some of the sailors slipped it in there; was to have played the natives a game on the day we shoved off."

"Guess our baseball outfit was in it, too," suggested our ensign.

"Maybe; I dunno for sure," answered Shorty as he beat it aft.

Saturday dawned bright and clear. During the night we had lost our convoy, but after putting on 20 knots we picked her up again and steamed into our harbor, where Sweeney took the names of all who wanted liberty to test the Irish brand of grog. The sun warmed us up again and as the sailors pulled themselves together and swapped yarns about the deck the news of the birth of three canaries in the storm reached the wardroom.

Our captain rang for our chief boatswain's mate, who appeared.

"Shorty, is it true that Mike's canaries hatched young birds Thursday?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me all about it."

"Three out of four eggs hatched, sir. The old birds had been settin' for nearly three weeks."

"Good; I guess Mike gets the red suspenders."

"But the mother bird stepped on one and killed it."

"Well, the others will grow up."

"No, sir,—Mike just took the cage up on deck to sun. Must have been too cold for 'em."

"The old birds will raise more, won't they?"

"No, sir; it was this way: Mike let the mother out of the cage to stretch her wings and a seagull ate her up. All we got left is the father bird, sir, and somebody's done pulled his tail-feathers out!"



THE following tables are intended to give an idea of the convoy service performed by the Reid in company with transports, merchant vessels, destroyers and other craft between July 1, 1917, and Dec. 31, 1918. In many instances the names of vessels with which the Reid was associated were not available, but this record is believed to be fairly comprehensive. Vessels sunk or damaged by torpedo or otherwise are indicated by black face type:

Old German Name	New Name	Gross Tonnage	Speed	Times with	
				Reid	Reid
Grosser Kurfurst.....	Aeolus .....	13,102	15.5	2	
Kaiser Wilhelm II.....	Agamemnon .....	19,361	23.5	3	
Amerika .....	America .....	22,622	17.5	3	
Neckar .....	Antigone .....	11,000	14.	2	
Cincinnati .....	Covington .....	16,339	14.5	4	
Prinz Eitel Friedrich.....	DeKalb .....	8,200	15.	2	
George Washington.....	George Washington.....	25,569	19.	4	
Friedrich der Grosse.....	Huron .....	10,771	14.5	3	
Vaterland .....	Leviathan .....	60,000	24.	1	
Konig Wilhelm.....	Madawaska .....	9,410	15.5	2	
Barbarossa .....	Mercury .....	10,984	14.	2	
Kronprinzessin Cecilie .....	Mt. Vernon .....	19,503	23.5	3	
Prinzess Irene.....	Pocahontas .....	10,893	15.5	6	
Hamburg .....	Powhatan .....	10,531	16.	3	
President Grant.....	President Grant.....	18,172	14.5	5	
President Lincoln.....	President Lincoln.....	18,172	14.5	3	
Prinzess Matoika.....	Princess Matoika .....	10,500	15.	1	
Rhein .....	Susquehanna .....	10,058	13.	5	
Von Steuben.....	Von Steuben .....	6,900	23.	3	

# TABLES OF CONVOY SERVICE

Vessel	Nationality	First Trip to France	Times with Reid
Dante Alighieri .....	Italian .....	5-10-'18	4
Duc d'Aosta .....	Italian .....	5-18-'18	3
Great Northern .....	American .....	3-12-'18	2
LaFrance .....	French .....	7- 9-'18	2
Lenape .....	American .....	5-10-'18	1
Manchuria .....	American .....	2-18-'18	1
Martha Washington .....	Austrian .....	2-10-'18	1
Mongolia .....	American .....	3- 7-'18	2
Northern Pacific .....	American .....	3-29-'18	2
Patria .....	French .....	6-23-'18	2
Re d'Italia .....	Italian .....	5-18-'18	2
Rijndam .....	Dutch .....	5-10-'18	1
Siboney .....	American .....	4-23-'18	1
Wilhelmina .....	American .....	5-10-'18	1

Other Ships	Nationality	Character	Times with Reid
Amphion .....	American .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Artemis .....	American .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Bridge .....	American .....	Supply .....	1
City of Atlanta .....	American .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Calamares .....	American .....	Transport .....	3
Canopic .....	British .....	Transport .....	1
Comfort .....	American .....	Hospital Ship ..	2
Cubore .....	American .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Czar .....	British .....	Transport .....	2
Czaritza .....	British .....	Transport .....	1
Edward Luckenback .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	2
Euripides .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Finland .....	American .....	Transport .....	4
Freedom .....	American .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Gold Shell .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Harrisburg .....	American .....	Transport .....	1
Henderson .....	American .....	Transport .....	2
Iowan .....	American .....	Transport .....	1
Kentuckian .....	American .....	Transport .....	1
Konigin der Nederlanden .....	Dutch .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Kroonland .....	American .....	Transport .....	5
Mallory .....	American .....	Transport .....	2
Manchester Castle .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Manhattan .....	American .....	Merchantm'n ..	1

## 70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

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Other Ships	Nationality	Character	Times with Reid
Maumee .....	American...	Oil Supply .....	2
Mexican .....	American...	Merchantm'n ..	1
Middlesex .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Montanan .....	American...	Merchantm'n ..	2
Nansemond .....	American...	Transport .....	1
Neches .....	American...	Transport .....	2
Nero .....	American...	Collier .....	2
Nokomis .....	American...	Transport .....	1
Nopatin .....	French .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Nyanza .....	American...	Transport .....	1
Ohioan .....	American...	Transport .....	2
Olympic .....	British .....	Transport .....	1
Osage .....	American...	Merchantm'n ..	1
Pediladia .....	Italian .....	Transport .....	1
Pennsylvanian .....	American...	Transport .....	1
Plattsburg .....	American...	Transport .....	1
Praetorius .....	American...	Transport .....	1
Rappahannock .....	American...	Transport .....	1
River Otranto .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Roepat .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Santa Rosa .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Tenadores .....	American...	Transport .....	1
Tiger .....	British .....	Transport .....	1
Ulysses .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Vauban .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
Wabash .....	American...	Merchantm'n ..	1
War Python .....	British .....	Merchantm'n ..	1
West Bridge .....	American...	Merchantm'n ..	1
Wyandotte .....	American...	Transport .....	1





# TABLES OF CONVOY SERVICE

Destroyer	Times with Reid	Destroyer	Times with Reid
9—Macdonough .....	1	49—Benham .....	3
13—*Stewart .....	1	51—O'Brien .....	3
14—Truxtun .....	2	52—Nicholson .....	6
15—Whipple .....	2	53—Winslow .....	1
16—Worden .....	1	54—McDougal .....	1
17—Smith .....	17	55—Cushing .....	2
18—Lamson .....	33	57—*Tucker .....	2
19—Preston .....	24	59—Porter .....	2
20—Flusser .....	29	60—Wadsworth .....	5
22—Paulding .....	1	64—Rowan .....	1
23—Drayton .....	6	66—Allen .....	1
24—Roe .....	10	67—Wilkes .....	2
25—Terry .....	1	68—Shaw .....	2
29—Burrows .....	2	72—Conner .....	4
30—Warrington .....	12	79—Little .....	4
32—Monaghan .....	12	81—Sigourney .....	4
36—Patterson .....	1	91—Harding .....	1
37—*Fanning .....	2	94—Taylor .....	1
38—Jarvis .....	9	*Officially credited with submarines.	
44—Cummings .....	3		

Other destroyers based on or put into Brest at one time or another, record of service at sea with which is lacking, included the Sterett (27), McCall (28), Trippe (33), Walke (34), Ammen (35), Balch (50), Ericsson (56), Conygham (58), Wainwright (62), Sampson (63), Davis (65), Caldwell (69), Manley (74), Kimberly (80), Gregory (82), Stringham (83), Fairfax (93), Murray (97). Others in European war service at one time or another up to No. 99 were the Mayrant (31), Henley (39), Beale (40), Jenkins (42), Cassin (43), Downes (45), Duncan (46), Alywin (47), Parker (48), Jacob Jones (61), sunk by a submarine; Craven (70), Gwin (71), Stockton (73), Wickes (75), Philip (76), Woolsey (77), Evans (78), Dyer (84), Calhoun (85), Stevens (86), McKee (87),

Robinson (88), Ringgold (89), McKean (90), Gridley (92), Stribling (96), Israel (98), and Luce (99). The Jouett (41), patrolled and convoyed exclusively off the Atlantic Coast of the United States. Information on the Perkins (26) is lacking.

The Reid also escorted the Cruiser San Diego, which was sunk by mine or torpedo off the Coast of the United States in the late summer of 1918; the Gunboat Castine, the Revenue Cutter Manning and the Cruiser Seattle, and made contact at sea with the Scout cruiser Chester, the Battleship New Hampshire twice and the Cruiser Huntington three times. The Reid made eight trips with the Yacht Isabel; three each with the Noma and the Corsair; two with the Aphrodite; one with the Wakiva, and one each with the French war vessels Adventurier, Etourdi, Aisne, Yser, Espiegle and Somme.



# ROSTER OF OFFICERS

THE following table gives the names of all officers attached to the Reid during her war service, and through March 31, 1919, together with their ranks, dates of reporting for duty and dates of detachment, etc. Officers are of the regular naval establishment unless designated as of the Reserve Force, this designation being RF.

NAME	RANK	REPORTED	DETACHED
xChas. C. Slayton	Lt., Lt. Comdr.	11-21-'15	5-26-'18
Howard H. Good	Lt. (jg)., Lt.	6-21-'16	5-10-'18
xWalter S. Davidson	Lt. (jg)., Lt. Comdr.	3-27-'17	10-29-'18
Hugh S. Sease	Ens., Lt. (jg)., Lt.	4-3-'17	7-28-'18
Henry Rawle	Ens., Lt. (jg)., Lt. (RF)	7-19-'17	11-15-'17
*M. Paul LeDantec	Warrant Officer	10-30-'17	11-5-'17
Jno. A. Wilson	Ens. (RF)	2-26-'18	9-21-'18
Laurence C. Murdoch	Ens. (T)., Lt. (jg) (T) (RF)	3-23-'18	
Jas. H. Smith, Jr.	Lt. (jg)., *(RF)	4-15-'18	10-1-'18
Walter M. A. Wynne	Lt.	6-8-'18	7-6-'18
Irving R. Gale	Ens. (T)., Lt. (jg)., (T)., Lt. (RF)	6-8-'18	
Emil George Ziemann	Mach. (T)	**6-12-'18	3-15-'19
Frank W. Kluge	Gnr. (E) (T)	**6-12-'18	1-17-'19
Timothy Brown	Ens. (T)., Lt. (jg) (T)	**6-22-'18	8-7-'18
Andrew Leo Haas	Lieutenant	7-7-'18	8-21-'18
Henry S. M. Clay	Lieutenant	7-27-'18	11-21-'18
Wentworth H. Osgood	Lieutenant	8-16-'18	1-13-'19
Jno. S. Watters, Jr.	Lieutenant	8-28-'18	2-3-'19
Paul F. Shortridge	Lieutenant	8-28-'18	11-28-'18
xComfort B. Platt	Lt. Comdr.	10-29-'18	11-25-'18
***E. S. R. Brandt	Lt. Comdr.	11-18-'18	12-8-'18
***Vance D. Chapline	Lt. Comdr.	11-29-'18	2-20-'19
xWm. D. Chandler, Jr.	Ens. (T) (RF)	12-8-'18	1-22-'19
Leven Jester	Lieutenant	12-10-'18	
xxConrad L. Jacobsen	Ens. (T) (RF)	2-4-'19	
Milton K. Arenberg	Ens. (T) (RF)	3-20-'19	

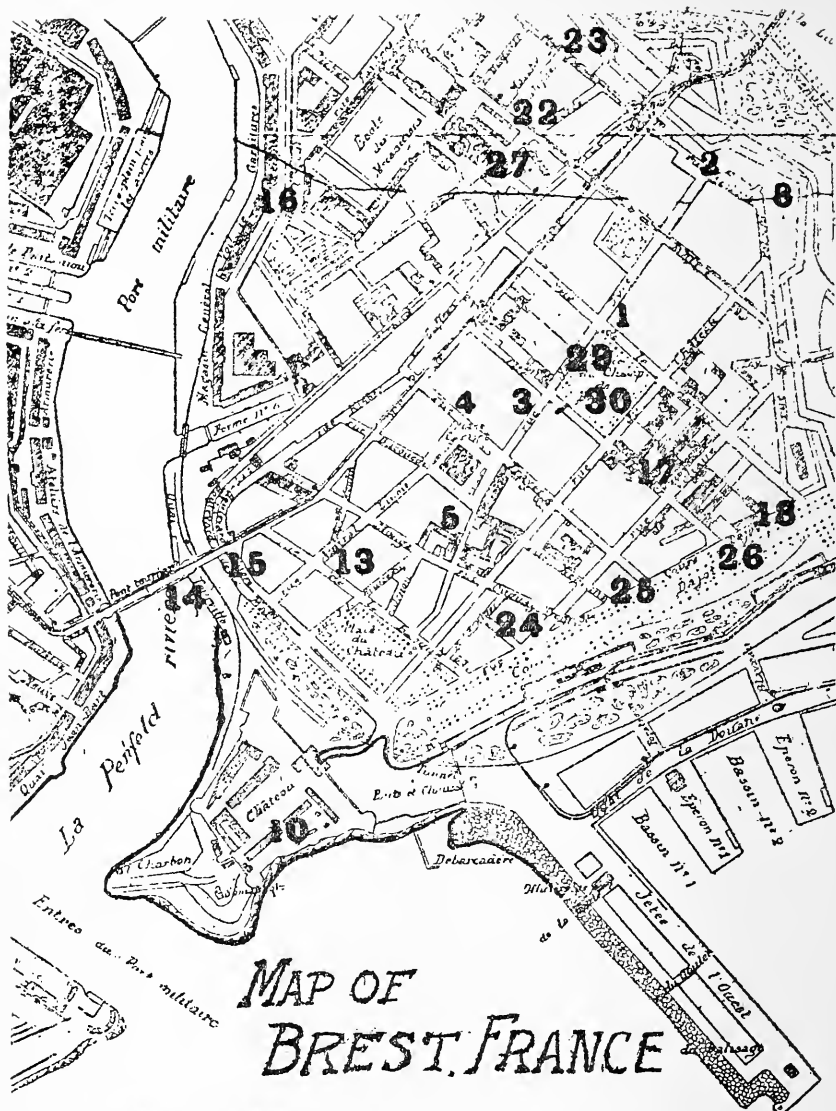
\* Pilot loaned by the French Government to assist in channel navigation, etc.

\*\* Date Commissioned.

\*\*\* Temporarily commanding in absence of commanding officer.

x Commanding Officers.

xx Ad Interim Commander; author of hot sketch, "Gum Shoes and a Stool-Pigeon's Paradise."



### *Rade de Brest*

KEY: 1—Admiral's Office. 2—Army Headquarters and Postoffice. 3—Y. M. C. A. Money Exchange. 4—Restaurants. 5—Dormitory. 8—Store-house. 10—Navy Hut. 13—Officer's Club. 14—Navy Canteen. 15—Patrol Office and Navy Postoffice. 16—Small Stores. 17—French Postoffice. 18—Army Base Hospital No. 1. 22—Market. 23—American Consul. 24—British Consul. 25—British Headquarters. 26—Protestant Church. 27—Catholic Church. 29—Municipal Theatre. 30—Y. M. C. A. Headquarters.

# With The Sea-Going Poets

## HURRAH FOR GOOD OLD MAINE!

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

Bar Harbor, Maine, has won its fame,  
For its good old pork and beans,  
And Boston, Mass., will also pass,  
If you have money in your jeans.

But when I speak of Frisco fair  
I always have the shakes;  
For the air is ever scorching there  
And the earth is full of quakes.

And Colorado's a fine old state,  
And I've heard its history told,  
And many a man has met his fate  
While searching there for gold.

Fried chicken meat is hard to beat,  
And honey from the South;  
The waffles that the Rebels eat  
Would melt in any mouth.

They say the Rebels use too much  
Of grease in cooking things;  
But give me pot licker and greens  
And plenty of chicken wings.

Savannah makes a specialty  
Of fresh-caught shrimp and rice;  
Hoboken has the swellest beer  
That was ever put to ice.

The Portuguese are fond of cheese,  
The French are fond of wine,  
There are lots of places 'cross the pond  
For a hungry gob to dine.

But when the people leave this state,—  
The good old State of Maine,—  
They one and all seem to think it great  
To get back home again.

**LAND LUBBER, BEWARE!**

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

I had a little sweetheart,  
Her name was Annabelle;  
She was a queen among the daisies,  
And I loved her, Oh, so well!

We went to all the dances,  
After which we'd go and dine;  
I bought her silks and laces,  
And I bought her dresses fine.

We were like lovers in a dream,  
Until one autumn day,  
A city guy with better looks  
Stole Annabelle away.

When I recovered from my trance  
The wedding was all over,  
And I became—I know not why—  
A regular world-wide rover.

My sweetheart Annabelle is gone  
To fairer land than this;  
I know he did not treat her well,  
Life held for her no bliss.

For years I've hunted for that man,  
And I'm still hunting yet,  
And when we come together, boy,  
He'll get his fill, you bet!

I swore to her I'd have revenge,  
And if we ever meet,  
Life for life he'll pay the debt,  
Because revenge is sweet!



GAY BIRD

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

I wonder if  
You all have heard  
The wonderful story  
Of old Gay Bird.  
A noble beast  
He must have been  
When full of life  
And in trotting trim.  
He was brought to the island  
By a Bar Harbor gent,  
Who soon discovered  
His money well spent.  
For he seen the day  
When he could out-shine  
'Most anything  
In the trottin' line.

He now enjoys  
A country home  
Where no one cares  
For skin or bone.  
His will is good,  
But I have a doubt  
If he will last  
The summer out!

We can truthfully say  
If the end is near  
That we are not to blame  
For his short career.  
For he is favored  
In many ways  
Out of respect  
For his better days.  
But when he is dead  
And laid to rest,  
We really can say,  
"He done his best."  
With every stride  
And gentle will,  
He strove to fill  
His master's bill.

DAYS OF DREAM LAND

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

I used to love the ladies so—  
I did the best I could  
By not using the lights in the parlor  
Or burning the old folks' wood.

We often took the old arm chair  
Through many a bitter storm,  
And there we did the bunny hug  
To keep each other warm.

We've climbed the highest mountain tops  
And sat there by the hours,  
We've roamed through fields and valleys fair  
In search of the rarest flowers.

I know a very pretty spot—  
We used to go there daily,—  
Where the birds were singing in the trees  
And the squirrels chattered gaily.

But halcyon days are over now  
And it fills my heart with pain  
To think those days of gentle dreams  
Will never be again.

I left her by the willow  
As I went away to war;  
Again I asked her for her hand,  
And again she answered, "Naw!"

Oh, well, it doesn't matter much;  
I have a French girl, too;  
My girl at home would have a fit  
If she could see the things we do!





GALLEY RHAPSODIES

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

When evening's twilight shadows come  
A-stealin' o'er the hills,  
Oft-times I sit and ponder while  
My heart with longing thrills.

I close my eyes and softly sigh,  
And visions come to me  
Of a home down in the wild-wood,—  
I can hear the honey bee!

I can hear the song-birds singing sweet  
As they flit from tree to tree,  
But best of all I see a face  
That's all the world to me.

With curly rings of golden hair  
'Float in the summer's breeze,  
With roguish eyes so full of love,  
And lips that like to tease.

Though I am many miles away,  
Sweet visions come to me,  
Of fairy face and cozy nest,  
So far across the sea.

When stars are softly beaming bright  
From the gentle skies above,  
I waft on high an evening prayer  
And send to Her my love.

I pray this fairy maid may keep  
Her fullest love for me;  
"Old Glory" from the galley flies,—  
I fight for VICTORY!



## THE SEA DOGS.

By Timothy Brown

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark—  
Berry is coming to town!  
He cooks them all in his iron pot—  
Fido, and Rover, and Towser and Spot,  
Bulldog and Pug and Hound.

The galley range has caught the mange,  
It's had its fleas quite a while:  
Each man in the crew, when he sees a tree,  
. . . . . (line deleted by censor)  
And we wag our tails when we smile.

We had heard before of the dogs of war,—  
We're well acquainted now;  
They're long and narrow, with bright red skins,  
And round and smooth and they live in tins,  
And they're coming down for chow!

---

## A LAMENT

(To "Bill the Biscuit-Maker")

By T. Brown.

Our cook, the boy from Maine, has gone,  
Our Biscuit-making Bill has left;  
The Reid-boat knows his art no more,  
And we remain here all bereft.

No song now lightens labors in  
The galley, where he reigned in state;  
The mess-cooks sadly peel the spuds,  
And Berry mourns, disconsolate.

Gone is our cook, and never again  
Shall we with grateful gusto dent  
His biscuits; nor shall e'ermore scan  
His poetry, for Bill has went!

STEAMING TO THE EASTWARD

By Timothy Brown.

Oh, the meat is getting rotten  
And there's mold upon the bread;  
There's a smell around the ice-box  
That's enough to knock you dead.  
But with these things and some others  
I am game to take a chance,  
For we're steaming to the eastward  
And we're on our way to France.

Oh, it's lousy in the fo'castle  
And there's scarcely any air,—  
It takes mighty little motion  
To make you sea-sick there;  
Though it's very inconvenient  
To be heaving up your grub,  
Still, we're steaming to the eastward,  
And we're looking for a sub.

When you go aft in the mid-watch,  
Climbing over bags of coal,  
Grab a dirty, sooty life-line  
And hang tight at every roll,  
Keep a look-out from the deck-house,  
Feel the vessel pitch and toss,  
While we're steaming to the eastward,  
For we're on our way Across.

Draw your quarter pail of water  
And forget the taste of booze,  
And be careful that your letters  
Contain anything but news;  
Battle bravely with the bed-bugs,—  
Little things don't matter much,—  
For we're steaming to the eastward,  
On our way to lick the Dutch!

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THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

Hush little ensign, don't you cry—  
You'll be an admiral by and by!

ODE TO RALPH D. PAINE

By George M. Battey, Jr.

In January Ralph D. Paine  
Did board our ship to try the game  
Of canning submarines at sea,  
So's to write The Post of our bravery.  
This learned man and author bold  
(Yclept "Umslopogaas" of old)  
Once pulled an oar in the tub at Yale,—  
So harken to our wondrous tale:

Grim Father Neptune has his throne  
In the Bay of Biscuits, all alone,  
And on the days of which we speak  
He served out weather rough and bleak;  
He sent us hail and he sent us rain,  
And 'twas not long ere Ralph D. Paine  
Did hie himself to the skipper's bunk  
And swear the writing game was punk.

The submarines were driven back  
To leeward shores to take a tack,  
And that is why—'tis sad to tell—  
We did not bag the subs so well.  
Some said they didn't mind the subs,—  
Would welcome one to swag us dubs—  
But no such luck, and all sat tight,  
While Author Paine kept out of sight.

Our First Lord of the Galley stood  
This sort of thing 's long's he could,  
Then shambling to the cabin door  
Into Ralph's ears these words did pour:  
"Musher Paine, sense youse de Post Reporter,  
Hit pears to me dis ship do owe to  
You de best what's in de logs,—  
We have for dinner, sir, hot dogs."

Our hero now was far too weak  
To navigate or even speak,  
So he seized a pad and on it wrote,  
"This hobby-horse has got my goat;  
King George told me to put an egg  
Into my shoe and shake a leg  
To the South where 'Pen-March Pete' hangs out,  
But believe me, cook, I'm up the spout!"

Third morning, sun peeked from the sky;  
"Paine's Fireworks" then the crew let fly,—  
A brace of cans kicked off the stern,  
To show we had the cans to burn;  
And likewise for to honor him  
We shot the guns with all our vim;  
Then off shoved Ralph to keep a date  
With the Blank Navy,—'twas on his slate.

(Base censor scratched the verse above  
Because he swore it wouldn't do  
To make a statement in cold type  
That were not absolutely true;  
He claims 'twere quite beyond the pale  
Of regulations for to shoot  
Our guns to honor any gent  
All braidless, and sea-sick to boot!

And so we take our pen in hand,  
Although the ship and waves do fuss,  
To make you fully understand  
The reason why he crosses us.  
We beg your kind indulgency  
The while we finish out our yarn—  
The balance of the thing is true,  
So gentle reader, please read on):

Alas! just sixty days apres  
Did "Pen-March Pete" get in our way,  
And tried to stop three cans at once:  
He limped to Spain—(not such a dunce!).  
We weep because our friend did go  
To another hobby-horse and so  
We pray that Mr. Ralph D. Paine  
Will write us up, and call again!

---

### A REJOINDER

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

Some folks don't seem to ever know  
The proper place for them to go,  
But snoop around the ship all day  
Poking their noses in the way.  
If they would 'tend to their affair,  
They wouldn't smell things in the air;  
If they would try the galley game,  
They'd find the odors just the same.

## WAR'S ROMANCES

By Harry C. Black.

Steam into port,  
Steam out of port,  
Steam into port again:  
Sail into fog,  
Sail into snow,  
Sail into soaking rain:  
Roll up the seas,  
Roll down the seas,  
And count the storms by scores:  
Let the poets sing of war's romance,  
But I sing of its bores!

A girl lives here,  
A girl lives there,  
But "port girls" are the same;  
A painted cheek  
And a rat-like eye  
And a soon-forgotten name;  
Let poets sing of war's romance,  
But I sing of its shame!

What in the Hell is the use of it?  
What in Hell, I say!  
Is a man a blithering, blighted fool,  
A joke composed of clay?  
Sail out of port,  
Sail into port,  
And drink the native wine  
Till the hero who is hymned at home  
Is simply a sleeping swine!  
Let poets sing their senseless songs,  
But I'll sing one of mine!

It was always thus,  
It is thus today  
And tomorrow will be the same:  
Down with the weak,  
Up with the strong,  
For might you cannot tame.  
I can't fill up these forms for nuts,  
But verse is not the same,  
I can kick out this Kipling stuff,  
In a style to win me fame!

THOUGHTS OF HOME

By Harry C. Black.

Three thousand miles of ocean  
'Twixt you and all that's dear, ....  
Three thousand miles of ocean,—  
Lord, it's long!  
And it's hard to keep a-laughing  
And to joke just when you hear  
That every blessed thing has all gone wrong!  
But still you keep a-laughing,  
Though you're bored, dog-tired and blue,  
Bored,—God strafe the Kaiser and his hate!  
To hell with early rising, take away the wat'ry view!  
Jove, when the war is over  
I'll sleep late!

There's three thousand miles of ocean  
To cross when it is done,  
Three thousand miles of ocean,  
Lord, it's long!  
And already some have shot their bolt  
And had their earthly fun  
And a shell it was that sang their burial song!  
But still you keep a-laughing,  
Hold your tears back with a sneer,—  
There's stupidity to swear at, and the crew.  
If a submarine should rap us,  
Will we forget all fear?  
Is the ocean quite as warm  
As it is blue?

There's three thousand miles of ocean,—  
Miles weary, rough and wet,  
Three thousand miles of ocean—  
Lord, it's long!  
And the things we can remember  
We wish we could forget,—  
Forget dear days, now dead, forever gone!  
But still you keep a-laughing,  
Though your mirth is mostly sham;  
For God's sake keep a-laughing  
And do not give a damn!  
My lad, here comes an Admiral—  
We must give him a sa-lam!  
Three thousand miles of ocean,—  
Lord, it's long!

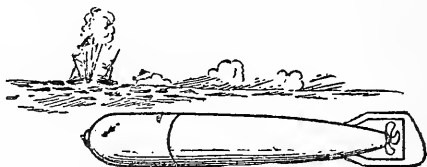
## THE EIGHT-KNOT TRAMP

By Harry C. Black.

If promotion means nothing to you,  
And comfort you can forswear:  
If you're willing to be forgotten,  
And to work every day in the year;  
If you're fond of taking your chances,  
And the praise of Admirals you shun;  
Pick an eight-knot tramp of the N. R. F.  
Carrying coal on the Channel run!

The job is a stranger to honors,  
It's also a stranger to shams,  
There's naught to win and your life to lose  
Midst its dirt, its dangers, its damns;  
But once you have laughed its laughter  
And the cynic has captured your soul  
You can smile at the rest as you do your best  
To reach an unreachable goal!

My lad, there is nothing to it,  
There's nothing—and yet—and yet  
It's something to strive for nothing,  
It's something—don't you forget;  
So if you're in for the hell of it,  
And you've got sufficient nerve,  
Pick an eight-knot tramp on the Channel run  
Of the U. S. N. Reserve!





LIFE ALL PETTIEST

Petty, petty, petty things,—  
Pettifogging clan;  
Petty, petty, petty wings  
For the sailor man!

Oh, it's petty this and petty that,  
And petty all the day,  
And make them wear a petty hat,  
And petty up their pay!

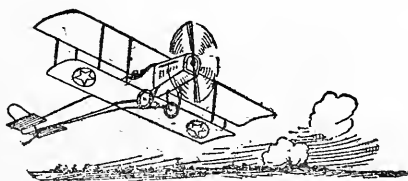
The wardroom bunch is petty too;  
It's petty down below;  
'Most everything is pettified,  
No matter where you go!

And then we have the pettiest:  
Of petty punishment;  
(We like to think this pettiness  
At least is kindly meant!)

Petty dudes with petty power  
Will put you on report;  
"Out on deck, you petty Dub,—  
Come on and be a sport!"

Damn this petty outfit all,  
So full of small-town stuff;  
One cruise of pettifogging gives  
A landsman gob enough!

Petty, petty, petty gang,—  
But civilian, what's the use?  
Just let 'em gloat o'er pettiness  
And stew in their own juice!



## THE BEST OLD SHIP

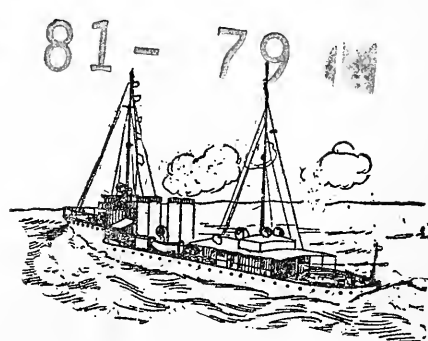
(By a Member of the Black Gang)

Where salty waves are rolling high,  
And nearly reach the azure sky,  
Right there we're found, Friend Jack and I,—  
And everywhere there's need.  
In waters where the sub is bold  
And ships are worth their weight in gold,—  
'Tis there you'll find us as of old,—  
On the trusty "Centipede!"

(In camouflage we give our name,  
Not like it's written on the scroll,  
The censor won't allow the same,—  
So let our batteau roll!)

It's true she eats up coal like hell,  
And then, she's under every swell,  
But boys, she's there—(the figures tell)—  
With all the beaucoup speed!  
They say the days of coal are done  
( 'Tis bear's grease makes the bronchoes run),  
But not the last,—Old "Twenty-one"—  
The bucking "Centipede"!

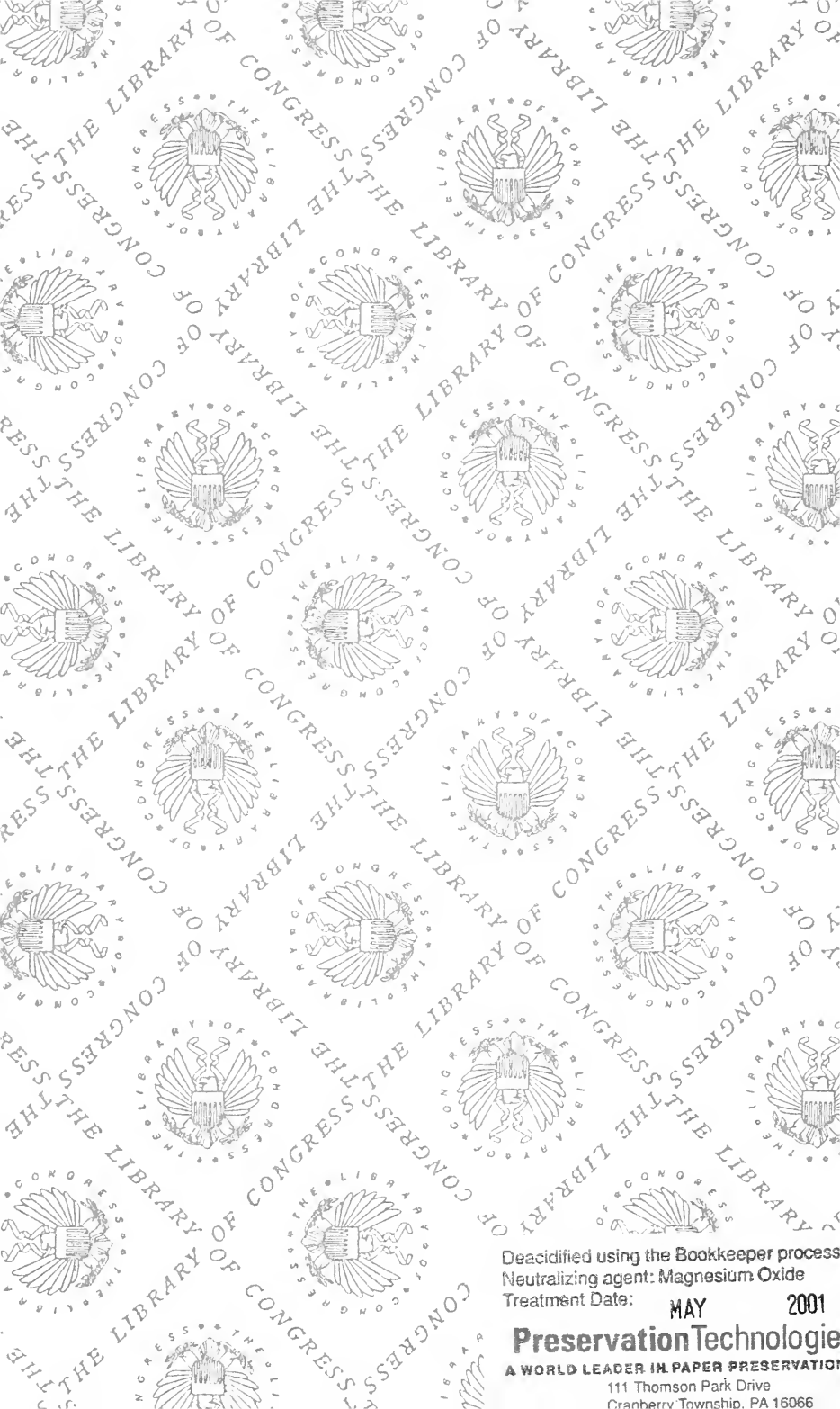
(Up, glasses, mates,—suds on your lip,  
Then champ the filthy weed;  
Smite any man that puts his ship  
Above the "Centipede"!)









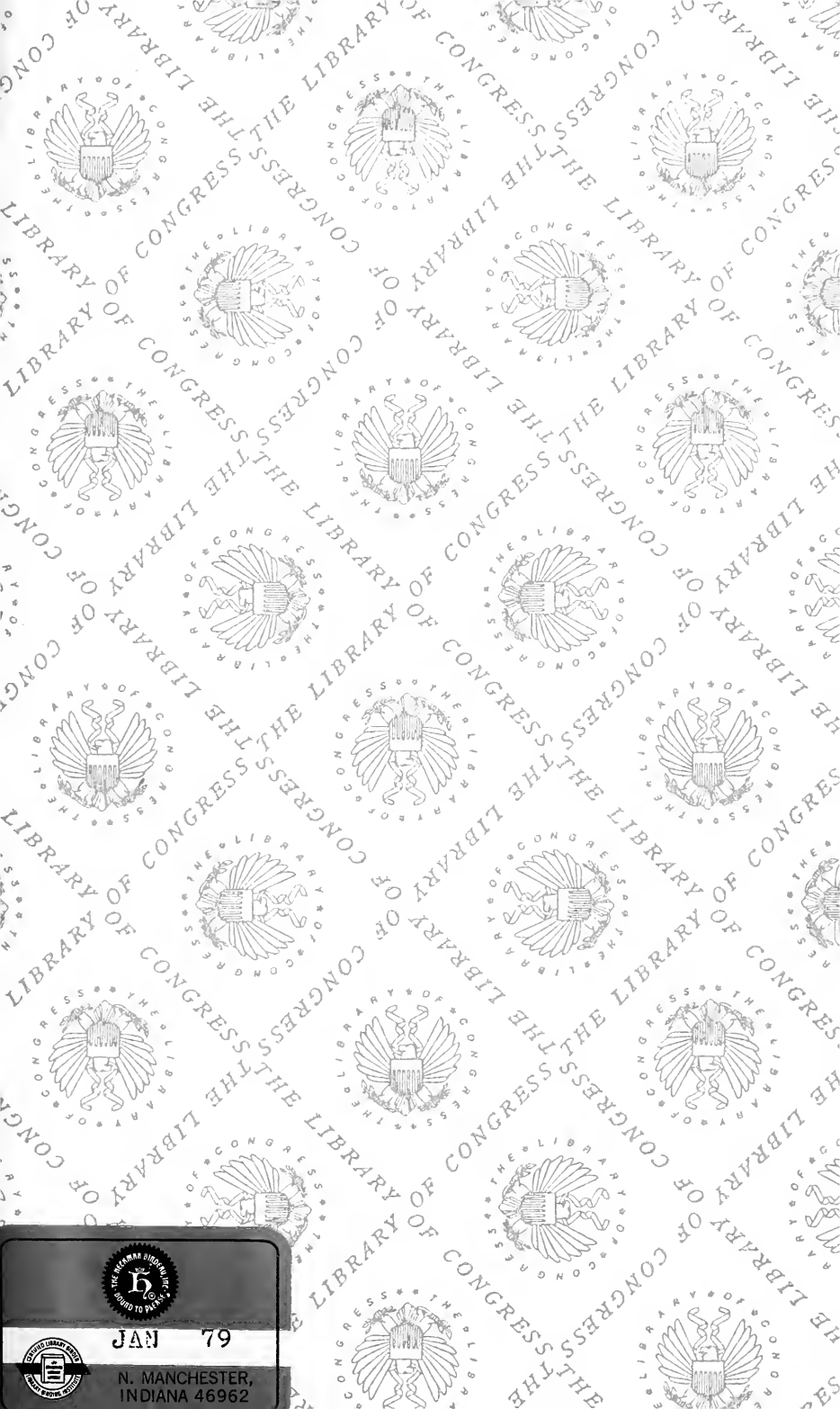


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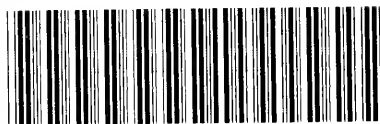


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